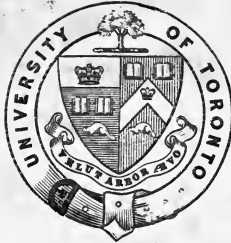




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THE  
COMPLETE WORKS  
IN  
VERSE AND PROSE  
OF  
SAMUEL DANIEL.

*VOL. III.—THE DRAMATIC WORKS.*



1846

THE  
COMPLETE WORKS  
IN  
VERSE AND PROSE  
OF  
SAMUEL DANIEL.

EDITED, WITH MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION AND A GLOSSARIAL  
INDEX EMBRACING NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY THE  
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,  
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*St. George's, Blackburn, Lancashire;*

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.—THE DRAMATIC WORKS.

I. CLEOPATRA. 1594—1623.

II. PHILOTAS. 1607.

III. THE VISION OF THE TWELVE GODDESSES. 1604.

IV. THE QUEENES ARCADIA. 1606.

V. TETHYS FESTIVALL. 1610.

VI. HYMENS TRIUMPH. 1615.

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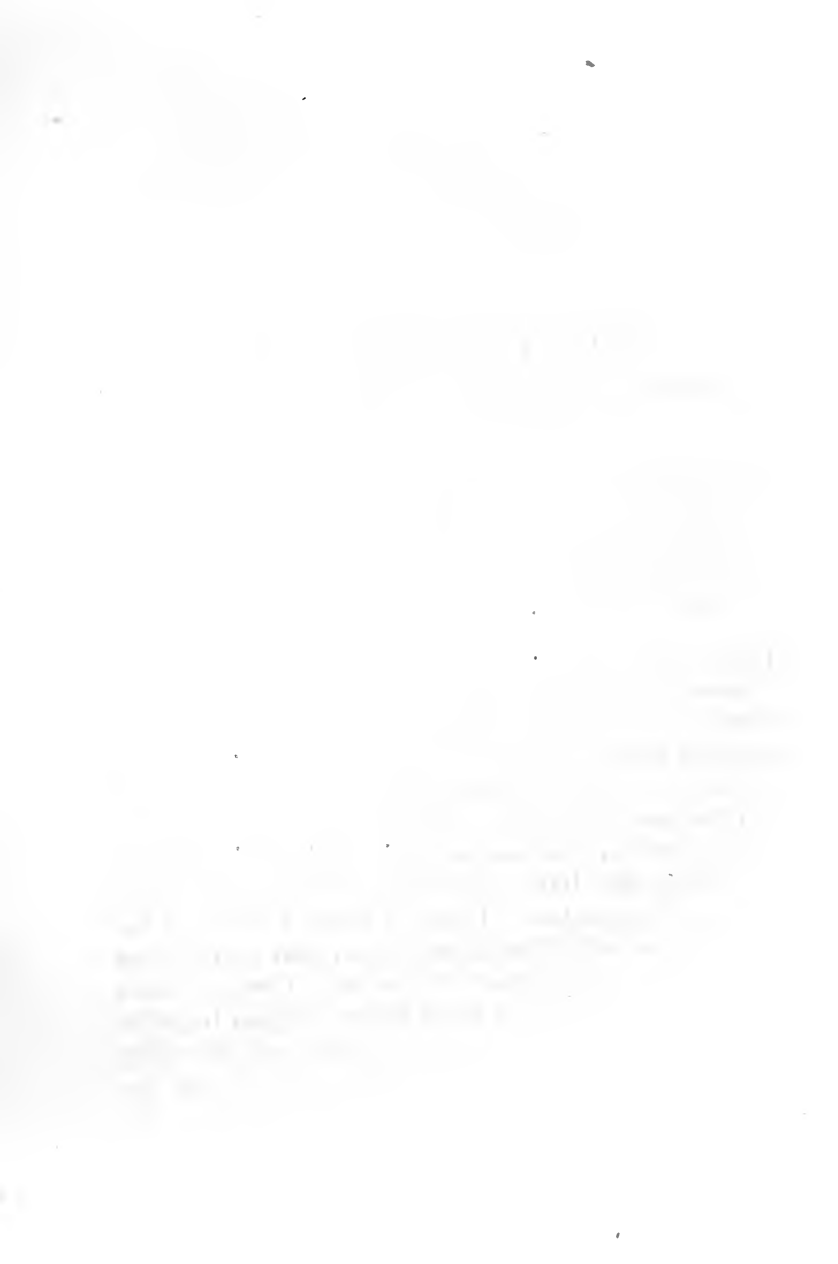
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## PRELIMINARY NOTE

### ON THE POSITION OF DANIEL'S TRAGEDIES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

[It gives me no little pleasure to avail myself of the following spontaneous 'Note' by my friend GEORGE SAINTSBURY, Esq. More on the subject may be looked for in the 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical' on other lines of influence of the Senecan or Daniel form of plays. But meanwhile the present 'Note' is complete within its self-appointed limits.—A. B. G.]

THESE few words are not intended as a criticism of *Cleopatra* and *Philotas*: I have no intention of interfering with Dr. Grosart's province to that extent, or of abusing his good nature. It has, however, often struck me that the precise position of these tragedies in our literature, and the very interesting reflections which they present to any one who knows the sixteenth-century literature of France and Italy, especially of France, has been singularly overlooked. I have, I think, a tolerably fair acquaintance with Elizabethan drama; but except these two, and the translation of Garnier's *Cornelia* which Kyd executed, I cannot think of any English tragedies (written by dramatists at all well known, and belonging to the formative period of the drama) which are distinctly couched in the form of the Senecan model. No doubt some earlier plays show traces (more or less) of

the influence of that model, and some later show traces of the influence of the French dramatists who adopted it ; but these only follow it exactly. The fact is, of course, in no sense a discovery ; but I need only quote two well-known books of different kinds to show that the inferences from it have, as a rule, concerned English dramatic critics very slightly. In Professor Morley's big book on "English Plays," I can find (and the index at least does not convict me of carelessness) no mention whatever of Daniel's dramas, nor is *Cornelia* mentioned in the notice of Kyd. W. C. Hazlitt, in reprinting this last play in his "Dodsley," makes a kind of apology for letting it appear, and alleges the fact of his predecessor's printing it as an only if not a sufficient excuse.

And yet if the commonwealth of English letters (as Charles Kingsley pleasantly expressed it) was exposed to a severe danger from that assault on rhyme which our poet himself repelled so vigorously, it was most assuredly exposed to a danger still greater by the popularity of the dramatic model which Daniel, by a very odd contrast, himself adopted. Comparatively few people read Seneca's tragedies now. They are of the classics that are no classics—that is to say, that enter into no school or university curriculum, and that are read, if they are read at all, for love, and not for duty or for money or for fame. But they had an extraordinary influence on the world of the Renaissance. I do not know that I am quite a fair judge of them, for I read them as a boy, with the interest that some ill-regulated boys are wont to bestow on anything that does not "pay." A friend gave me the pretty little "Regent Classics" edition some five-and-twenty years

ago, and I read it without, I confess, the remotest knowledge or idea of Garnier or Kyd, of Jodelle or Daniel. It has been said that no man is a fair judge of literature that he reads under such circumstances. I think, however, that it is not very difficult to judge Seneca judicially, and that it is certainly not difficult to understand his effect on the Renaissance. How great that effect was, no literary historian of the countries in which it had free course has failed to notice; though in France, at any rate, the abundant dramatic production to which it gave rise has only recently met with much attention, and the French themselves have left it to Germany to produce Garnier and promise Montchrestien in modern editions.

The peculiarity of the Senecan tragedy is to be found, first, in its exact and careful form; secondly, in the prominence which it gives to moral over romantic interest; thirdly, in the simplicity of its plot and situations. The precepts which Horace drew from the Greek drama seem to have been worked out in it almost without reference to the original material, except in points of form. It is entirely a school drama, an exercise in literature. It knew no sort of condescension to the audience: the audience were expected to make all the advances. Hardly any more words are needed to show how utterly opposed it is to our own form of play, in which at all times, more or less, but most of all between 1575 and 1630, the tastes of the audience were consulted first of all, and splendid literature was offered them as a kind of bonus—a thing into the bargain. It may be said, of course, that the scanty following of this academic style of dramatic performance

in England is sufficient in itself to show that it was alien from the English genius, and could never have done much harm. I am not so sure of that. It ought to be remembered that a form not much worse, and certainly not any better—the rhymed heroic drama—held England a little later for a quarter of a century, and left traditions which coloured English tragedy for a century more. The attitude of contempt seems to me by no means so appropriate as the attitude of thankfulness in reference to these decorous and scholarly exertions, with their choruses and their monologues, their unities and their decencies of action. When these identical plays took the French stage by storm, in the middle of the sixteenth century, and held it in their simple form till the first quarter of the seventeenth, in a very slightly changed form till the first quarter of the nineteenth, they had to deal with a people at least as fond of dramatic shows as the English, and even more generally accustomed to a rough but lively variety of them. Why was one people taken and the other left? Why did Seneca take captive the whole drama of France, from Jodelle, through Garnier and Montchrestien and even Hardy, through Corneille and Racine and Voltaire, leaving his traces even on Victor Hugo? Why in England do *Cleopatra* and *Philotas* stand practically alone, with a lawless multitude, a hopelessly irregular and incomparably delightful crowd of quite different productions, surrounding them? It is not my business to answer these questions, for which of course I or any one else could give not one but half a dozen elaborate and more or less unsatisfactory answers. I only wish to point to the fact, to the

curious fact, of these two or three plays standing by themselves, as high-water marks of the utmost range of the Senecan tide in literary Europe. "*Tu me crois la marée, et je suis le déluge*," says the great French poet. It was exactly reversed in this case. A deluge of dramatic correctness seemed to menace Europe, and lo! it was, as far as England was concerned, only a tide, and such an exceptional tide, that literary historians themselves hardly record its farthest. That farthest the reader has now before him, as far as England is concerned, in works (for, as has been said, *Cornelia* is a mere translation, though in parts a pretty free one) almost unique of their kind. No one who knows Daniel's almost unsurpassed faculty of ethical verse-writing will be surprised at his personal adoption of the Senecan tragedy; but what is really curious is that he stands in that adoption almost alone, amidst a generation of learned persons, all like himself prone to moralise, most eager to write, many enamoured of the dramatic manner of writing. Here, if anywhere, the genius of the nation seems to have exerted its saving force.

DRAMATIC

PERIODICAL

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x.  
DRAMATIC WORKS.

I. CLEOPATRA.

1594—1623.

NOTE.

'Cleopatra' was first published in the 1594 edition of 'Delia' (see title-page of this volume in Vol. I., p. 22), and had this separate title within an architectural (woodcut) design—

THE  
Tragedie of  
*Cleopatra.*  
(.)



*Ætas prima ca-  
nat veneres postre-  
ma tumultus.*

---

1594.

It was reprinted in the 'Poeticall Essayes' of 1599 (see its title-page, Vol. I., p. 3) with this separate title-page within a broad-bordered woodcut design that occurs in various contemporary books—

THE  
TRAGEDIE OF  
CLEOPATRA  
(\*)

*Ætas prima canat veneres po-  
strema tumultus.*

SAM. DANYELL.



AT LONDON  
Printed by P. S. for Symon  
Waterfon. 1599.



The next edition was in the folios of 'Workes' (see Vol. I., p. xix.), 1601, 1602, with no separate title-page. Following this came the successive editions of "Certaine Small Workes Heretofore Divulged by Samuel Daniel" of 1605, 1607, 1609, 1611; and in the last year (1611) a distinct impression of the Tragedy by itself (British Museum, b. 19). This brings us to the Quarto of 1623.

Returning on these, the text of 1594 offers noticeable readings, that on revision were deleted in part and in part modified. We record the whole in their places. 1599, 1601 (= 1602), and 1605, except in orthographical and very slight verbal changes, correspond with the text of 1623. But the texts of 1607 and 1611, and the other of 1611, agree in recasting the Play, and in introducing various minor alterations. We have intimation of these changes on the *verso* of the general title-page of 1607 thus—

'The tragedy of Cleopatra newly altdred,'

albeit this is (stupidly) repeated similarly in 1609 and 1611 (not in the separate edition of 1611). The editions of 1605, 1607, and 1609 omit the verse epistle-dedicatory to

"The Subject of all verfe  
Sidney's fifter, Pembroke's mother,"

except that in the title and half-title respectively they have this—

"To the Ladie Marie Coun-  
teffe of Pembrokee."

In 1611 (both editions) the full Dedication is restored; and so in the 4to of 1623.

In 1607, 1609 and 1611 (both) 'Actus I. Scæna I.' opens with 'Cleopatra, Cæfario, and Rodon,' and commences—

"Come Rodon, here, conuey from out this coast  
This precious iem, the chiefeft I haue left . . ."

In the original and all other editions this 'Scene' forms part of 'Actus IV.,' and 'Rodon' speaks it substantially to 'Seleucus' in giving account of his own treachery (ll. 875-89). These various readings occur—

l. 875, 'Come Rodon, here,' for 'Here Rodon, take.'

l. 876, 'I haue left' for 'that I haue.'

A new line 'My deare *Cæfario*: Saue him, faue my theft.'

l. 879, 'Conceale' for 'Safeguard.'

l. 885, 'shattered' for 'broken.'

Then comes this speech of Rodon—

*Ro.* No doubt he may, deare Soueraigne, when the rage  
Of this confused storme is ouerpast,  
That furiously now beates vpon this age,  
And, may be, is too violent to last.  
And *Cæsars* fortune which now seems to grow  
Into th'Ascendent of felicitie,  
And makes the round and full of glory read,  
May come to warne, like others wretchednes :  
No tyrant can prescribe to iniurie :  
Kings Rights may oft be ficke, but neuer die.

Cleopatra answers (in a new speech)—

*Cle.* *Rodon*, my selfe, those turnes of *Chance* haue seen  
And known both sides of fortune, worst & best,  
And therefore he, whose birth, whose sexe hath beene  
Worthier then mine, why should not he rebleft  
Turne backe to rule the scepter of this land ?  
Which ah, how well it would become thy hand !

She continues, much as in ll. 890—915. These various readings may be noted :—

- l. 891, 'Now die,' for 'O how.'
- l. 895, 'And had he not, ay me, bin borne so late' for  
'And O if he had not beene borne so late.'
- l. 898, 'But O deare sonne, the time yields no delaies' for  
'Then vnto him, O my deere sonne (the faies,)'
- l. 907, 'Thee in the way' for 'Thee and thy wayes.'
- l. 910, 'tender well' for 'looke well to.'
- l. 913, 'But mothers cast' for 'Mothers will cast.'
- ll. 914-15 in " ".
- l. 917, 'ominous' for 'lucklesse bad.'
- l. 918, 'And yet perhaps my love' for 'But yet it may 'tis but.'
- l. 919, 'On . . . which' for 'Or . . . with'—the former accepted in  
its place.
- l. 922, 'in time regaine his' for 'reouer better.'
- l. 923, 'with greater glory' for 'may come in pompe.'
- l. 924, 'feare' for 'doubt.'
- l. 925, 'more powerful' for 'malignant.'
- l. 926, 'And Egypt haue' for 'Egypt must haue.'
- l. 929, 'If' for 'Sith.'

l. 956, 'perhaps it is' for 'it may be 'tis,'

l. 961, 'me and thee' for 'thee and me.'

After l. 964 this new line—'Though I haue made an ende, I haue no done.' A new speech by Cæsario succeeds :—

*Cæf.* Deare foueraigne mother, suffer not your care  
To tumult thus with th'honor of your state :  
These miseries of ours no strangers are,  
Nor is it new to be vnfortunate.  
And this good, let your many sorrows past  
Worke on your heart t'inharden it at last.  
Looke but on all the neighbour States beside,  
Of *Europe, Afrique, Asia*, and but note  
What Kings? what States? hath not the Roman pride  
Ranfackt, confounded, or els seruile brought?  
And since we are so borne that by our fate,  
Against these stormes we cannot now beare faile,  
And that the boiftrous current of their state  
Will beare downe all our fortunes, and preuaile :  
Let vs yet temper with the time : and thinke  
The windes may change, and all these States opprest,  
Colleagu'd in one, may turne again to smoke  
Their Greatnesse, who now holds them all distrest :  
And I may lead their troupes, and at the walles  
Of greedie *Rome*, reuenge the wronged blood  
Of th'innocent, which now for vengeance calls,  
And doe th'inthralled Prouinces this good.  
And therefore my deare mother doe not leaue  
To hope the best. I doubt not my returne.  
I shall doe well. Let not your grieve bereaue  
Your eyes of seeing those comforts when they turne.

This is followed up with a wholly new passage :—

*Cleop.* Well, worthy sonne, and worthely the sonne  
Of such a father. And in this thou shewst  
From whence thou camst ; I say no more : be gone,  
Grow in thy virtue, as in yeares thou growst.

*Exeunt.*

*Cleopatra solus.*

Poore comforts can they giue, whom our distresse  
Makes miserable, and like comfortlesse,

Alas, such forcèd cheering from our owne,  
 Vpon our griefes doe more affliction lay.  
 To thinke, that by our meanes they are vndone,  
 On whom we fought our glory to conuay.  
 Well then, here is a sad daies work begun :  
 For first, betweene these armes, my *Antony*  
 Expir'd this day : and whilst I did vphold  
 His struggling limmes in his last extasie  
 The yet vnclosèd wound, which his owne sword  
 Had made before, burst out, imbru'd my wombe,  
 And here with these faire collours of my Lord  
 Which now I weare, I come from out a tombe,  
 To send away this deereft part of me  
 Vnto distresse, and now whilst time I haue,  
 I goe t'interre my spouse : So shall I see  
 My sonne dispatcht for death, my loue t'his graue.

*Exit.*

Succeeding this is 'Scena II.,' which is entirely new, as thus :—

*Octavius. Dircetus. Gallus. Proculeius.*

What newes brings now *Dircetus* from our foe,  
 Will *Antony* yet struggle beeing vndone ?

*Dir.* Noe, *Cæsar*, he will neuer vex thee more :

His worke is ended. *Anthony* hath done.

Here is the sword that hath cut off the knot

Of his intangled fortunes, and hath freed

His grieued life from his dishonor'd blot.

*Oct.* Who is the man that did effect this deed ?

*Dir.* His owne hand, and this sword hath done the deed.

*Oct.* Relate *Dircetus* of the manner how.

*Dir.* My Lord when *Anthony* had made this last

And desperate triall of his fortunes, and

With all the forces which he had amast

From out each coast and corner of the Land,

Had brought them to their worke, perceiuing how

His ship in stead of blowes shooke hands with yours,

And that his powers by land were vanquisht now,

Backe to the citty he with grieve retires,

Confounded with his fortunes, crying out

That *Cleopatra* had betraid his trust.

She all amaz'd, and fearing left he mought  
 In this conceipt to farther rages burst,  
 Haftes to the tombe which shee erected had  
 (A stately vault to *I/is* temple ioynd)  
 And thence cauf'd word be sent how she was dead,  
 And had dispatcht her selfe, through grieve of minde.

Which whē *Antonius* heard, he straight burst forth  
 Into this passion : what ? and hast thou then  
 Preuented me, braue Queene by thy great worth ?  
 Hath *Cleopatra* taught the worke of men ?  
 Hath shee outgone me in the greatest part  
 Of resolution, to die worthely ?  
 And must I follow ? doth shee disapoint  
 Me, of th'example to teach her to die ?

Come *Eros*, doe this seruice for thy Lord,  
 The best and greatest pleasure thou canst doe :  
 Employ this weapon here ; come, make this sword  
 That wone me glory, *Eros*, this :  
 For these drie deaths are womanish and base.  
 It is for an vnfinewed feebleness  
 T'expire in feathers, and t'attend disgrace.  
 Ther's nothing easier *Eros* then to die,  
 For when men cannot stand, thus they may flie.

*Eros*, his late infranchis'd seruant takes  
 The sword, as if he would haue done the deed,  
 And on it falles himselfe : and thereby makes  
*Antonius* more confus'd to see him bleed,  
 Who should haue first euented out his breath :  
 O *Eros*, said he, and hath Fortune quite  
 Forsaken me ? must I b'outgone in all ?  
 What ? can I not by loosing get a right ?  
 Shall I not haue the vpper hand to fall  
 In death ? must both a woman, and a slaue  
 The start before me of this glory haue ?  
 With this he takes his sword, and down he falls  
 Vpon the dismall point, which makes a gate  
 Spacious enough for Death, but that the walles  
 Of Nature, skorn'd to let it in thereat.  
 And he suruines his death. Which when his loue,  
 His royall *Cleopatra* vnderstood,  
 Shee sends with speed his body to remoue,  
 The body of her loue imbru'd with bloud.

Which brought vnto her tombe, (left that the prease  
Which came with him, might violate her vow)  
She drawes him vp in rowles of taffatie  
T'a window at the top, which did allow  
A little light vnto her monument.

There Charimon, and poore Eras, two weake maids  
Foretir'd with watching, and their mistresse care,  
Tug'd at the pulley, hauing n'other ayds,  
And vp they hoise the fwounding body there  
Of pale *Antonius*, showing out his bloud  
On th'vnder lookers, which there gazing stood.

And when they had now wrought him vp half way  
(Their feeble powers vnable more to doe)  
The frame stood still, the body at a stay,  
When *Cleopatra* all her strength thereto  
Puts, with what vigor loue and care could vse,  
So that it mooues againe, and then againe  
It comes to stay. When shee afresh renewes  
Her hold, and with r'inforced power doth straine,  
And all the weight of her weake bodie laies,  
Whose furcharg'd heart more then her body wayes.  
At length shee wrought him vp, and takes him in,  
Laies his yet breathing body on her bed,  
Applies all meanes his fences to rewinne,  
Stops vp his wound againe that freshly bled,  
Calles him her Lord, her spouse, her Emperor,  
Forgets her owne distresse, to comfort his,  
And interpoints each comfort with a kisse.

He after some small rest and cherishing  
Raifes himselfe, and frames a forcèd cheere,  
Wils *Cleopatra* leaue her languishing,  
And like herselfe these accidents to beare,  
Confidering they had had so full a part  
Of glory in this world ; and that the turne  
Of Change was come, and Fortune would depart.  
'Twas now in vaine for her to stand and mourne :  
But rather ought she seeke her race to free,  
By all the meanes (her honor sau'd) shee can ;  
And none about *Octavius* trust, said he,  
But *Proculius* ; he's an honest man.

And for myfelfe, suffize I haue not fail'd  
In any acte of worth : and now in this,

A Roman hath but here a Roman quayld,  
 And onely but by Fortune's varioufnes.  
 And yet herein I may this glory take,  
 That he who me vndoes, my fword did make.

This faid, he calles for wine, which he requieres  
 Perhaps not for his thirft, but t'end his breath :  
 Which hauing taken, forthwith he expires :  
 And thus haue I declar'd *Antonius* death.

*Octa.* I grieue to heare this much. And I protest  
 By all the gods, I am no caufe of this :  
 He fought his ruine, wrought his owne vnrest ;  
 And here thefe letters are my witneffes,  
 How oft I labourd to recall him home,  
 And woo'd his friendship, fu'd to him for loue :  
 And how he ftill contemnd me, skornèd Rome,  
 Your felues my fellow cittizens can proue.

But *Gallus* you, and *Proculeius* hafte  
 With fpeed vnto the cittie to preuent  
 Left *Cleopatra* desperat now at laft,  
 Bereaue vs of the onely ornament,  
 Which is herfelfe, that can our triumphs grace.  
 Or fire the treafure which fhee hath amafte  
 Within that vault, of all the precious ftuffe  
 That Egypt yielde, and difappoint at laft  
 Our trauels of the benefit thereof.  
 Supple her heart with hopes of kind reliefe,  
 Giue words of oyle, vnto her wounds of grieve.

ll. 197—257 (Chorus) follow, with two misprints—l. 205, 'muft' for 'moft,' which is repeated in 4to of 1623, and l. 252, 'graue' for 'gaue.'

The next Act ('Actus ii. Scena I.') is the first Scene of the original and other editions named, but following the later not '94 text. It is headed—

*'Cleopatra. Charmion. Eras.'*

These various readings may be noted, leaving the reader to compare them with our text (ll. 1 onward):—

l. 1, 'can breath.'

l. 15, 'and the Champion of my pride.'

ll. 20—24 omitted.

l. 41, 'The.'

l. 42, 'other.'

l. 52, 'extreamities.'

After l. 54 the following speeches are inserted—

*Char.* Come *Eras*, shall we goe and interrupt  
 With some perfwading words, this streame of mone ?  
*Eras*, No *Charmion*, stay, the current that is stopt  
 Will but swell vp the more : let her alone.  
 Time hath not brought this hot difeafe of grieffe,  
 T'a *Crisis* fit to take a medicine yet ;  
 'Tis out of feason to apply reliefe,  
 To sorrows late begun, and in the fit,  
 Calamitie is stubborne in the prime  
 Of new afflictions ; we must giue it time.

ll. 55—66 are omitted ; but *Cleopatra* resumes at l. 67—

' Shall Rome behold my sceptor-bearing hand, etc.'

These variations are again noted—

l. 69, ' Shall I passe by.'

ll. 83—98 omitted.

l. 105, ' And my luxurioufnes should end the date.'

l. 109, ' Why should I not but make.'

l. 110, ' mine.'

l. 111, ' And leaue ingrau'd.'

After l. 115 *Charmion* resumes—

' Deare madam, do not thus afflict your heart,  
 No doubt you may worke out a meane to liue,  
 And hold your state, and haue as great a part  
 In *Cæsars* grace, as *Anthony* could giue :  
 He that in this fort doth sollicit you,  
 And treats by all the gentle meanes he can,  
 Why should you doubt that he should proue vntrue,  
 Or thinke him so difnaturèd a man,  
 To wrong your royall trust or dignity ?'

*Cleopatra* replies—

' *Charmion*, becaufe that now I am not I,  
 My fortune, with my beauty, and my youth,  
 Hath left me vnto misery and thrall,  
 And *Cæsar* cares not now by wayes of truth,  
 But cunning, to get honor by my fall.'



The interview-dialogue is continued—

*Ch.* You know not *Cæsars* dealing till you try.

*Cle.* To try, were to be lost, and then discry.

*Ch.* You to *Antonius* did commit yourselfe,  
And why might not *Antonius* so haue done ?

*Cl.* I woone *Antonius*, *Cæsar* hath me woone.

*Er.* But madame, you might haue articulated  
With *Cæsar*, when by *Thyrius* he of late  
Did offer you so kindly as he did,  
Vpon conditions to haue held your state.

*Cl.* 'Tis true, I know I might haue held my state,  
If I would then haue *Anthony* betraid.

*Er.* And why not now, since *Anthony* is dead,  
And that *Octavius* hath the end he fought,  
May not you haue what then was offered ?  
On fairer tearmes, if things were fitly wrought  
And that you would not teach how to deny,  
By doubting him, or asking fearefully.

*Cleop.* Fearefully? *Eras* peace, I skorne to feare ;  
Who now am got out of the reach of wrath,  
Aboue the power of pride. What should I feare  
The might of men, that aim at one with death ?  
Speake ye no more to me I charge you here.  
What? will you two who still haue tooke my part  
In all my fortunes, now conspire with feare  
To make me mutinie against my heart ?

Then at l. 115 our text is returned to, with these various readings :—

l. 115, 'No.'

l. 116, 'That t'was my weakenes that hath.'

l. 118 is followed by these new lines—

' My constancy shall vndeceiue their mindes,  
And I will bring the witnesse of my blood  
To testifie my fortitude, that binds  
My equall loue, to fall with him I stood ' (cf. ll. 123-6).

ll. 119-20 (see in the place in our text).

l. 121, 'And my condemnd.'

After l. 126 is this couplet—

' Defects I grant I had, but this was worst  
That beeing the first to fall, I di'd not first.'

After l. 138 is this—

'And I confesse me bound to sacrifice  
To death and thee the life that doth reprove me.

ll. 139—148 omitted.

l. 150, 'now.'

ll. 151-8 omitted.

l. 159, 'When heretofore my vaine.'

l. 165, 'When thou bred in.'

l. 166, 'The ryotous pompe of Monarches neuer learnedst.'

Our 'Act ii., Scene I.,' forms 'Scena II.' of 'Act 2,' commencing with l. 260; but Gallus is added as an interlocutor. These various readings again are noted—

l. 267 inadvertently drops 'keepe the.'

ll. 280-1, '. . . tell me what y'haue done.

Will yet this womans stubborne heart be wonne?'

After l. 281 the speech varies—

My Lord, we haue all gentle meanes impli'd (=employ'd)  
According to th'instructions which you gaue,  
And hope in time shee will be pacified  
And these are all the likelihoods we haue.  
First when we came into her archèd vault,  
I *Gallus* sent to entertaine the time  
Below with her, confering at a grate,  
Whilst I found meanes vp to the top to clime:  
He there perfwaded her to leaue that place,  
And come to *Cæsar*, and to sue for grace.

It will be observed the last is our l. 289; and so on to l. 293.

ll. 294-7 omitted.

l. 298, 'I now descending.'

l. 301, 'forc'd.'

l. 302, 'raught.'

l. 306, 'should you.'

l. 307, 'your.'

l. 328, 'As words of rule.'

l. 339, 'that.'

l. 340, 'thus must seeke to.'

l. 341, 'On th'wofull . . . wretched.'

l. 352, 'th'woefull.'

l. 353, 'A mixed.'

- l. 365, 'your.'
- l. 366, 'And wight.'
- l. 370, 'Wherewith at laft thee seem'd.'
- l. 371, 'And gaue great shewes to be.'
- l. 372, 'And faw . . . your.'
- l. 374, 'wherewithall.'
- ll. 375-7—'Some obsequies vnto the coarfe  
Of her dead loue, according to her rite  
And in the meane time might be free from force.'
- l. 379, 'well in reft.'
- l. 380, 'O~~ce~~. But doe you.'
- ll. 382-3—'Ah priuate thoughts, aime wide from princes hearts,  
Whose state allows them not t'act their owne parts.'
- l. 385, 'die,' as in <sup>1</sup>.
- l. 386, 'She may by yielding work.'
- l. 396, 'feare sh'will not.'
- ll. 400-1—'And well obserue with whom thee doth,  
And shortly will myfelfe.'

There fucceeds then the Chorus (ll. 773 onward), but it opens—

'Sterne and imperious Nemefis';

and l. 808, 'naught' for 'nought.' Act III, answers to ours substantially  
I note these various readings—

- l. 474 has added '2. Philofophers.'
- l. 484, 'And that we liue in.'
- l. 501, 'For when this fhip of life pale terror boords.'
- l. 509, 'Wherein I my profeffion.'
- l. 513, 'No priuiledge Philofophy doth giue.'
- l. 519, 'For neuer age could better teftifie.'
- ll. 521-2—'How foone improuident prosperitie  
Comes caught, and ruin'd.'
- l. 540, 'would.'
- ll. 541-2—'S'ingulph this ftate in th'end, that no deuice  
Our vtter ouerwhelming could withhold.'
- l. 544, 'Of mighty lands.'
- l. 560, 'our loofe felicitie.'
- l. 561, 'doth' (*bad*).
- l. 562, 'confufd with miferie.'
- ll. 577-8—'T'extinguifh thus the race of *Antony*  
And *Cleopatra*, to confirme his owne.'
- l. 579, 'their iffue be extinguifhèd?'

After l. 579 comes this—

*Ar.* It must: *Antillus* is already dead.

*Th.* And what? *Cæsario* sprung of *Cæsars* blood?

l. 586, 'Men seeke to quench.'

ll. 589-92—'They thinke his death will farther tumults cease:

Competitors are subiects miseries,

And to the end to purchase publike peace,

Great men are . . .'

l. 595, 'emptie.'

l. 597, 'Though I thinke Rome shall neuer.'

l. 603, 'Or thinke you, your.'

l. 604, 'As.'

l. 607, 'm'oppressed foule.'

l. 608, 'Likes.'

l. 609, 'in.'

l. 611, 'I thought not euer Roman.'

l. 612, 'distressed.'

l. 614, 'A capture.'

l. 617, 'madame rife your selfe was.'

l. 618, 'your,' and so l. 619.

ll. 621-4, 'For you dissolu'd that . . .

Which makes my winning ioy a gaine vnto

Who cannot now looke out . . .

But through the horror.'

l. 625, 'you.'

And so to the close in trivial changes, but which in noting it seems inexpedient to record further, except a few put in their places in our text from this point. Act III. closes with our Chorus (ll. 402-72). Act IV. is also our Act IV. A few various readings are given in the places in our text, not mere trivialities. After l. 1097 forward to l. 1430 is omitted, and thus reading—

'Come Diomedes, thou who hast bin one  
In all my fortunes, and art still all one;  
Whom the amazing ruine of my fall,  
Neuer deterd to leaue calamitie,  
As did, etc.'

After l. 1456 there are these new passages—

*Diom.* I who am sworne of the societie  
Of death, and haue indur'd the worst of ill,  
Prepar'd for all euent, must not deny  
What you cōmand me, come there what there will.

And I shall vse the aptest skill I may  
To cloake my worke, and long I will not stay. *Exit.*

*Cleop.* But hauing leaue I must goe take my leaue,  
And last farewell of my dead *Antony*,  
Whose dearely honord tombe must here receiue  
This sacrifice, the last before I die.

Then the scene goes back to l. 1102, being headed—

*'Cleopatra at the tombe of Antonius.'*

See in the place in our text various readings. After l. 1191 comes this new speech—

*Eras.* Good madame, if that worthy heart you beare  
Doe hold it fit, it were a sinne in vs  
To contradict your will ; but yet we feare  
The world will censure that your doing thus,  
Did issue rather out of your despaire  
Then resolution, and thereby you loose  
Much of your glory, which would be more faire  
In suffering, then escaping thus your foes.  
For when *Pandora* b[r]ought the boxe from heauen  
Of all the good and ill that men befall,  
And them immixt vnto the world had giuen,  
Hope in the bottom lay, quite vnder all.  
To shew that we must still vnto the last  
Attend our fortune ; for no doubt there may  
Euen at the bottom of afflictions past  
Be found some happier turne if we but stay.

*Cl. Eras,* that hope is honors enemy,  
A traitor vnto worth, lies on the ground,  
In the base bottom of seruilitie :  
The beggars wealth, a treasure neuer found,  
The dreame of them that wake, a ghost of th'aire,  
That leads men out of knowledge to their graues,  
A spirit of grosser substance then despaire ;  
And let them, *Eras* hope, that can be slaues . . .'

Then takes up at l. 1191, which see for various readings in our text in the place. After l. 1199 comes in ' *Scena iii,*' opening thus new—

*Cesario, with a Guard conueying him  
to Execution.*

Now gentle Guard, let me in curtesie  
Rest me a little here, and ease my bands,

You shall not need to hold me, for your eye  
 May now as well secure you, as your hands.  
*Gu.* Doe, take your ease *Cesar*, but not long,  
 We haue a charge, which we must needs performe.  
*Ces.* Loe here brought backe, by subtil traine to death,  
 Betraid by Tutors faith, or traitors rather,  
 My fault my blood, and mine offence my birth ;  
 For beeing the sonne of such a mighty father,  
 I now am made th'oblation for his feares  
 Who doubts the poore reuenge those hands may doe him,  
 Respecting neither blood, nor youth, nor yeares,  
 Or how small safetie can my death be to him.  
 And is this, etc.—

taking now up from l. 1000, which place in our text see for various readings.

After l. 1052 the scene thus concludes—

'But yet *Cesar*, thou must die content,  
 God will reuenge, and men bewaile the innocent.  
 Well now along ; I rested haue ynow,  
 Performe the charge, my friëds, you haue to doe.'  
*Exeunt.*

Then follows the 'Chorus,' ll. 1200—1270. Act V. is same as our Act V. See various readings in our text in the places. After l. 1328 are these lines—

'And what my power and praiers may preuaile,  
 Ile ioyne them both, to hinder thy disgrace :  
 And euen this present day, I will not faile  
 To do my best with *Cæsar* in this case.'

ll. 1329-48 omitted in <sup>4</sup>. Scene II. thus opens in <sup>4</sup>—

*Cleopatra. Eras. Charmion. Diomedes.*  
*The Guard, and Cæsars messengers.*

Now *Eras*, come, what newes hast thou lookt out,  
 Is *Diomedes* comming yet or not ?  
*Eras.* Madame, I haue from off the turret top,  
 View'd euery way, he is not comming yet.  
*Cl.* Didst thou see no man tending hitherward ?  
*Er.* None truly madame, but one countriman  
 Carrying a basket as I could discern.

*Cle.* Alas then *Eras* I doe feare th'euent  
Of my designe. For fure he would not stay  
Thus long I know, did not some force preuent  
His forward faith, and hold him by the way.

*Char.* Madame, there may be many hindrances  
To counterchecke and interrupt his speed.  
He hath a wary worke to doe in this,  
He must take time.

*Cl.* *Charmion* tis true indeed :  
And yet in all this time me thinkes he might  
Effected haue his worke, had all gone right.

*Er.* Alas we euer thinke the stay is more,  
When our desire is run t'our wish before.

*Cle.* *Eras* I know my will to haue it done,  
Rides post, and feare in doing to b'vndone,  
Puts spurs thereto : whilst that for which we long  
Creepes but a foote. Yet fure he staies too long.  
Good *Eras* goe and looke out once againe—  
Yet stay awhile, I know it is in vaine.  
O gods, I craue no other fortune I  
Of heauen and you, but onely lucke to die.  
And shall I not haue that? Well I will yet  
Write my dispatch to *Cesar*, and when that  
Is done, I will dispatch my selfe ; what way  
So euer, I must vse no more delay.

*Enter the Guard with Diomedes.*

*Gua.* And whither now fir, stay, what haue you there?

*Diom.* Good firs, I haue a fimple present here,  
Which I would faine deliuer to our queene.

*Gu.* What ist? lets see.

*Diom.* And please you firs it is  
Onely a few choyce figs which I haue growne  
In mine owne garden, and are sonest ripe  
Of any here about ; and euery yeare  
I vse to bring a few vnto our queene.  
And pray my masters take a taste of them  
For I assure you they are very good.

*Gua.* No, no, my friend, goe on, and beare them in.

*Cl.* Now *Eras* looke if he be comming yet.—  
See here he comes. This is that countriman  
Which *Eras* thou discrid't : O happy man

Can such poore robes beguile a Princes power?  
 Why then I fee, it is our outfides most  
 Doe mocke the world. But tell me are they here?  
 Speake Diomedes.

*Diod.* Madame, they are there.

*Cl.* O good ill-lucke, most fortunate distresse,  
 Deare *Diomedes*, thou hast blest me now :  
 And here, goe take these letters, and dismaske  
 Thyselfe againe, returne to thine owne shape  
 Good *Diomedes*, and giue *Cæsar* these.  
 Goe, leaue me here alone, I need no more :  
 I haue but these to keepe a death in store.  
 I will not vse their helpe till needes I must,  
 (And that is now) goe *Diomedes* goe.

*Diom.* Good madame, I know well this furniture  
 Of death, is farre more requisite, then that  
 Of life, where such as you cannot endure  
 To lie beneath your selues, debaf'd in state.  
 I goe t'effect your will as well in this  
 As I haue done in that, and onely pray  
 Our tutelarie gods to giue succeffe  
 Vnto the fame, and be it what it may.

*Cl.* Come sweet heart, etc.

Then takes up from l. 1509 onward. See our text for various readings.  
 After l. 1626 comes this :—

*Eras.* Come *Charmion*, come, wee must not onely be  
 Spectators in this Scene, but Actors too.  
 Now comes our part ; you know we did agree  
 The fellowship of death to vnder goe,  
 And though our meaner fortunes cannot claime  
 A glory by this acte, they shall haue fame.

*Ch.* *Eras* I am prepar'd, and here is that  
 Will doe the deed.

*Er.* And here is of the fame.

*Cl.* But *Eras* Ile begin, it is my place.

*Er.* Nay *Charmion*, here I drinke a death to thee ;  
 I must be first.

*Ch.* Indeed thou hast preuented me ;  
 Yet will I haue this honor to be last  
 Which shall adorne this head, which must be seene



To weare that crowne in death, her life held fast ;  
 That all the world may seee shee di'd a queene.  
 O see this face, etc.,

returning to l. 1639 from 1662. After l. 1645 the close runs—

*Ces. mess.* See, we are come too late, this is dispatcht :

*Cæsar* is disappointed of this grace.—

Why how now *Charmion*, what? is this well done?

*Ch.* Yea very well ; and shee that from the race

Of so great kings descends doth best become.

Our 'Chorus' (ll. 1687—1771) also concludes<sup>4</sup>.

I am not aware that these remarkable 'alterings' of this tragedy of 'Cleopatra' have been before noted ; and certainly it is singular that John Daniel should have ignored the text of 1607, especially as it was repeated in 1609 and 1611 (both). Unquestionably some of the finest work of Daniel has thus been lost hitherto to literature.

My signs for the various readings placed below each page are these—

1594 = <sup>1</sup>.

1599

1601

1602

1605

1607

1609

1611 (two)

1623 = our text (substantially).

On this 'Tragedie of Cleopatra' see our 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical.' I have collated all the above editions in exemplars in the British Museum and the Bodleian. On other side is the title-page of 1623

A. B. G.

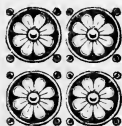


# THE TRAGEDIE

*OF CLEOPATRA.*

*Aetas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.*

---



LONDON,  
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES,  
for SIMON WATERSON.

1623.



\* The Scène supposed *Alexandria*.

THE ACTORS.

Cleopatra.                      Octavius Cæsar.

Proculeius.                    Dolabella.

Titius, seruant to Dolabella.

Arius,                            }  
Philotratus,                    } two Philosophers.

Seleucus, secretarie to Cleopatra.

Rodon, Tutor to Cæfario.

Nuntius.

The Chorus, all Egyptians.

\* In <sup>1</sup> afte the ‘Argument.’



To the right honourable, the  
*Lady Mary, Countesse of*  
 PEMBROOKE.



Oe heere the labour which she did  
 impose, [Muse:  
 Whose influence did predominate my  
 The starre of wonder my desires first  
 chose [I vse:  
 To guide their trauels in the course  
 She, whose cleare brightnesse had  
 the powre t'infuse [came,

Strength to my thoughts, from whence these motions  
 Call'd vp my spirits from out their low repose,  
 To sing of State, and tragicke notes to frame.

I, who (contented with an humble song,  
 Made musique to my selfe that pleas'd me best, 10  
 And onely told of DELIA, and her wrong,  
 And praisd her eyes, and plaine mine owne vnrest:  
 (A text from whence my Muse had not digrest)

l. 1, 'worke the' <sup>1, 2</sup>: l. 2, 'Who onely doth' <sup>1, 2</sup>: l. 3, 'which my  
 labours' <sup>1, 2</sup>: l. 4, 'way in all' <sup>1, 2</sup>: l. 5, 'doth alone' <sup>1, 2</sup>: l. 6, 'and  
 makes me what I am' <sup>1, 2</sup>.

Madam, had not thy well grac'd *Antony* ;  
 (Who all alone, hauing remained long,)  
 Requir'd his *Cleopatras* company.

Who if she here doe so appeare in Act,  
 That he can scarce discerne her for his Queene,  
 Finding how much she of her selfe hath lackt,  
 And miss'd that grace wherein she should be seene, 20  
 Her worth obscur'd, her spirit embas'd cleene ;  
 Yet lightning thou by thy sweete chearefulness,  
 My darke defects, which from her powres detract,  
 He may her geffe by some resemblances.

And I hereafter in another kinde,  
 More futing to the nature of my vaine,  
 May peraduenture raise my humble minde  
 To other musique in this higher straine ;  
 Since I perceiue the world and thou dost daigne  
 To countenance my Song, and cherish me, 30  
 I must so worke Posteritie may finde,  
 My loue to verse, my gratitude to thee.

Now when so many Pennes (like Speares) are charg'd,  
 To chafe away this tyrant of the North ;  
*Grosse Barbarisme*, whose powre grown far inlarg'd  
 Was lately by thy valiant brothers worth

l. 14, '*Anthony*'<sup>1</sup> : l. 17, MS. '*Fact*'<sup>1, 2</sup> : l. 18, '*for his Queene and Loue he scarce will know her*'<sup>1, 2</sup> : l. 20, '*I should shew her*'<sup>1, 2</sup> : l. 21, '*In maiestie debas'd, in courage lower*'<sup>1, 2</sup> : l. 22, '*fauouring eyes*'<sup>1, 2</sup> : l. 23, '*sp'rit*'<sup>1, 2</sup> : l. 24, '*yet may geffe it's shee ; which will suffise*'<sup>1, 2</sup> : l. 27, '*better please thy*'<sup>1, 2</sup> : l. 28, '*And higher notes in sweeter musique-straine*'<sup>1, 2</sup> : l. 29, '*seeing that thou so graciously doost daine*'<sup>1, 2</sup> : l. 32, '*How much I did contend to honour thee*'<sup>1, 2</sup> : l. 36, '*thy*'<sup>1, 2</sup>, for '*the*' of our text accepted.

First found, encountred, and prouoked forth :  
 Whose onfet made the rest audacious,  
 Whereby they likewise haue so well discharg'd  
 Vpon that hideous Beast incroching thus. 40

And now must I with that poore strength I haue,  
 Resist so foule a foe in what I may :  
 And arme against Obluion and the Graue,  
 That else in darkenesse carries all away,  
 And makes of all an vniuerfall pray ;  
 So that if by my Penne procure I shall  
 But to defend me, and my name to saue,  
 Then though I die, I cannot yet die all ;

But still the better part of me will liue,  
 And in that part will liue thy reuerent name, 50  
 Although thy selfe dost farre more glory giue  
 Vnto thy selfe, then I can by the same.  
 Who dost with thine owne hand a bulwark frame  
 Against these monsters, (enemies of honour)  
 Which euermore shall so defend thy Fame,  
 As Time, or they shall neuer prey vpon her.

Those Hymnes which thou dost consecrate to heauen,  
 Which Israels Singer to his God did frame :  
 Vnto thy voyce Eternitie hath giuen,  
 And makes thee deare to him from whence they came.  
 In them must rest thy venerable name, 61  
 So long as Sions God remaineth honoured ;

l. 40, cap. 'B' accepted from<sup>1, 2</sup>: l. 45, 'our honours but a'<sup>1</sup>: l. 50, 'Deckt and adorned with thy sacred'<sup>1, 2</sup>: l. 56, 'nor'<sup>1, 2</sup>: l. 61, 'euer reuerent'<sup>1, 2</sup>.

And till confuſion hath all zeale bereauen,  
And murdered Faith, and Temples ruined.

By this (great Lady) thou muſt then be knowne,  
When *Wilton* lies low leuell'd with the ground :  
And this is that which thou maiſt call thine owne,  
Which ſacrilegious Time cannot confound ;  
Heere thou furuiu'ſt thy ſelfe, heere thou art found  
Of late ſucceeding ages, freſh in fame : 70  
This monument cannot be ouerthrowne,  
Where, in eternall Braſſe remains thy Name.

O that the Ocean did not bound our ſtile  
Within theſe ſtriſt and narrow limites ſo :  
But that the melodie of our ſweete Ile,  
Might now be heard to *Tyber*, *Arne*, and *Po* :  
That they might know how far *Thames* doth out-go  
The Muſike of declined *Italy* :  
And liſtning to our Songs another while,  
Might learne of thee, their notes to purifie. 80

O why may not ſome after-comming hand  
Vnlocke theſe limites, open our confines,  
And breake aſunder this imprifoning band,  
T'inlarge our ſpirits, and publiſh our deſignes ;  
Planting our Roſes on the *Apenines* ?  
And teach to *Rheyne*, to *Loyre*, and *Rhodanus*.  
Our accents, and the wonders of our Land,  
That they might all admire and honour vs.

Whereby great *Sydney* and our *Spencer* might,  
With thoſe *Po*-fingers being equalled, 90

1. 86, 'teach to' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, accepted from <sup>3</sup> for 'to teach' of our text.



Enchaunt the world with such a sweet delight,  
 That their eternall Songs (for euer read)  
 May shew what great *Elizaes* raigne hath bred.  
 What musicke in the kingdome of her peace  
 Hath now beene made to her, and by her might,  
 Whereby her glorious fame shall neuer cease.

But if that Fortune doth denie vs this,  
 Then *Neptune*, locke vp with the Ocean key  
 This treasure to our selues, and let them misse  
 Of so sweet riches : as vnworthy they  
 To tast the great delights that we inioy.  
 And let our harmony so pleasing growne,  
 Content our selues, whose errour euer is  
 Strange notes to like, and disesteeme our owne.

100

But, whither doe my vowes transport me now,  
 Without the compasse of my course enioynd ?  
 Alas, what honour can a voyce so low  
 As this of mine, expect hereby to find ?  
 But, (Madam,) this doth animate my mind,  
 That yet I shall be read among the rest,  
 And though I doe not to perfection grow,  
 Yet something shall I be, though not the best.

110

l. 94-6—

'That fauored by the Worthies of our Land,  
 My lynes are lik'd ; the which may make me grow,  
 In time to take a greater taske in hand ' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>.

97, cap. 'F' from <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, accepted.



## Summary

The following summary is based on the information provided in the report. It is intended to provide a brief overview of the key findings and conclusions of the study. The full report contains a detailed discussion of the methodology, data, and results.

The study was conducted to investigate the effects of [illegible] on [illegible]. The results of the study are summarized in the following table:

Variable	Group 1	Group 2
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

The results of the study indicate that [illegible] has a significant effect on [illegible]. The findings suggest that [illegible] is a key factor in determining [illegible]. The study also found that [illegible] is a significant predictor of [illegible].

The study was limited by [illegible]. Future research should focus on [illegible]. The study was conducted in a controlled environment, which may limit the generalizability of the findings.



## The Argument.



After the death of *Antonius*, *Cleopatra*,  
(living still in the Monument shee  
had caused to be built,) could not,  
by any meanes be drawne foorth,  
although *Octavius Cæsar* very earn-  
estly laboured it: and sent *Proculeius*,<sup>1</sup>  
to vse all diligence to bring her vnto

him: for that hee thought it would be a great Orna-  
ment to his Triumphes, to get her aliue to Rome.  
But neuer would shee put her selfe into the hands of *Proculeius*,  
although on a time he found the means,  
(by a window that was at the toppe of the Monument,)  
to come down vnto her: where he perswaded her (all  
he might) to yeeld her selfe to *Cæsars* mercy. Which  
she, (to be ridde of him,) cunningly seemed to grant  
vnto. After that, *Octavius* in person went to visite  
her, to whom she excused her offence, laying all the  
fault vpon the greatnes, and feare she had, of *Antonius*,  
and withall, seemed very tractable, and willing to be  
disposed of by him.

20

Whereupon *Octavius*, (thinking himselfe sure) resolued

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 't' in our text.

presently to send her away to Rome: Whereof, *Dolabella*, a fauorite of *Cæsars*, (and one that was growne into some good liking of her) hauing certified her, shee makes her humble petition to *Cæsar*, that he would suffer her to sacrifice to the ghost of *Antonius*: which being granted her, she was brought vnto his sepulchre, where, after her rites performed, she returned to the Monument, and there dined with great magnificence. And in dinner time, came there one in the habite of a 30  
countrie man, with a basket of Figs vnto her, who (unsuspected) was suffered to carry them in. And in that basket (among the Figs) were conueyed the Aspickes wherewith she did her selfe to death. Dinner being ended, she dispatched Letters to *Cæsar*, con-  
tayning great lamentations, with an earnest supplication, that she might be intombed with *Antonius*. Where-  
vpon *Cæsar* knowing what she intended, sent presently with all speed, Messengers to haue preuented her death; which notwithstanding, before they came, was dis- 40  
patched.

*Cæsario* her sonne, which she had by *Iulius Cæsar* (conueyed before vnto *India*, out of the danger of the warres) was about the same time of her death, murdered at *Rhodes*: trained thither by the falsehood of his Tutor, corrupted by *Cæsar*. And so, hereby came the race of the *Ptolomies* to be wholly extinct, and the flourishing rich Kingdome of *Egypt* vtterly ouerthrowne and subdued.



# THE TRAGEDIE Of CLEOPATRA.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

*Cleopatra.*



ET doe I liue, and yet doth breath  
extend [graue  
My life beyond my life? nor can my  
Shut vp my griefes, to make my end  
my end? [I haue?  
Will yet confusion haue more then  
Is th'honor, wonder, glory, pompe,  
and all

Of *Cleopatra* dead, and she not dead?  
Haue I out-liu'd my selfe, and seene the fall  
Of all vpon me, and not ruined?  
Can yet these eyes endure the ghastly looke  
Of Defolations darke and ougly face,

10

l. 1, 'posseffe' 1.

Wont but on Fortunes fairest side to looke,  
Where nought vvas but applause, but smiles, and  
grace?

Whiles on his shoulders all my rest relide,  
On whom the burthen of m'ambition lay,  
My *Atlas*, and supporter of my pride,  
That did the world of all my glory fway,  
Who now throwne downe, disgrac'd, confounded lies  
Crusht vvith the weight of Shame and Infamy,

l. 15, addition here from '—

'posseffe

This hatefull prifon of a loathsome foule :  
Can no calamitie, nor no distresse  
Breake hart and all, and end a life so foule ?  
Can *Cleopatra* liue, and with these eyes  
Behold the deereft of her life bereft her ?  
Ah, can shee entertaine the least furmife  
Of any hope, that hath but horror left her ?  
Why should I linger longer griefes to try ?  
These eyes that fawe what honor earth could giue mee,  
Doe now behold the worft of misery :  
The greateft wrack wherto Fortune could driue mee.  
Hee on whose shoulders all my rest relyde,  
On whom the burthen of my'ambition lay :  
The *Atlas* and the Champion of my pride.'

l. 16, 'my whole fortune' : l. 17, addition here—

'Lyes falne, confounded, dead in shame and dolours,  
Following th'vn lucky party of my loue.  
Th'Enfigne of mine eyes, th'vn happy collours,  
That him to mischief, mee to ruine droue.  
And now the modell made of misery,  
Scorne to the world, borne but for Fortunes foile,  
My lusts haue fram'd a Tombe for mee to lie,  
Euen in the ashes of my Countries spoyle.  
Ah, who would think that I were shee who late,  
Clad with the glory of the worlds chiefe ritches,  
Admir'd of all the earth, and wondred at,  
Glittring in pompe that hart and eye bewitches.'

Following th'vn lucky party of mine eyes,  
 The traines of lust and imbecility,  
 Whereby my dissolution is become  
 The graue of Egypt, and the wracke of all;  
 My vnforeseeing weakenesse must intoome  
 My Countries fame and glory with my fall.

20

Now who vould thinke that I were she vvho late  
 With all the ornaments on earth inrich'd,  
 Enuiron'd vvith delights, compast with state,  
 Glittering in pomp that hearts and eyes bewitch'd;  
 Should thus distrest, cast down from off that heighth  
 Leuell'd vvith low disgrac'd calamity,  
 Vnder the weight of such affliction sigh,  
 Reduc'd vnto th'extreamest misery?

30

Am I the woman whose inuentiue pride,  
 Adorn'd like *Ifis*, scorn'd mortality?  
 Is't I would haue my frailty so belide,  
 That flattery could perswade I vvas not I?  
 Well, now I see, they but delude that praise vs,  
Greatnesse is mockt, prosperity betrayes vs.  
 And vve are but our selues, although this cloud  
 Of interpos'd smoake make vs seeme more:  
 These spreading parts of pomp wherof w'are proud  
 Are not our parts, but parts of others store:  
 Witnesse these gallant fortune-following traines,  
 These Summer Swallowes of felicity

40

l. 34, (Adorn'd . . . Ifis) <sup>1</sup>: l. 35, 'that left my fence so without guide' <sup>1</sup>:  
 l. 36, 'would not let him know twas' <sup>1</sup>: l. 37, 'Ah . . . scarce tell  
 truth' <sup>1</sup>: l. 38, 'Crownes are beguild' <sup>1</sup>: l. 40, 'smoake' accepted from '  
 for 'smoakes' of other-texts: ll. 43-6—

'What is become of all that statelie traine,  
 Those troopes that wont attend prosperitie?

Gone vvith the heate : of all, see vvhat remaines,  
 This monument, two maydes, and vvretched I.  
 And I, t'adorne their triumphs am referu'd  
 A captiue, kept to honour others spoyles,  
 Whom *Cæsar* labours so to haue preferu'd,  
 And seekes to entertaine my life vvith wiles. 50  
 But *Cæsar*, it is more then thou canst do,  
 Promise, flatter, threaten extreamity,  
 Imploy thy wits and all thy force thereto,  
 I haue both hands, and vvill, and I can die.  
 Though thou, of both my country and my crowne,  
 Of powre, of meanes and all dost quite bereaue me ;  
 Though thou hast wholly Egypt made thine owne,  
 Yet hast thou left me that which vvill deceiue thee.  
 That courage vvith my blood and birth innated,  
 Admir'd of all the earth, as thou art now ; 60  
 Can neuer be so abiectly abated  
 To be thy slaue, that rul'd as good as thou.  
 Thinke *Cæsar*, I that liu'd and raign'd a Queene,  
 Do scorne to buy my life at such a rate,  
 That I should vnderneath my selfe be seene,  
 Basely induring to suruiue my state :  
 That Rome should see my scepter-bearing hands  
 Behind me bound, and glory in my teares ;

'See what is left, what number doth remaine,  
 A tombe, two maydes, and miserable I ?'

l. 48, 'beautifie their' : l. 51, 'No *Cæsar* no, it is not thou canst doe  
 it' : l. 53, 'vnto it' : l. 55, 'of Country, kingdom' : l. 56, 'Though  
 thou of all my glory dost' : l. 57, 'all my . . . as' : l. 61, 'Cannot by  
 threatens be vulgarly' : l. 63, 'Confider . . . that I am' : ll. 64-6—

'And scorne the basenes of a feruile thought :  
 The world and thou, dost know what I haue beene,  
 And neuer thinke I can be so low brought.'



That I should passe whereas *Octavia* stands,  
 To view my misery, that purchas'd hers. 70  
 No, I disdain that head vvhich wore a crowne,  
 Should stoope to take vp that which others giue ;  
 I must not be, vnlesse I be mine owne,  
 Tis sweet to die vvhhen we are forc'd to liue.  
 Nor had I stayd behind my selfe this space,  
 Nor payd such int'rest for this borrow'd breath,  
 But that hereby I seeke to purchase grace  
 For my distressed feede after my death.  
 It's that vvhich doth my dearest blood controule,  
 That's it alas detaines me from my tombe, 80  
 Whiles Nature brings to contradict my soule  
 The argument of mine vnhappy wombe.

You lucklesse issue of an vvofull mother,  
 The vvretched pledges of a vvanton bed,  
 You Kings designed, must subiects liue to other ;  
 Or else, I feare, scarce liue, vvhhen I am dead.  
 It is for you I temporize with *Cæsar*,  
 And stay this vvhile to mediate your safety :  
 For you I faine content, and soothe his pleasure,  
 Calamity herein hath made me crafty. 90  
 But this is but to try what may be done,  
 For come what vvill, this stands, I must die free. L  
 And die my selfe vncaptiu'd, and vnwonne :  
 Blood, Children, Nature, all must pardon me,  
 My soule yeelds Honor vp the victory,

l. 71, 'that' : l. 75, 'troubled now the world thus long' : l. 76, 'And  
 beene indelbted . . . little' : l. 77, 'I feare, Cæsar would offer wrong' :  
 l. 78, 'To' : l. 80, 'Tis that' : l. 83, 'O . . . a' : l. 84, 'Th'vngodly' :  
 l. 85, 'now be slaues' : l. 86, 'not bee (I feare)' : l. 88, 'liue . . .  
 for to procure' : l. 91, 'tis not long, Ile see' : l. 93, 'Ile be my selfe,  
 my thoughts doe rest thereon'.

And I must be a Queene, forget a mother ;  
 Though mother vvould I be, were I not I ;  
 And Queene would not be now, could I be other.

But vvhat know I if th'heauens haue decreed,  
 And that the finnes of Egypt haue deferr'd 100  
 The *Ptolomies* should faile, and none succeed,  
 And that my weakenes vvas thereto referu'd,  
 That I should bring confufion to my state,  
 And fill the measure of iniquity ;  
 Luxurioufneffe in me should raife the rate  
 Of loofe and ill-dispens'd liberty.

If it be fo, then what neede thefe delaies ?  
 Since I was made the meanes of misery :  
 Why should I ftriue but to make death my praife,  
 That had my life but for my infamy ? 110

And let me vvrite in letters of my blood  
 A fit memoriall for the times to come :  
 To be example to fuch Princes good  
 As please themfelues, and care not what become.

And *Antony*, because the world takes note  
 That my defects haue onely ruin'd thee ;  
 And my ambitious practifes are thought  
 The motiue and the caufe of all to be ;

l. 97, 'Yet' : l. 98, 'I not now be, were' : l. 105, 'Licentioufnes  
 . . . end her date' : l. 106, 'Begunne in ill-dispens'd libertie' : l. 107--

'If fo it be, and that my heedles waies,  
 Haue thus fo great a defolation raifd,  
 Yet let a glorious end conclude my dayes ;  
 Though life were bad, my death may yet be praif'd'.

l. 111, 'That I may' : l. 115, 'although' : addition here--

'And Anthony, because the world doth know,  
 That my mis-fortune hath procured thine,  
 And my improvidence brought thee fo low,  
 To lofe thy glory, and to ruine mine :

Though God thou know'st, how iust this staine is layd  
 Vpon my foule, vvhom ill successe makes ill : 120  
 Yet since condemn'd misfortune hath no ayde  
 Against proud lucke that argues what it will,  
 I haue no meanes to vndeceiue their mindes,  
 But to bring in the witnesse of my blood,  
 To testifie the faith and loue that bindes  
 My equall shame, to fall vvith whom I stood.  
 Defects I grant I had, but this vvvas worst,  
 That being the first to fall I di'd not first.

Though I perhaps could lighten mine owne fide  
 With some excuse of my constrained case 130  
 Drawne down with povvre : but that were to deuide  
 My shame : to stand alone in my disgrace.  
 To cleere me so, vvould shew m'affections naught,  
 And make th'excuse more hainous then the fault.

By grapling in the Ocean of our pride,  
 To sinke each others greatnes both together,  
 Both equall shipwrack of our states t'abide,  
 And like destruction to procure to eyther :  
 If I should now (our common fault) suruiue,  
 Then all the world must hate mee if I doe it,  
 Sith both our errors did occasion giue,  
 And both our faults haue brought vs both vnto it.  
 I being first inamour'd with thy greatnes,  
 Thou with my vanity bewitched wholly ;  
 And both betrayd with th'outward pleasant sweetnes,  
 The one ambition spoyld, th'other folly.  
 For which, thou hast already duly paid  
 The statute of thy errors dearest forfeit :  
 Wherby thy gotten credite was decayd,  
 Procur'd thee by thy wanton deadly surfeit.  
 And next is my turne now to sacrifice.'

ll. 119-20 in ' read—

' Though God thou knowst, this staine is wrongly laid  
 Vpon my foule, whom ' etc.

Since if I should our errours disunite,  
 I should confound afflictions onely rest,  
 That from sterne death euen steales a sad delight  
 To die vvith friends or vvith the like distrest;  
 And since vve tooke of either such firme hold  
 In th'ouerwhelming-seas of fortune cast, 140  
 What powre should be of powre to reynfold  
 The armes of our affections lockt so fast?  
 For grapling in the Ocean of our pride,  
 We suncke others greatnesse both together;  
 And both made shipwracke of our fame beside,  
 Both vvrought a like destruction vnto either:  
 And therefore I am bound to sacrifice  
 To Death and thee, the life that doth reprove me:  
 Our like distresse I feele doth simpathize,  
 And euen affliction makes me truely loue thee. 150  
 Which *Antony*, I much confesse my fault  
 I neuer did sincerely vntill now:  
 Now I protest I do, now am I taught  
 In death to loue, in life that knew not how.  
 For vvhilst my glory in her greatnesse stood,  
 And that I saw my state, and knew my beauty;  
 Saw how the vvorld admir'd me, how they woo'd,  
 I then thought all men must loue me of duety,  
 And I loue none: for my lasciuious Court,  
 Fertile in euer fresh and new-choyse pleasure, 160  
 Affoorded me so bountifull disport,  
 That I to stay on Loue had neuer leisure:  
 My vagabond desires no limites found,  
 For lust is endlesse, pleasure hath no bound.

l. 148, cap. 'D' accepted from l. 151, 'I . . . fault' within ( ) in l.  
 l. 162, 'think' l.

O. rd  
 r  
 remap  
 10.1

Thou comming from the strictnesse of thy City,  
 And neuer this loose pomp of monarchs learneſt,  
 Inur'd to vvarres, in womens vviles vnwitty,  
 Whilſt others faind, thou fell'ſt to loue in earneſt ;  
 Not knowing how vve like them beſt that houer,  
 And make leaſt reckoning of a doting louer. 170

And yet thou cam'ſt but in my beauties vvaine,  
 When nevv appearing vvrinckles of declining  
 Wrought vvith the hand of yeares, ſeem'd to detaine  
 My graces light, as now but dimly ſhining,  
 Euen in the confines of mine age, vvhen I  
 Failing of vvhat I was, and vvas but thus :  
 When ſuch as we do deeme in iealouſie  
 That men loue for themſelues, and not for vs ;  
 Then, and but thus, thou didſt loue moſt ſincerely,  
 O *Antony*, that beſt deſeru'd]ſt it better, 180  
 This Autumne of my beauty bought ſo dearely,  
 For which in more then death, I ſtand thy debter,  
 Which I vvill pay thee vvith ſo true a minde,  
 (Casting vp all theſe deepe accompts of mine)  
 That both our foules, and all the world ſhall find  
 All reckoning cleer'd, betwixt my loue and thine.

But to the [end] I may preuent proud *Cæſar*,  
 Who doth ſo eagerly my life importune,  
 I muſt preuaile me of this little leaſure,  
 Seeming to ſute my mind vnto my fortune ; 190

l. 166, 'The wanton pompe of Courts yet neuer [learnedſt]': l. 167,  
 'womans': l. 169, 'women': ll. 183-6—

'moſt faithfull zeale

'And that ere long ; no *Cæſar* ſhall detaine me :

My death, my loue and courage ſhall reueale,

The which is all the world hath left t'vntaine me':

l. 187, 'And to the end I may deceiue beſt':

Thereby vvith more conuenience to prouide  
 For vvhat my death and honor best shall fit :  
 And yeelding base content must vvary hide  
 My last diffigne till I accomplish it,  
 That hereby yet the vvorld shall see that I,  
 Although vnwife to liue, had vvitt to die. *Exit.*

## CHORVS.

*B* Ehold what furies still  
 Torment their tortur'd brest,  
 Who by their doing ill, 200  
 Haue wrought the worlds vnrest.  
 Which when being most distrest,  
 Yet more to vex their sprite,  
 The hideous face of sinne,  
 (In formes they most detest)  
 Stands euer in their sight.  
 Their conscience still within  
 Th'eternall larum is  
 That euer-barking dog that calles vpon their misse.

No meanes at all to hide 210  
 Man from himselfe can finde :  
 No way to start aside  
 Out from the hell of minde.  
 But in himselfe confin'd,  
 He still see sinne before ;  
 And wingèd-footed paine,  
 That swiftly comes behind,

l. 191, 'Whereby I may the better end': l. 192, 'Of': l. 193, 'A  
 seeming': l. 205, 'most' of 'corrects' 'must' of our text.

*The which is euer-more,  
 The fure and certaine gaine  
 Impiety doth get, 220  
 And wanton loose respect, that doth it selfe forget.*

*And Cleopatra now,  
 Well sees the dangerous way  
 She tooke, and car'd not how,  
 Which led her to decay.*

*And likewise makes vs pay  
 For her disfordred lust,  
 The int'rest of our blood :  
 Or liue a seruile pray,  
 Vnder a hand vniust, 230  
 As others shall thinke good.  
 This hath her riot wonne :  
 And thus she hath her state, herselfe and vs vndone.*

*Now euery mouth can tell,  
 What close was muttered :  
 How that she did not well,  
 To take the course she did.*

*For now is nothing hid,  
 Of what feare did restraine ;  
 No secret closely done, 240  
 But now is vttered.*

*The text is made most plaine  
 That flattery glos'd vpon,  
 The bed of sinne reueal'd,  
 And all the luxury that shame would haue conceal'd.*

*The scene is broken downe  
 And all vncou'red lyes,*

*The purple actors knowne  
 Scarce men, whom men despise.  
     The complots of the wise,  
 Proue imperfections smoakt :  
 And all what wonder gaue  
 To pleasure-gazing eyes,  
 Lyes scattred, dasht, all broke.  
 Thus much beguiled haue  
 Poore vnconsiderate wights,  
 These momentary pleasures, fugitiue delights.*

250

## ACT II.

Cæsar.

Proculeius.

259

**K**Ingdomes I see we winne, vve conquer Climates,  
 Yet cannot vanquish hearts, nor force obedience;  
 Affections kept in close-concealed limits,  
 Stand farre without the reach of sword or violence,  
 Who forc'd do pay vs duty, pay not loue :  
 Free is the heart, the temple of the minde,  
 The Sanctuary sacred from aboue,  
 Where nature keeps the keies that loose and bind.  
 No mortall hand force open can that doore,  
 So close shut vp, and lockt to all mankind :  
 I see mens bodies onely ours, no more,  
 The rest, anothers right, that rules the minde.  
     Behold, my forces vanquisht haue this Land,  
 Subdu'd that strong Competitor of mine :  
 All Egypt yeelds to my all-conqu'ring hand,  
 And all their treasure and themselues resigne.

270

l. 258, 'Actvs Secvndvs': our text misprinted 'iii.': l. 267, 'and' accepted from <sup>1</sup>: l. 272, cap. 'L' accepted from <sup>1</sup>.



Onely this Queene, that hath lost all this all,  
 To whom is nothing left except a minde :  
 Cannot into a thought of yeelding fall,  
 To be dispos'd as Chance hath her assign'd.

But *Proculeius* what hope doth she now giue, 280  
 Will she be brought to condescend to liue ?

*Pro.* My Lord, what time being sent from you to try

To win her forth aliue (if that I might)  
 From out the Monument ; where wofully  
 She liues inclos'd in most afflicted plight :  
 No way I found, no meanes how to surprize her,  
 But through a grate at the entry of the place  
 Standing to treat, I labour'd to aduise her,  
 To come to *Cæsar*, and to sue for grace.  
 She said, " she crau'd not life, but leaue to die, 290  
 Yet for her children, pray'd they might inherite ;  
 That *Cæsar* would vouchsafe (in clemencie)  
 To pittie them, though she deseru'd no merite."  
 So leauing her for then ; and since of late,  
 With *Gallus* sent to trie an other time,

The whilst he entertaines her at the grate,  
 I found the meanes vp to the Tombe to clime.  
 Where, in descending in the closest wise,  
 And silent manner as I could contriue ;  
 Her woman me descri'd, and out she cries, 300  
 Poore *Cleopatra*, thou art tane aliue.

With that the Queene caught from her side her knife,  
 And euen in act to stab her martred brest,  
 I stept with speede, and held, and sau'd her life,  
 And forth her trembling hand the blade did wrest,

l. 280, misprints 'Proculei' : l. 300, misprinted '23 'desiri'd' : l. 302, 'raught'.

Ah *Cleopatra*, why shouldst thou, (said I)  
 Both iniury thy selfe and *Cæsar* so?  
 Barre him the honour of his victory,  
 Who euer deales most mildely with his foe?  
 Liue, and relie on him, whose mercy will 310  
 To thy submissiō alwayes ready be.

With that (as all amaz'd) she held her still,  
 Twixt maiestie confuz'd and miserie.  
 Her proud grieu'd eyes, held sorrow and disdaine,  
 State and distresse warring within her soule:  
 Dying ambition dispossess her raigne,  
 So base affliction seem'd to controule.  
 Like as a bur[n]ing Lampe, whose liquor spent  
 With intermitted flames, when dead you deeme it,  
 Sends forth a dying flash, as discontent, 320  
 That so the matter failes that should redeeme it:  
 So she (in spight to see her low-brought state,  
 When all her hopes were now consum'd to nought)  
 Scornes yet to make an abiect league with Fate,  
 Or once descend into a seruile thought:  
 Th'imperious tongue vnus'd to beseech,  
 Authoritie confounds with prayers, so  
 Words of cōmand conioyn'd with humble speech,  
 Shew'd she would liue, yet scorn'd to pray her foe.

"Ah, what hath *Cæsar* here to doe," said shee, 330  
 "In confines of the dead, in darkenesse lying?  
 Will he not grant our sepulchres be free,  
 But violate the priuiledge of dying?  
 What, must he stretch forth his ambitious hand  
 Into the right of Death, and force vs heere?"

Hath Misery no couert where to stand  
 Free from the storme of Pride? is't safe no where?  
 Cannot my land, my gold, my crowne suffice,  
 And all what I held deare, to him made common,  
 But that he must in this fort tyrannize, 340  
 Th'afflicted body of an woefull woman?  
 Tell him, my frailetie, and the gods haue giuen  
 Sufficent glory, could he be content:  
 And let him now with his desires make euen,  
 And leaue me to this horror, to lament.  
 Now he hath taken all away from mee,  
 What must he take me from my selfe by force?  
 Ah, let him yet (in mercy) leaue me free  
 The Kingdome of this poore distressed corse:  
 No other crowne I seeke, no other good. 350  
 Yet wish that *Cæsar* would vouchsafe this grace,  
 To fauour the poore of-spring of my blood;  
 Confused issue, yet of Roman race  
 If blood and name be linckes of loue in Princes,  
 Not spurres of hate; my poore *Cæsario* may  
 Finde fauour notwithstanding mine offences,  
 And *Cæsars* blood, may *Cæsars* raging stay.  
 But if that with the torrent of my fall,  
 All must be rapt with furious violence,  
 And no respect, nor no regard at all, 360  
 Can ought with nature or with blood dispence:  
 Then be it so, if needes it must be so."  
 There staies and shrinkes in horror of her state:  
 When I beganne to mittigate her woe,

l. 339, 'that': l. 343, 'if hee could content him': l. 345, 'lamenting':  
 l. 362, " " put at beginning (l. 290), and at ll. 329-30 here, to mark out  
 Proculeius' narrative of her speech.

And thy great mercies vnto her relate ;  
 Wishing her not despaire, but rather come  
 And sue for grace, and shake off all vaine feares :  
 No doubt she should obtaine as gentle doome  
 As she desir'd, both for her selfe and hers.  
 And so with much adoe, (well pacifide 370  
 Seeming to be) she shew'd content to liue,  
 Saying she was resolu'd thy doome t'abide,  
 And to accept what fauour thou would'st giue ;  
 And herewithall, crau'd also that shee might  
 Performe her last rites to her lost belou'd.  
 To sacrifice to him that wrought her plight :  
 And that she might not be by force remou'd.

I granting from thy part this her request,  
 Left her for then, seeming in better rest. 379

*Cæs.* But dost thou thinke she will remaine so still ?

*Pro.* I thinke, and doe assure my selfe she will.

*Cæs.* Ah, priuate men found not the harts of Princes,  
 Whose actions oft beare contrary pretences.

*Pro.* Why, tis her safetie to come yeeld to thee.

*Cæs.* But tis more honour for her to goe free.

*Pro.* She may thereby procure her childrens good.

*Cæs.* Princes respect their honour more then blood.

*Pro.* Can Princes powre dispence with nature than ?

*Cæs.* To be a Prince, is more then be a Man. 389

*Pro.* There's none but haue in time perswaded beene.

*Cæs.* And so might she too, were she not a Queene.

*Pro.* Diuers respects will force her be reclaim'd.

*Cæs.* Princes (like Lions) neuer will be tam'd.

A priuate man may yeeld and care not how,  
 But greater hear[t]es will break before they bow.

l. 385, 'die' : l. 392, '23 misprints 'reclaim'd.'

And fure I thinke sh'will neuer condiscend,  
 To liue to grace our spoiles with her disgrace :  
 But yet let still a wary troupe attend,  
 To guard her person, and to watch the place.  
 And looke that none with her come to confer ;  
 Shortly my felfe will goe to vifite her. 401

## CHORVS.

*O Pinion, how do'st thou moleſt  
 Th'affected mind of reſleſſe man ?  
 Who following thee neuer can,  
 Nor euer ſhall attaine to reſt,  
 For getting what thou ſaiſt is beſt,  
 Yet loe, that beſt he findes far wide  
 Of what thou promiſedſt before :  
 For in the ſame he lookt for more, 410  
 Which proues but ſmall when once tis tride  
 Then ſomething elſe thou find'ſt beſide,  
 To draw him ſtill from thought[t] to thought :  
 When in the end all prooues but nought.  
 Farther from reſt he findes him than,  
 Then at the firſt when he began.  
 O malecontent ſeducing gueſt,  
 Contriuier of our greateſt woes :  
 Which borne of winde, and fed with ſhowes,  
 Dooſt nurſe thy ſelfe in thine vnreſt, 420  
 Iudging vngotten things the beſt, †  
 Or what thou in conceit deſign'ſt ;  
 And all things in the world doſt deeme,  
 Not as they are, but as they ſeeme :*

*Which shewes, their state thou ill defin'st :  
 And liu'st to come, in present pin'st.  
 For what thou hast, thou still dost lacke :  
 O mindes tormentor, bodies wracke,  
 Vaine promiser of that sweete rest,  
 Which neuer any yet possessest.*

430

*If we vnto ambition tend,  
 Then doost thou drawe our weakenesse on,  
 With vaine imagination  
 Of that which neuer hath an end.  
 Or if that lust we apprehend,  
 How doth that pleasant plague infest ?  
 O what strange formes of luxurie,  
 Thou strait dost cast t'intice vs by ?  
 And tell'st vs that is euer best,  
 Which we haue neuer yet possessest.  
 And that more pleasure rests beside,  
 In something that we haue not tride.  
 And when the same likewise is had,  
 Then all is one, and all is bad.*

440

*This Antony can say is true,  
 And Cleopatra knowes tis so,  
 By th'experience of their woe.  
 She can say, she neuer knew  
 But that lust found pleasures new,  
 And was neuer satisfide :  
 He can say by prooffe of toyle,  
 Ambition is a Vulture vile,  
 That feedes vpon the heart of pride :  
 And findes no rest when all is tride.*

450

*For worlds cannot confine the one,  
Th'other, lists and bounds hath none ;  
And both subuert the minde, the state,  
Procure destruction, enuy, hate.*

*And now when all this is prou'd vaine,  
Yet Opinion leaues not heere, 460  
But stickes to Cleopatra neere ;  
Perswading now, how she shall gaine  
Honour by death, and fame attaine,  
And what a shame it was to liue,  
Her Kingdome lost, her Louer dead :  
And so with this perswasion led,  
Despaire doth such a courage giue,  
That nought else can her minde relieue,  
Nor yet diuert her from that thought :  
To this conclusion all is brought. 470  
This is that rest this vaine world lends,  
To end in death that all things ends.*

## ACT. III.

*Philostratus. Arius.*

**H**Ow deeply *Arius* am I bound to thee,  
That sau'dst from death this wretched life of  
Obtaining *Cæsars* gentle grace for mee, [mine :  
When I of all helpes else despaired but thine ?  
Although I see in such a wofull state,  
Life is not that which should be much desir'd : 480  
Sith all our glories come to end their date,  
Our Countries honour and our own expir'd,

l. 460, cap. 'O' accepted from <sup>1</sup>: l. 473, 'Actvs Tertivs' <sup>1</sup>.

Now that the hand of wrath hath ouer-gone vs,  
 Liuing (as 'twere) in th'armes of our dead mother,  
 With blood vnder our feete, ruine vpon vs,  
 And in a Land most wretched of all other,  
 When yet we reckon life our dearest good.  
 And so we liue, we care not how we liue :  
 So deepe we feele impressed in our blood,  
 That touch which nature without breath did giue. 490  
 And yet what blasts of words hath Learning found,  
 To blow against the feare of death and dying ?  
 What comforts vnficke eloquence can found,  
 And yet all faile vs in the point of trying.  
 For whilst we reason with the breath of safety,  
 Without the compasse of destruction liuing :  
 What precepts shew we then, what courage lofty  
 In taxing others feares in counsell giuing ?  
 When all this ayre of sweet-contrived words  
 Proues but weake armour to defend the heart. 500  
 For when this life, pale Feare and Terrour boords,  
 Where are our precepts then, where is our art ?  
 O who is he that from himselfe can turne,  
 That beare about the body of a man ?  
 VVho doth not toyle and labour to adiorne  
 The day of death, by any meanes he can ?  
 All this I speake to th'end my selfe t'excuse,  
 For my base begging of a seruile breath,  
 VVherein I grant my selfe much to abuse,  
 So shamefully to seeke t'auoide my death. 510

*Arius. Philostratus*, that selfe fame care to liue,  
 Possesseth all alike, and grieue not then

1. 494, 'fayles' : 1. 501, 'For when this ship of life pale Terror boords' :  
 1. 504, 'beares' .



Nature doth vs no more then others giue :  
 Though we speake more then men, we are but men :  
 And yet (in truth) these miseries to see,  
 Wherein we stand in most extreame distresse ;  
 Might to our selues sufficient motiues be  
 To loath this life, and weigh our death the lesse :  
 For neuer any age hath better taught,  
 What feeble footing pride and greatnesse hath. 520  
 How'improuident prosperitie is caught,  
 And cleane confounded in the day of wrath.  
 See how dismaid Confusion keepes those streetes,  
 That nought but mirth & musique late refounded,  
 How nothing with our eye but horror meetes,  
 Our state, our wealth, our pride, and al confounded.  
 Yet what weake fight did not discerne from farre  
 This blacke-arising tempest, all confounding ?  
 Who did not see we should be what we are,  
 When pride and ryot grew to such abounding. 530  
 When dissolute impietie possesse  
 Th'vnrespectiue mindes of Prince, and People :  
 When insolent Securitie found rest  
 In wanton thoughts, with lust and ease made feeble.  
 Then when vnwary peace with fat-fed pleasure,  
 New-fresh inuented ryots still detected,  
 Purchas'd with all the *Ptolomies* rich treasure,  
 Our Lawes, our Gods, our mysteries neglected  
 Who saw not how this confluence of vice,  
 This inundation of disorders, must 540  
 At length, of force pay backe the bloody price  
 Of sad destruction, (a reward for lust.)

O thou and I haue heard, and read, and knowne  
 Of like proude states, as wofully incombred,  
 And fram'd by them, examples for our owne :  
 Which now among examples must be numbred.

For this decree a law from high is giuen,  
 An ancient Canon, of eternall date,

In Consistory of the starres of heauen,

Entred the Booke of vnauoyded Fate ;

550

That no state can in height of happinesse,

In th'exaltation of their glory stand :

But thither once arriu'd, declining lesse,

Ruine themselues, or fall by others hand.

Thus doth the euer-changing course of things

Runne a perpetuall circle, euer turning :

And that same day that hiest glory brings,

Brings vs vnto the point of backe-returning.

For sencelesse sensuality, doth euer

Accompany felicity and greatnesse.

560

A fatall vvitch, whose charmes do leaue vs neuer,

Till vve leaue all in sorrow for our sweetnesse ;

When yet our selues must be the cause we fall,

Although the same be first decreed on hie :

Our errors still must beare the blame of all,

This must it be ; earth, aske not heauen why.

Yet mighty men vvith wary ieaious hand,

Striue to cut off all obstacles of feare :

All whatsoeuer seemes but to withstand

Their least conceit of quiet, held so deare ;

570

And so intrench themselues with blood, with crimes,

With all iniustice as their feares dispose :

Yet for all this we see, how oftentimes

The meanes they worke to keepe, are meanes to lose.

And sure I cannot see, how this can stand  
 With great *Augustus* safety and his honor,  
 To cut off all succession from our land,  
 For her offence that pull'd the warres vpon her.

*Phi.* Why must her issue pay the price of that?

*Ari.* The price is life that they are rated at. 580

*Phi.* *Cæsario* too, issued of *Cæsars* blood?

*Ari.* Plurality of *Cæsars* are not good.

*Phi.* Alas, what hurt procures his feeble arme?

*Ari.* Not for it doth, but that it may do harme.

*Phi.* Then when it offers hurt, repress the same.

*Ari.* Tis best to quench a sparke before it flame.

*Phi.* Tis inhumane, an innocent to kill.

*Ari.* Such innocents seldome remaine so still.

And sure his death may best procure our peace;  
 Competitors the subiect deerely buies: 590

And so that our affliction may surceasse,

Let great men be the peoples sacrifice.

But see where *Cæsar* comes himselfe, to try  
 And worke the mind of our distressed Queene,  
 To apprehend some falsed hope, whereby  
 She might be drawne to haue her fortune seene.

But yet I thinke, Rome will not see that face  
 (That queld her champions) blush in base disgrace.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENA. II.

*Cæsar. Cleopatra. Seleucus. Dolabella.* 600

**V** **V** Hat *Cleopatra*, dost thou doubt so much  
 Of *Cæsars* mercy, that thou hid'st thy face?

l. 587, 'an' accepted from 'for' and 'of' of the other texts: l. 598, 'quel' l.  
 l. 599, 'Secvnda' l.

Or doest thou thinke, thy offences can be such,  
That they surmount the measure of our grace?

*Cle.* O *Cæsar*, not for that I flie thy fight  
My soule this sad retire of sorrow chose:

But that m'oppressed thoughts abhorring light  
Like best in darkenes, my disgrace t'inclose.

And here to these close limites of despaire,

This solitary horror where I bide: 610

*Cæsar*, I thought no Roman should repaire,

More after him, who here oppressed dyde.

Yet now, here at thy conquering feete I lie,

Poore captiue soule, that neuer thought to bow:

Whose happy foote of rule and Maiesty

Stood late on the same ground thou standest now.

*Cæf.* Rife Queene, none but thy selfe is cause of all;

And yet, would all vvere but thyne owne alone;

That others ruine had not vvith thy fall, 619

Brought Rome her sorrowes, to my triumphs mone.

For breaking off the league of loue and blood,

Thou mak'st my winning ioy a gaine vnpleasing:

Sith th'eye of grieve must looke into our good,

Thorow the horror of our owne bloodshedding:

And all, we must attribute vnto thee.

*Cle.* To me? *Cæsar*, vvhat should a woman doe

Opprest with greatnes? vvhat, was it for me

To contradict my Lord, being bent thereto?

I vv as by loue, by feare, by weakenesse, made

An instrument to such disseignes as these.

For vvhen the Lord of all the Orient bade,

1. 616, 'y': 1. 617, '23 misprints 'mine': 1. 622, accepted from 'for  
'a gaine' of the other texts: 1. 630, 'to euery enterprise'.

Who but obey'd? vvho was not glad to please?  
 And how could I vvithdraw my succouring hand  
 From him that had my heart, and vvhat vvvas mine?  
 The int'rest of my faith in streightest band,  
 My loue to his most firmly did combine.

*Cæs.* Loue? alas no, it vvvas th'innated hatred  
 That thou and thine hast euer borne our people:  
 That made thee seek all meanes to haue vs scattred,  
 To disunite our strength, and make vs feeble. 640  
 And therefore did that breast nurse our dissention,  
 With hope t'exalt thy selfe, t'augment thy state:  
 To pray vpon the vvracke of our contention,  
 And (with the rest our foes,) to ioy thereat.

*Cleo.* O *Cæsar*, see how easie tis t'accuse  
 Whom Fortune hath made faulty by their fall;  
 The wretched conquered may not refuse  
 The titles of reproch he's charg'd vvithall.

The conquering cause hath right, wherein thou art,  
 The vanquisht still is iudged the worser part. 650  
 Which part is mine, because I lost my part.  
 No lesser then the portion of a Crowne.  
 Enough for me, alas vvhat needed Art  
 To gaine by others, but to keepe mine owne?  
 But here let vveaker powers note vvhat it is,  
 To neighbour great Competitors too neere;  
 If vve take part, vve oft do perish thus,  
 If neutrall bide, both parties we must feare.

l. 632, 'who then his helpe denies': l. 645, 'How easie Cæsar is it':  
 l. 647, 'They who are vanquished': l. 648, 'th'are': l. 650, 'The ouer-  
 throwne must be': l. 653, '23 misprinted 'need': 'Ah what need I vse':  
 l. 655, 'may here see what it is': l. 656, 'so': l. 657, 'either part we':  
 l. 658, 'stand'.

Alas, vvhat shall the forst partakers do,

When following none, yet must they perish too? 660

But *Cæsar*, sith thy right and cause is such,

Be not a heauy vveight vpon calamity :

Depresse not the afflicted ouer-much,

The chieftest glory is the Victors lenity.

Th'inheritance of mercy from him take,

Of vvhom thou hast thy fortune and thy name :

Great *Cæsar*, me a Queene at first did make,

And let not *Cæsar* now confound the same.

Reade here these lines which still I keepe with me,

The witnes of his loue and fauours euer : 670

And God forbid this should be sayd of thee,

That *Cæsar* vvrong'd the fauourèd of *Cæsar*.

For looke vvhat I haue beene to *Antony*,

Thinke thou the same I might haue beene to thee.

And here I do present thee vvith the note

Of all the treasure, all the iewels rare

That Egypt hath in many ages got ;

And looke what *Cleopatra* hath, is there.

*Selen.* Nay there's not all fet downe within that roule,

I know some things she hath referu'd apart. 680

*Cle.* What, vile vngratefull wretch, dar'st thou con-  
troule

Thy Queene and foueraigne, caitife as thou art ?

*Cæs.* Hold, hold ; a poore reuenge can worke so  
feeble hands.

*Cle.* Ah *Cæsar*, vvhat a great indignity

Is this, that here my vassall subiect stands

T'accuse me to my Lord of trechery ?

l. 660, 'When they must aid and yet must' : l. 685, '23 misprints  
'vastall.'

If I referu'd some certaine vvomens toyes,  
 Alas it vvas not for my felfe (God knowes),  
 Poore miserable foule, that little ioyes  
 In trifling ornaments, in outward showes. 690  
 But what I kept, I kept to make my vvay  
 Vnto thy *Liua* and *Octauias* grace,  
 That thereby in compassion moouèd, they  
 Might mediate thy fauour in my case.

*Cæs.* Well *Cleopatra*, feare not ; thou shalt finde  
 What fauour thou desir'st, or canst expect :  
 For *Cæsar* neuer yet was found but kinde  
 To such as yeeld, and can themselues subiect.  
 And therefore giue thou comfort to thy mind,  
 Relieue thy foule thus ouercharg'd with care ; 700  
 How well I vvill intreate thee thou shalt finde  
 So soone as some affaires dispatchèd are.  
 Till then farewell.

*Cle.* Thanks thrife renowned *Cæsar*,  
 Poore *Cleopatra* rests thine owne for euer.

*Dol.* No maruell *Cæsar* though our greatest sp'rits  
 Haue to the powre of such a charming beauty  
 Been brought to yeeld the honor of their merits :  
 Forgetting all respect of other duty.  
 Then vvhilst the glory of her youth remain'd  
 The wondring obiect to each wanton eye : 710  
 Before her full of sweet (with sorrow vvain'd),  
 Came to the period of this misery.  
 If still, euen in the midst of death and horror  
 Such beauty shines, thorow clouds of age and sorrow,  
 If euen those sweet decays seeme to pleade for  
 her,  
 Which from affliction mouing graces borrow :

If in calamity she could thus moue,  
 What could she do adorn'd vvith youth and loue ?  
 What could she do then, whenas spreading wide  
 The pompe of beauty, in her glory dight ? 720  
 When arm'd with wonder, she could vse beside,  
 Th'ingines of her loue, Hope, and Delight ?

Beauty, daughter of Meruaile, O see how  
 Thou canst disgracing sorrowes sweetly grace.  
 What power thou shew'st in a distressed brow,  
 That mak'st affliction faire, giu'st teares their grace.  
 What can vntressed lockes, can torne rent haire,  
 A weeping eye, a wailing face be faire ?

I see then, artlesse feature can content,  
 And that true beauty needes no ornament. 730

*Cæs.* What in a passion *Dolabella*? what? take heed :  
 Let others fresh examples be thy warning ;  
 VVhat mischiefes these, so idle humors breed,  
 VVhilst error keepes vs from a true discerning.  
 Indeed I saw she labour'd to impart  
 Her sweetest graces in her saddest cheere :  
 Presuming on the face that knew the arte  
 To moue, with vvhat aspect so eu'r it were.  
 But all in vaine ; she takes her ayme amisse,  
 The ground and marke, her leuell much deceiues ; 740  
 Time now hath altred all, for neither is  
 She as she was, nor we as she conceiues.  
 And therefore now, twere best she left such badnes ;  
 Folly in youth is finne, in age, tis madnes.

ll. 723-4, ' Daughter of meruaile, Beautie how dost thou  
 Vnto disgracing sorrowes giue such grace ' 4 :

l. 726, ' To make affliction faire and teares to grace ' 4 : l. 727, ' dispoyled ' :

l. 732, ' charme this heate ' 4 : l. 733, ' You see what mischiefes these vaine  
 humors breed ' 4 : l. 734, ' When as they come our judgements to defeat ' 4 :



And for my part, I seeke but t'entertaine  
 In her some feeding hope to draw her forth ;  
 The greatest Trophey that my trauailes gaine,  
 Is, to bring home a prizall of such worth.  
 And now, fith that she seemes so well content  
 To be disposd by vs, without more stay  
 She with her children shall to Rome be sent,  
 VVhilst I by Syria thither take my way.

750

## CHORVS.

O Fearefull-frowning Nemefis,  
 Daughter of Iustice, most seuere ;  
 That art the worlds great Arbitresse  
 And Queene of causes raining here :  
 Whose swift-sure hand is euer neere  
 Eternall iustice, righting wrong :  
 Who neuer yet deferrest long  
 The prouds decay, the weakes redresse :  
 But through thy power euery where,  
 Dost raze the great, and raise the lesse.  
 The lesse made great, dost ruine too,  
 To shew the earth what heauen can do.

760

Thou from darke-clof'd eternity,  
 From thy blacke cloudy hidden seate,  
 The worlds disorders dost descry :  
 Which when they swell so proudly great,  
 Reuersing th' order nature set,  
 Thou giu'st thy all confounding doome,

770

| Which none can know before it come :  
 | Th'inevitable destiny,  
 Which neither wit nor strength can let,  
 Fast chain'd vnto necessity,  
 In mortall things doth order so,  
 Th'alternate course of weale or woe.

O how the powers of heauen doe play  
 With trauailèd mortality :  
 And doth their weakenesse still betray, 780  
 In their best prosperity?  
 When being lifted vp so hie,  
 They looke beyond themselues so farre,  
 That to themselues they take no care ;  
 Whilst swift confusion downe doth lay,  
 Their late proud mounting vanity :  
 Bringing their glory to decay,  
 And with the ruine of their fall,  
 Extinguish people, state and all.

But is it Iustice that all we 790  
 The innocent poore multitude,  
 For great mens faults should punisht be,  
 And to destruction thus pursude ?  
 O why should th'heauens vs include,  
 Within the compasse of their fall,  
 Who of themselues procurèd all ?  
 Or do the gods (in close) decree,  
 Occasion take how to extrude  
 Man from the earth with cruelty ?  
 Ah no, the gods are euer iust, 800  
 Our faults excuse their rigor must.

*This is the period Fate set downe,  
 To Egypts fat prosperity :  
 Which now unto her greatest growne,  
 Must perish thus, by course must die,  
 And some must be the causers why  
 This reuolution must be wrought :  
 As borne to bring their state to nought :  
 To change the people and the crowne,  
 And purge the worlds iniquity :  
 Which vice so farre hath ouer growne.  
 As we, so they that treat vs thus,  
 Must one day perish like to vs.*

810

## ACTVS IIII.

Seleucus. Rodon.

**N**Euer friend Rodon in a better houre,  
 Could I haue met thee then eu'n now I do,  
 Hauing affliction in the greatest powre  
 Vpon my soule, and none to tell it to.  
 For tis some ease our sorrowes to reuale,  
 If they to whom we shall impart our woes  
 Seeme but to feele a part of what we feele,  
 And meete vs with a figh but at a cloze.

820

*Rod.* And neuer (friend Seleucus) found'st thou one  
 That better could beare such a part with thee :  
 Who by his owne, knowes others cares to mone,  
 And can, in like accord of grieve, agree.  
 And therefore tell th'oppression of thy heart,  
 Tell to an eare prepar'd and tun'd to care :

And I will likewise vnto thee impart 830  
 As sad a tale as what thou shalt declare.  
 So shall vve both our mournfull plaints combine  
 Ile vvaile thy state, and thou shalt pittie mine.

*Sel.* Well then thou know'st how I haue liu'd in grace  
 With *Cleopatra*, and esteem'd in Court  
 As one of Councell, and of chiefeft place,  
 And euer held my credite in that fort.  
 Till now in this confusion of our state,  
 VVhen thinking to haue vf'd a meane to climbe,  
 And fled the wretched, flowne vnto the great, 840  
 (Following the fortune of the present time,)  
 Am come to be cast downe and ruin'd cleane ;  
 And in the course of mine owne plot vndon.  
 For hauing all the secrets of the Queene  
 Reueald to *Cæsar*, to haue fauour won,  
 My treachery is quitted vvith disgrace,  
 My falshood loath'd, and not without great reason  
 Though good for him ; yet Princes in this case  
 Doe hate the Traitor, though they loue the treason.  
 For how could he imagine I would be 850  
 Faithfull to him, being false vnto mine owne ?  
 And false to such a bounteous Queene as she,  
 That had me rais'd and made mine honor knowne.  
 He saw twas not for zeale to him I bare,  
 But for base feare, or mine owne state to settle.  
 Weakenesse is false, and faith in Cowards rare,  
 Feare findes out shifts, timiditie is subtile.

l. 838, 'late shifting' : l. 842, 'I come to be disgrac'd' : l. 843 dropped in : l. 846, 'hath purchas'd' : l. 848, 'For Princes though they get yet' : l. 849, 'They' : l. 851, 'Entire' : l. 852, 'worthy' : l. 853, 'As . . . by whom my state was grown'.

And therefore scorn'd of him, scorn'd of mine owne.  
 Hatefull to all that looke into my state :  
 Despis'd *Seleucus* now is onely growne 860  
 The marke of infamy, that's pointed at.

*Rod.* Tis much thou faist, and O too much to feele,  
 And I doe grieue and doe lament thy fall :  
 But yet all this which thou doost heere reueale,  
 Compar'd with mine will make thine seeme but small.  
 Although my fault be in the selfe-same kind,  
 Yet in degree farre greater, farre more hatefull ;  
 Mine sprong of mischiefe, thine from feeble mind,  
 I staine with blood, thou onely but vngratefull.  
 For vnto me did *Cleopatra* giue 870  
 The best and dearest treasure of her blood,  
 Louely *Cæsario* ; whom she would should liue  
 Free from the dangers wherein *Egypt* stood.  
 And vnto me with him this charge she gaue,  
 Here *Rodon*, take, conuey from out this coast,  
 This precious Gem, the chiefest that I haue,  
 This iewell of my soule I value most ;  
 Guide him to *India*, leade him farre from hence,  
 Safeguard him where secure he may remaine,  
 Till better fortune call him backe from thence, 880

l. 860, in '23 misprinted 'odely' : l. 869, 'Mine' : l. 870, 'For *Cleopatra* did commit to me' : l. 872, 'Her son *Cæsario* with a hope to free' : l. 873, 'Him' : ll. 874-5—

'And charg'd my faith, that I should safely guide  
 And close, to India should convey him hence'.

Then follow these lines in—

'Which faith, I most vnkindly falsifi'd,  
 And with my faith and conscience did dispence.  
 For scarce were we arriu'd vnto the shore,  
 But *Cæsar* hauing knowledge of our way,  
 Had sent,' etc. (see l. 977 onward).

And *Egypt's* peace be reconcil'd againe.  
 For this is he that may our hopes bring backe ;  
 (The rising Sunne of our declyning state :)  
 These be the hands that may restore our wracke,  
 And raise the broken ruines made of late.  
 He may giue limits to the boundlesse pride  
 Of fierce *Octavius*, and abate his might :  
 Great *Iulius* of-spring, he may come to guide  
 The Empire of the world, as his by right.

O how he seemes the modell of his Syre ? 890  
 O how I gaze my *Cæsar* in his face ?

Such was his gate, so did his lookes aspire ;  
 Such was his threatning brow, such was his grace,  
 High shouldred, and his forehead euen as hie.  
 And O, (if he had not beene borne so late,)  
 He might haue rul'd the worlds great Monarchy,  
 And now haue beene the Champion of our state.

Then vnto him, O my deere Sonne (she saies,)  
 Sonne of my youth, flie hence, O flie, be gone,  
 Referue thy selfe, ordain'd for better daies, 900  
 For much thou hast to ground thy hopes vpon.  
 Leaue me (thy wofull Mother) to endure  
 The fury of this tempest heere alone :

Who cares not for her selfe, so thou be sure ;  
 Thou mayst reuenge, when others can but mone.  
*Rodon* will see thee safe, *Rodon* will guide  
 Thee and thy wayes, thou shalt not need to feare.  
*Rodon* (my faithfull seruant) will prouide  
 What shall be best for thee, take thou no care.  
 And O good *Rodon*, looke well to his youth, 910  
 The waies are long, and dangers eu'ry where.

I vrge it not that I doe doubt thy truth,  
 Mothers will cast the worst, and alwaies feare.

The absent danger greater still appeares,

Lesse feares he, who is neere the thing he feares.

And O, I know not what presaging thought

My sprite suggests of lucklesse bad euent :

But yet it may be tis but Loue doth doat,

On ydle shadowes which my feares present ;

But yet the memory of mine owne fate 920

Makes me feare his. And yet why should I feare ?

His fortune may recouer better state,

And he may come in pompe to gouerne heere.

But yet I doubt the *Genius* of our race

By some malignant spirite comes ouerthrowne :

Our bloud must be extinct, in my disgrace,

Egypt must haue no more Kings of their owne.

Then let him stay, and let vs fall together,

Sith it is fore-decreed that we must fall. 929

Yet who knowes what may come ? let him goe thither.

What Merchaunt in one vessell venters all ?

Let vs diuide our starres. Go, go my sonne,

Let not the fate of *Egypt* finde thee here :

Try if so be thy destiny can shunne

The common wracke of vs, by being there.

But who is he found euer yet defence

Against the heauens, or hid him any where ?

Then what need I to send thee so farre hence

To seeke thy death that mayst as well die here ?

And here die with thy mother, die in rest, 940

Not traouelling to what will come to thee.

l. 919, 'On' for 'Or' and 'which' for 'with' accepted from '.

Why should we leaue our blood vnto the East,  
When *Egypt* may a tombe sufficient be ?

O my diuided soule, what shall I do ?  
Whereon shall now my resolution rest ?  
What were I best resolue to yeeld vnto ?  
When both are bad, how shall I know the best ?  
Stay : I may hap so worke with *Cæsar* now,  
That he may yeeld him to restore thy right.  
Goe : *Cæsar* neuer will consent that thou 950  
So neare in blood, shalt be so great in might.  
Then take him *Rodon*, goe my sonne, farewell.  
But stay : there's something else that I would say :  
Yet nothing now. But O God speed thee well,  
Left saying more, that more may make thee stay.  
Yet let me speake : It may be tis the last  
That euer I shall speake to thee my sonne.  
Doe Mothers vse to part in such post hast ?  
What, must I end when I haue scarce begunne ?  
Ah no (deare heart) tis no such slender twine 960  
Wherewith the knot is tide twixt thee and me ;  
That blood within thy veins came out of mine,  
Parting from thee, I part from part of me :  
And therefore I must speake. Yet what ? O sonne.  
Here more she would, when more she could not say :  
Sorrow rebounding backe whence it begunne,  
Fill'd vp the passage, and quite stopt the way :  
When sweete *Cæsario* with a princely sp'rite,  
(Though comfortlesse himselfe) did comfort giue ;  
With mildest words, perswading her to beare it ; 970  
And as for him, she should not neede to grieue.  
And I (with protestations of my part,)

l. 954, (.) after 'now' and 'But' for , and 'b'—are accepted from '.



Swore by that faith, (vvhich sworne I did deceiue)  
 That I vvould vse all care, all vvit and art  
 To see him safe ; And so vve tooke our leaue.  
 Scarce had vve trauell'd to our iourneys end,  
 When *Cæsar* hauing knowledge of our vvay,  
 His Agents after vs vvith speed doth fend  
 To labour me, *Cæsario* to betray.

Who vvith rewards and promises so large, 980  
 Assail'd me then, that I grew soone content ;  
 And backe to *Rhodes* did reconuay my charge,  
 Pretending that *Octavius* for him sent,  
 To make him King of *Egypt* presently.

And thither come, seeing himselfe betray'd,  
 And in the hands of death through trechery,  
 Wailing his state, thus to himselfe he said.

Loe here brought backe by subtile traine to death  
 Betrai'd by tutors faith, or traitors rather :  
 My fault my blood, and mine offence my birth, 990  
 For being sonne of such a mighty Father.

From *India*, (vvhither sent by mothers care,  
 To be referu'd from *Egypt's* common wracke,)  
 To *Rhodes*, (so long the armes of tyrants are,)  
 I am by *Cæsars* subtile reach brought backe :  
 Here to be made th'oblation for his feares,  
 Who doubts the poore reuenge these hands may doe him :  
 Respecting neither blood, nor youth, nor yeares,  
 Or how small safety can my death be to him.

And is this all the good of being borne great? 1000  
 Then vvretched greatnesse, proud rich misery,  
 Pompous distresse, glittering calamitie.

l. 984, in ' this line is added—' And in their hands haue left him now to die ' ; then it passes to l. 1064 : l. 1001, ' golden ' .

Is it for this th'ambitious Fathers sweat,  
 To purchase blood and death for them and theirs?  
 Is this the issue that their glories get,  
 To leaue a fure destruction to their heires?  
 O how much better had it beene for me,  
 From low descent, deriu'd of humble birth,  
 T'haue eat the sweet-fowre bread of pouertie,  
 And drunke of *Nylus* streames in *Nylus* earth? 1010  
 Vnder the cou'ring of some quiet Cottage,  
 Free from the wrath of heauen, secure in minde,  
 Vntoucht when sad euent of Princes dotage  
 Confounds vvhath euer mighty it doth finde.  
 And not t'haue stood in their way, whose condition  
 Is to haue all made cleare, and all thing plaine  
 Betweene them and the marke of their ambition,  
 That nothing let, the full sight of their raigne.  
 VVhere nothing stands, that stands not in submission;  
 Whose greatnesse must all in it selfe containe. 1020  
 Kings will be alone, Competitors must downe,  
 Neare death he stands, that stands too neare a Crowne.

Such is my case, for *Cæsar* vvill haue all.  
 My blood must feale th'affurance of his state:  
 Yet ah weake state that blood assure him shall,  
 Whose wrongfull shedding, gods and men do hate.  
 Iniustice neuer scapes vnpunisht still;  
 Though men reuenge not, yet the heauens will.

1. 1005, 'th'inheritance' 4: 1. 1006, 'th'estate of ruine' 4: 1. 1007, 'farre': 'Then' 4: 1. 1008, 'from' 4: 1. 1013, 'prowd attempts' 4: 1. 1014, 'Imbroyle the world, and ruinate mankind' 4: 1. 1015, 'So had I not impeach'd their line' 4: 1. 1016, 'Who must haue all things cleere' 4: 1. 1018, 'prospect' 4: 1. 1020, 'Whose' 4 accepted for 'Where' of other texts: 1. 1023, 'Augustus': 1. 1027, 'cannot scape and flourish' 4: 1. 1028, 'doe not reuenge it th'' 4.

And thou *Augustus* that with bloody hand,  
 Cutt'st off succession from anothers race, 1030  
 Maist find the heauens thy vowes so to withstand,  
 That others may depriue thine in like case  
 When thou maist see thy prowd contentious bed  
 Yeelding thee none of thine that may inherite :  
 Subuert thy blood, place others in their sted,  
 To pay this thy iniustice her due merite.

If it be true (as who can that deny  
 VVhich sacred Priests of *Memphis* doe fore-say)  
 Some of the of-spring yet of *Antony*,  
 Shall all the rule of this whole Empire fway ; 1040  
 And then *Augustus*, what is it thou gainest  
 By poore *Antillus* blood, or this of mine ?  
 Nothing but this, thy victory thou staineest,  
 And pull'st the wrath of heauen on thee and thine.

In vaine doth man contend against the starr's,  
 For that he seekes to make, his wisdome marr's.

Yet in the meane time we whom Fates referue,  
 The bloody sacrifices of ambition,  
 VVe feele the smart, what euer they deferue,  
 And we indure the present times condition. 1050

The iustice of the heauens reuenging thus,  
 Doth onely satisfie it selfe, not vs.

Yet tis a pleasing comfort that doth ease  
 Affliction in so great extremitie,  
 To thinke their like destruction shall appease

l. 1029, 'And he that thus doth seeke' : l. 1030, '23 misprints 'curst' (bad) ; in 'T'extinguish the ofspring of' : l. 1032, 'his' : l. 1033, 'he shall see his' : l. 1034, 'him . . . his,' l. 1035, 'his,' l. 1036, 'his' : l. 1042, '23 'Antillius' : l. 1047, 'But' : l. 1052, 'sacrifice' , altered in MS. to 'satisfie.'

Our ghosts, who did procure our misery.  
 But dead we are, vncertaine what shall be,  
 And liuing, we are sure to feele the wrong ;  
 Our certaine ruine we our selues doe see.  
 They ioy the while, and we know not how long. 1060  
 But yet *Cæsario*, thou must die content,  
 For men will mone, and God reuenge th'innocent.  
 Thus he complain'd, and thus thou hear'st my shame.

*Sel.* But how hath *Cæsar* now rewarded thee ?

*Rod.* As he hath thee. And I expect the same  
 As fell to *Theodor* to fall to mee :  
 For he (one of my coate) hauing betraid  
 The yong *Antillus* sonne of *Anthony*,  
 And at his death from off his necke conuaid  
 A jewell : which being askt, he did denie : 1070  
*Cæsar* occasion tooke to hang him strait.  
 Such instruments with Princes liue not long:  
 Although they need such actors of deceit,  
 Yet still our sight seemes to vpbraid their wrong ;  
 And therefore we must needes this danger runne,  
 And in the net of our owne guile be caught :  
 We must not liue to brag what we haue done,  
 For what is done, must not appeare their fault.

But here comes *Cleopatra*, wofull Queene, 1079  
 And our shame will not that we should be seene.

*Exeunt.*

ll. 1066-8, 'As *Theodorus* had to . . .

And with a great extreamitie of shame

For *Theodorus* when he had '4.

l. 1073, 'vse those' 4 : l. 1074, 'their . . . obraid' 4.

*Cleopatra.*

**V**What hath my face yet powre to win a Louer?  
**V**Can this torne remnant serue to grace me so,  
 That it can *Cæsars* secret plots discouer,  
 What he intends with me and mine to do?  
 Why then poore beauty thou hast done thy last,  
 And best good seruice thou could'st doe vnto me;  
 For now the time of death reueal'd thou hast,  
 Which in my life didst serue but to vndoe me.

Heere *Dolabella* farre forsooth in loue, 1090  
**V**rites, how that *Cæsar* meanes forthwith, to fend  
 Both me and mine, th'ayre of *Rome* to proue:  
 There [h]is Triumphant Chariot to attend.  
 I thanke the man, both for his loue and letter;  
 The one comes fit to warne me thus before,  
 But for th'other I must die his debter,  
 For *Cleopatra* now can loue no more.

But hauing leaue, I must goe take my leaue  
 And last farewell of my dead *Anthony*:  
 Whose dearely honour'd tombe must here receiue 1100  
 This sacrifice, the last before I die.

O sacred euer-memorable stone,  
 That hast without my teares, within my flame;  
 Receiue th'oblation of the wofull'st mone  
 That euer yet from sad affliction came.  
 And you deare reliques of my Lord and Loue.  
 (The sweetest parcels of the faithfull'st liuer,)  
 O let no impious hand dare to remoue  
 You out from hence, but rest you here for euer.

l. 1081, in ' on margin 'Cleopatra reading Dolabella's letter': l. 1097,  
 see our Note before this Play on this passage: l. 1105, 'sad' accepted  
 from ' : l. 1107, 'worthiest.'

Let *Egypt* now giue peace vnto you dead, 1110  
 That liuing, gaue you trouble and turmoile :  
 Sleepe quiet in this euer-lasting bed,  
 In forraine land preferr'd before your soile.  
 And O, if that the sp'rits of men remaine  
 After their bodies, and do neuer die,  
 Then heare thy ghost, thy captiue spouse complaine  
 And be attentiuē to her misery.  
 But if that laboursome mortality  
 Found this sweete error, onely to confine  
 The curious search of idle vanity, 1120  
 That would the deapth of darknes vndermine :  
 Or rather, to giue rest vnto the thought  
 Of wretched man, with th'after-comming ioy  
 Of those conceiuèd fields, whereon we dote,  
 To pacifie the present worlds annoy.  
 If it be so, why speake I then to th'ayre ?  
 But tis not so, my *Antony* doth heare :  
 His euer-liuing ghost attends my prayer,  
 And I do know his houering sprite is neere.  
 And I will speake, and pray, and mourne to thee. 1130  
 O pure immortall soule that daign'ſt to heare,  
 I feele thou answer'ſt my credulity  
 With touch of comfort, finding none elsewhere.  
 Thou know'ſt theſe hands intomb'd thee here of late,  
 Free and vnforc'd, which now muſt ſeruile be,  
 Referu'd for bands to grace proud *Cæſars* ſtate,  
 Who ſeekes in me to triumph ouer thee.  
 O if in life we could not ſeuerd be,

l. 1122, 'a' not accepted from <sup>4</sup>: l. 1126, 'Then why doe I complaine  
 me' <sup>4</sup>: l. 1131, 'ſoule' accepted for 'loue' of other texts, from <sup>4</sup>.

Shall Death diuide our bodies now afunder ?  
 Muſt thine in Egypt, mine in Italy, 1140  
 Be kept the Monuments of Fortunes vvonder ?  
 If any powres be there whereas thou art,  
 (Sith our country gods betray our caſe,)  
 O worke they may their gracious helpe impart,  
 To ſaue thy wofull wife from ſuch diſgrace.  
 Do not permit ſhe ſhould in triumph ſhew  
 The bluſh of her reproach, ioynd vvith thy ſhame :  
 But (rather) let that hatefull tyrant know,  
 That thou and I had powre t'auoyde the ſame.  
 But what do I ſpend breath and idle winde, 1150  
 In vaine inuoking a conceiuèd aide ?  
 Why do I not my ſelfe occaſion finde  
 To breake the bounds wherein my ſelfe am ſtayd ?  
 Words are for them that can complaine and liue,  
 Whoſe melting hearts compoſ'd of baſer frame,  
 Can to their ſorrowes, time and leaſure giue,  
 But *Cleopatra* may not do the ſame.  
 No *Antony*, thy loue requireth more :  
 A lingring death, with thee deſerues no merite ;  
 I muſt my ſelfe force open wide a dore 1160  
 To let out life, and ſo vnhouſe my ſpirit.  
 Theſe hands muſt breake the priſon of my ſoule  
 To come to thee, there to enioy like ſtate,  
 As doth the long-pent ſolitary Foule,  
 That hath eſcapt her cage, and found her mate.  
 This ſacrifice to ſacrifice my life,  
 Is that true incenſe that doth beſt beſeeme :  
 Theſe rites may ſerue a life-deſiring wife,

l. 1139, cap. 'D' accepted : l. 1143, 'cauſe' : l. 1157, 'muſt' :  
 l. 1167, 'beſeemes,' and l. 1169, 'ſufficient deemes' .

Who doing them, t'haue done enough doth deeme.  
 My hart bloud should the purple flowers haue bin, 1170  
 Which here vpon thy tombe to thee are offred,  
 No smoake but dying breath should here bin seene,  
 And this it had bin too, had I bin suffred.  
 But what haue I faue these bare hands to do it?  
 And these weake fingers are not yron-poynted :  
 They cannot pierce the flesh being put vnto it,  
 And I of all meanes else am disappointed.  
 But yet I must a way and meanes seeke, how  
 To come vnto thee, whatsoere I do.  
 O Death, art thou so hard to come by now, 1180  
 That we must pray, intreate, and seeke thee too?  
 But I will finde thee wherefoere thou lie,  
 For who can stay a minde resolu'd to die ?

And now I go to worke th'effect indeed,  
 Ile neuer fend more words or fighes to thee :  
 Ile bring my soule my selfe, and that with speede,  
 My selfe will bring my soule to *Antony*.  
 Come, go my Maydes, my fortunes sole attenders,  
 That minister to misery and sorrow :  
 Your Mistris you vnto your freedome renders, 1190  
 And will discharge your charge yet ere to morrow.

And now by this, I thinke the man I sent,  
 Is neere return'd that brings me my dispatch.  
 God grant his cunning fort to good euent,  
 And that his skill may well beguile my watch :

l. 1172, 'my last gaspe' : l. 1174 ends with 'hands' : l. 1176, 'that  
 them withstands' : l. 1178, 'thee thus' : l. 1179, 'and to vnion vs' :  
 l. 1181, 'thus' : l. 1182, 'where euer thou doest lie' : l. 1184, 'come' :  
 l. 1185, 'I neuer will fend more complaints to thee' : l. 1191, see Note  
 before this Play for addition here : l. 1192, 'I am but onely to attend' :  
 l. 1193, 'My mans returne' : l. 1194, 'to happy end'.



So shall I shun disgrace, leaue to be forry,  
 Flie to my loue, scape my foe, free my soule ;  
 So shall I act the last of life with glory,  
 Die like a Queene, and rest without controule. *Exit.*

## CHORVS.

1200

*M*ysterious Egypt, wonder breeder,  
 strict Religions strange obseruer,  
 State-orderer zeale, the best rule-keeper,  
 fostering still in temp'rate feruor :  
 O how cam'st thou to lose so wholly  
 all religion, law and order ?  
 And thus become the most vnholly  
 of all Lands, that Nylus border ?  
 How could confus'd Disorder enter  
 where sterne Law sate so seuerely ? 1210  
 How durst weake lust and riot venter  
 th'eye of Iustice looking neerely ?  
 Could not those means that made thee great  
 Be still the meanes to keepe thy state ?

Ah no, the course of things requireth  
 change and alteration euer :  
 That same continuance man desireth,  
 th'vnconstant world yeeldeth neuer.  
 We in our counsels must be blinded,  
 and not see what doth import vs : 1220  
 And often-times the things least minded  
 is the thing that most must hurt vs.

*Yet they that haue the sterne in guiding,  
tis their fault that should preuent it ;  
For oft they seeing their Country sliding,  
take their ease, as though contented.  
We imitate the greater powres,  
The Princes manners fashion ours.*

*The example of their light regarding,  
vulgar loosenesse much incences : 1230  
Vice vncontrold, growes wide enlarging,  
Kings small faults, be great offences,  
And this hath set the window open  
unto licence, lust, and riot :  
This way confusion first found broken,  
whereby entred our disquiet.  
Those lawes that old Sesostris founded,  
and the Ptolomies obserued,  
Hereby first came to be confounded,  
which our state so long preserued. 1240  
The wanton luxury of Court,  
Did forme the people of like sort.*

*For all (respecting priuate pleasure,)  
vniuersally consenting  
To abuse their time, their treasure,  
in their owne delights contenting :  
And future dangers nought respecting,  
whereby, (O how easie matter  
Made this so generall neglecting,  
confus'd weakenesse to discatter ?) 1250*

*Cæsar found th'effect true tried,  
 in his easie entrance making :  
 Who at the sight of armes, descried  
 all our people, all forsaking.  
 For ryot (worse then warre,) so sore  
 Had wasted all our strength before.*

*And thus is Egypt seruile rendred  
 to the insolent destroyer :  
 And all their sumptuous treasure tendred,  
 all her wealth that did betray her. 1260  
 Which poyson (O if heauen be rightfull,)  
 may so farre infect their sences,  
 That Egypts pleasure so delightfull,  
 may breed them the like offences.  
 And Romans learne our way of weakenes,  
 be instructed in our vices :  
 That our spoyles may spoyle your greatnes,  
 ouercome with our deuises.  
 Fill full your hands, and carry home,  
 Enough from vs to ruine Rome. 1270*

## ACT V.

*Dolabella. Titius.*

**C**ome tell me *Titius* eu'ry circumstance  
 How *Cleopatra* did receiue my newes :  
 Tell eu'ry looke, each gesture, countenance,  
 That she did in my Letter's reading, vse.

*Tit.* I shall my Lord, so farre as I could note,

1. 1271, 'Quintvs' 1: '23 misprinted 'iiii.'

Or my conceit obserue in any wise.  
 It was the time when as she hauing got  
 Leauē to her Dearest dead to sacrifice ; 1280  
 And now was issuing out the monument,  
 With odors, incense, garlands in her hand ;  
 When I approacht (as one from *Cæsar* sent,)  
 And did her close thy message t'vnderstand.

She turnes her backe, and with her takes me in,  
 Reades in thy lines thy strange vnlookt for tale :  
 And reades, and smiles, and staies, and doth begin  
 Againe to reade, then blusht, and then vvas pale.  
 And hauing ended with a sigh, refoldes  
 Thy Letter vp : and with a fixèd eye, 1290  
 (Which stedfast her imagination holds)  
 She mus'd a while, standing confusedly :  
 At length, Ah friend (sayd she) tell thy good Lord,  
 How deare I hold his pittying of my case :  
 That out of his sweete nature can afford  
 A miserable woman so much grace.  
 Tell him how much my heauy soule doth grieve  
 Mercilesse *Cæsar* should so deale with me :  
 Pray him that he vwould all the counsell giue,  
 That might diuert him from such cruelty. 1300  
 As for my loue, say *Antony* hath all,  
 Say that my heart is gone into the graue  
 With him, in whom it rests and euer shall :  
 I haue it not my selfe, nor cannot haue.  
 Yet tell him, he shall more command of me  
 Then any, whofoeuer liuing can.  
 He that so friendly shewes himselfe to be  
 A right kind Roman, and a Gentleman.  
 Although his Nation (fatall vnto me) •

Haue had mine age a spoyle, my youth a pray, 1310  
 Yet his affection must accepted be,  
 That fauours one distrest in such decay.

Ah, he was worthy then to haue beene lou'd,  
 Of *Cleopatra* whiles her glory lasted ;  
 Before she had declining fortune prou'd,  
 Or seene her honor wrackt, her flowre all blasted.  
 Now there is nothing left her but disgrace  
 Nothing but her affliction that can moue :  
 Tell *Dolabella*, one that's in her case,  
 (Poore soule) needs rather pity now then loue, 1320  
 But shortly shall thy Lord heare more of me.  
 And ending so her speech, no longer stayd,  
 But hasted to the tombe of *Antony* :  
 And this was all she did, and all she sayd.

*Dol.* Ah sweet distrested Lady. What hard heart  
 Could chuse but pity thee, and loue thee too ?  
 Thy worthineffe, the state vvherein thou art  
 Requireth both, and both I vow to do.  
 Although ambition lets not *Cæsar* see  
 The vvrong he doth thy maiefty and sweetnes ; 1330  
 Which makes him now exact so much of thee,  
 To adde vnto his pride, to grace his greatnes,  
 He knowes thou canst no hurt procure vs now,  
 Sith all thy strength is seiz'd into our hands :  
 Nor feares he that, but rather labours how  
 He might shew Rome so great a Queene in bands :  
 That our great Ladies (enuying thee so much  
 That stain'd them all, and held them in such wonder,)  
 Might ioy to see thee, and thy fortune such,  
 Thereby extolling him that brought thee vnder. 1340

l. 1312, 'from whom all run away': l. 1316, 'all' accepted from '.

But I will seeke to stay it what I may ;  
 I am but one, yet one that *Cæsar* loues,  
 And O if now I could do more then pray,  
 Then should'st thou know how farre affection moues.  
 But what my powre and prayer may preuaile,  
 Ile ioyne them both, to hinder thy disgrace :  
 And euen this present day I will not faile  
 To do my best vvith *Cæsar* in this case.

*Tit.* And fir, euen how herselfe hath letters sent ;  
 I met her messenger as I came hither, 1350  
 With a dispatch as he to *Cæsar* went ;  
 But know not what imports her sending thither.  
 Yet this he told, how *Cleopatra* late  
 Was come from sacrifice, how richly clad,  
 Was seru'd to dinner in most sumptuous state,  
 With all the brauest ornaments she had.  
 How hauing din'd, she writes, and sends away  
 Him strait to *Cæsar*, and commanded than  
 All should depart the Tombe, and none to stay  
 But her two maides, and one poore countrey man. 1360

*Dol.* Why then I know, she sends t'haue audience  
 now,  
 And meanes t'experience what her state can do :  
 To see if Maiestie will make him bow  
 To what affliction could not moue him to.  
 And O, if now she could but bring a view  
 Of that fresh beauty she in youth posselt,  
 (The argument wherewith she ouerthrew  
 The wit of *Iulius Cæsar*, and the rest.

l. 1352, 'Knowing not what meanes' : l. 1355, 'with' : l. 1365, 'And now if that' : l. 1366, 'rare' : l. 1368, '23 adds here oddly 'condition,' and rhymes to it below 'ambition.' It is a misplacing of lines.

Then happily *Augustus* might relent, 1369  
 Whilst powrefull Loue, (*farre stronger then Ambition*)  
 Might worke in him, a minde to be content  
 To grant her asking, in the best condition.  
 But being as she is, yet doth she merrite  
 To be respected, for what she hath beene :  
 The wonder of her kinde, of rarest spirit,  
 A glorious Lady, and a mighty Queene.  
 And now, but by a little weakenesse falling  
 To doe that which perhaps sh'was ffirst to doe :  
 Alas, an errorr past, is past recalling ;  
 Take away weakenesse, and take women too, 1380  
 But now I goe to be thy aduocate,  
 Sweet *Cleopatra*, now I'le vse mine arte.  
 Thy presence will me greatly animate,  
 Thy face will teach my tongue, thy loue my heart.

## SCEN. II.

*Nuntius.*

AM I ordain'd the carefull Messenger  
 And sad newes' bringer of the strangest death,  
 Which selfe hand did vpon himselfe inferre,  
 To free a captiue soule from seruile breath? 1390  
 Must I the lamentable vvonder shew,  
 Which all the world must grieue and maruell at?  
 The rarest forme of death in earth below,  
 That euer pittie, glory, vvonder gat. [more  
*Cho.* What newes bringst thou? can *Egypt* yet yeeld  
 Of sorrow than it hath? vvhat can it adde

l. 1375, 'powerfull': l. 1382, misprints 'my heart': l. 1385, 'Scena  
 Secvnda'.

To the already ouerflowing store  
 Of sad affliction, matter yet more sad ?  
 Haue vve not seene the vvorst of our calamity ?  
 Is there behind yet something of distresse 1400  
 Vnseene, vnknowne ? Tell if that greater misery  
 There be, that vve vvaile not that vvchich is lesse.  
 Tell vs vvhat so it be, and tell at first,  
 For sorrow euer longs to heare her vvorst.

*Nun.* Well then, the strangest thing relate I will,  
 That euer eye of mortall man hath seene.

I (as you know) euen from my youth, haue still  
 Attended on the person of the Queene :  
 And euer in all fortunes good or ill,  
 With her as one of chiefest trust haue beene. 1410  
 And now in these two great extremities,  
 That euer could to Maiestie befall,  
 I did my best in vvhat I could deuise,  
 And left her not, till now she left vs all.

*Cho.* What, is she gone ? Hath *Cæsar* forst her so ?

*Nun.* Yea, she is gone, and hath deceiu'd him to.

*Cho.* What fled to *India*, to goe find her sonne ?

*Nun.* No, not to *India*, but to find her sonne.

*Cho.* Why then there's hope she may her state recouer.

*Nun.* Her state ? nay rather honour, and her Louer.

*Cho.* Her Louer ? him she cannot haue againe. 1421

*Nun.* Well, him she hath, with him she doth remaine.

*Cho.* Why then she's dead. Ist so ? why speakest not

*Nun.* You gesse aright, and I will tell you how. [thou ?  
 When she perceiu'd all hope was cleane bereft,  
 That *Cæsar* meant to send her strait away,



And saw no meanes of reconcilment left,  
 Worke what she could, she could not worke to stay :  
 She calles me to her, and she thus began :  
 O thou, whose trust hath euer beene the fame, 1430  
 And one in all my fortunes, faithfull man,  
 Alone content t'attend disgrace and shame.  
 Thou, whom the fearefull ruine of my fall,  
 Neuer deterr'd to leaue calamitie :  
 As did those other smoothe state-pleasers all,  
 VVho followed but my fortune, and not me,  
 Tis thou must do a seruice for thy Queene,  
 Wherein thy faith and skill must do their best :  
 Thy honest care and duty shall be seene,  
 Performing this, more then in all the rest. 1440  
 For all what thou hast done, may die with thee,  
 Although tis pittie that such faith should die.  
 But this shall euermore remembered be,  
 A rare example to posterity.  
 And looke how long as *Cleopatra* shall  
 In after ages liue in memory,  
 So long shall thy cleare fame endure withall,  
 And therefore thou must not my sute denie,  
 Nor contradict my will. For what I will ✓  
 I am resolu'd ; and this now must it be : 1450  
 Goe finde me out with all thy art and skill  
 Two Aspicks, and conuay them close to me.  
 I haue a worke to doe with them in hand ;  
 Enquire not what, for thou shalt soone see what,

l. 1427, 'her' 1: l. 1435, '23, 'stare-pleasers' (bad): l. 1438, 'loyaltie  
 must worke her' 4: ll. 1440-49 omitted in 4: l. 1450, 'tis thou must  
 doe me' 1; in 4 'Thou must seeke out with all thy industrie': l. 1452,  
 'vnto' 1.

If the heauens doe not my disseignes withstand ;  
But doe thy charge, and let me shift with that.

Being thus coniu'r'd by her t'whom I'had vow'd  
My true perpetuall seruice, forth I went,  
Deuising how my close attempt to shrowde,  
So that there might no art my art preuent. 1460  
And so disguis'd in habite as you see,  
Hauing found out the thing for which I went,  
I soone return'd againe, and brought with me  
The Aspicks, in a basket closely pent :  
Which I had filled with Figges, and leaues vpon.  
And comming to the guard that kept the doore,  
What hast thou there ? said they, and lookt thereon.  
Seeing the figges, they deem'd of nothing more,  
But said, they were the fairest they had seene.  
Tast some, said I, for they are good and pleasant. 1470  
No, no, said they, goe beare them to thy Queene,  
Thinking me some poore man that brought a present.  
Well, in I went, where brighter then the Sunne,  
Glittering in all her pompeous rich aray,  
Great *Cleopatra* fate, as if sh'had wonne  
*Cæsar*, and all the world beside, this day :  
Euen as she was when on thy cristall streames,  
Cleare *Cydno*s, she did shew what earth could shew ;  
When *Asia* all amaz'd in wonder, deemes  
*Venus* from heauen was come on earth below. 1480  
Euen as she went at first to meete her loue,  
So goes she now againe to finde him.  
But that first, did her greatnes onely proue,  
This last her loue, that could not liue behind him.

l. 1455, 'th'': l. 1456, 'for': see Note before this Play for addition here in': l. 1471, '23' 'I' (bad): l. 1475 misprinted 'their' for 'her' in all.

Yet as she fate, the doubt of my good speed,  
 Detraacts much from the sweetnes of her looke ;  
 Cheere-marrer Care, did then such passions breed,  
 That made her eye bewray the grieve she tooke.  
 But she no sooner sees me in the place,  
 But strait her sorrow-clouded brow she cleares, 1490  
 Lightning a smile from out a stormy face,  
 Which all her tempest-beaten senses cheeres.

Looke how a strai'd perplexed traeller,  
 When chaf'd by thieues, and euen at point of taking,  
 Descrying suddenly some towne not far,  
 Or some vnlookt for aide to him-ward making ;  
 Cheeres vp his tyred sprites, thrusts forth his strength  
 To meet that good, that comes in so good houre :  
 Such was her ioy, perceiuing now at length,  
 Her honour was t'escape so proude a powre. 1500  
 Forth from her seate she hafts to meete the present,  
 And as one ouer-joy'd, she caught it strait.  
 And with a smiling cheere in action pleasant,  
 Looking among the figs, findes the deceite.  
 And seeing there the vgly venemous beast,  
 Nothing dismaid, she stayes and viewes it well.  
 At length th'extreamest of her passion ceast,  
 When she began with words her ioy to tell.

O rarest beast (saith she) that Affrick breeds,  
 How dearely welcome art thou vnto me ? 1510  
 The fairest creature that faire *Nylus* feedes  
 Me thinkes I see, in now beholding thee.  
 What though the euer-erring world doth deeme  
 That angred Nature fram'd thee but in spight ?

l. 1509, 'all our Egypt' : l. 1510, 'now to' : ll. 1513-16 omitted in '.

Little they know what they so light esteeme,  
 That neuer learn'd the wonder of thy might.  
 Better then Death, Deaths office thou dischargest,  
 That with one gentle touch canst free our breath :  
 And in a pleasing sleepe our soule inlargest,  
 Making our selues not priuy to our death. 1520  
 If Nature err'd, O then how happy error,  
 Thinking to make thee worst, she made thee best :  
 Sith thou best freest vs from our liues worst terror,  
 In sweetly bringing foules to quiet rest.  
 When that inexorable Monster Death  
 That followes Fortune, flies the poore distressed,  
 Tortures our bodies ere he takes our breath,  
 And loades with paines th'already weak oppressed.  
 How oft haue I begg'd, pray'd, intreated him  
 To take my life, which he would neuer do ; 1530  
 And when he comes, he comes so vgly grim,  
 Attended on with hideous torments to.  
 Therefore come thou, of wonders wonder chiefe,  
 That open canst with such an easie key  
 The doore of life ; come gentle cunning thiefe  
 That from our selues so steal'st our selues away.  
 Well did our Priests discerne something diuine  
 Shadow'd in thee, and therefore first they did  
 Offerings and worships due to thee assigne,  
 In whom they found such mysteries were hid ; 1540  
 Comparing thy swift motion to the Sunne,  
 That mou'ft without the instruments that moue :

ll. 1521-32 omitted in <sup>4</sup>: l. 1530, 'and yet could neuer get him?'<sup>1</sup>:  
 1. 1532, 'That who is he (if he could chuse) would let him'<sup>1</sup>: l. 1533,  
 'O welcome now' <sup>4</sup>: ll. 1537-50 omitted in <sup>4</sup>: l. 1540, '23 misprinted  
 did.'

And neuer waxing old, but alwayes one,  
 Dooft sure thy strange diuinitie approue.  
 And therefore too, the rather vnto thee  
 In zeale I make the offering of my blood ;  
 Calamitie confirming now in me  
 A sure beliefe that pietie makes good.  
 Which happy men neglect, or hold ambiguous.  
 And onely the afflicted are religious. 1550

And here I sacrifice these armes to Death,  
 That lust late dedicated to Delights :  
 Offering vp for my last, this last of breath,  
 The complement of my loues dearest rites.  
 With that she bares her arme, and offer makes  
 To touch her death, yet at the touch with-drawes,  
 And seeming more to speake, occasion takes,  
 Willing to die, and willing too to pause.

Looke how a mother at her sonnes departing  
 For some farre voyage bent to get him fame, 1560  
 Doth entertaine him with an ydle parting  
 And still doth speake, and still speakes but the same ;  
 Now bids farewell, and now recalles him backe,  
 Tels what was told, and bids againe farewell,  
 And yet againe recalles ; for still doth lacke  
 Something that Loue would faine and cannot tell ;  
 Pleas'd he should goe, yet cannot let him goe.  
 So she, although she knew there was no way  
 But this, yet this she could not handle so  
 But she must shew that life desir'd delay. 1570  
 Faine would she entertaine the time as now,  
 And now would faine that Death would seize vpon her,

l. 1551, 'now' 4: l. 1554, '23 misprinted 'complements': l. 1555  
 misprinted 'beares': ll. 1555-95 omitted in 4.

Whilst I might see presented in her brow,  
 The doubtfull combate tride twixt Life and Honour.  
 Life bringing Legions of fresh hopes with her,  
 Arm'd with the prooffe of time, which yeelds we say  
 Comfort and helpe, to such as doe referre  
 All vnto him, and can admit delay.  
 But honour scorning Life, loe forth leades he  
 Bright Immortalitie in shining armour : 1580  
 Thorow the rayes of whose cleare glory, she  
 Might see lifes basenesse, how much it might harme her.  
 Besides she saw whole armies of Reproches,  
 And base Disgraces, Furies fearefull sad,  
 Marching with Life, and Shame that still incroches  
 Vpon her face, in bloody colours clad.  
 Which representments seeing, worse then death  
 She deem'd to yeeld to Life, and therefore chose  
 To render all to Honour, heart and breath ;  
 And that with speed, lest that her inward foes 1590  
 False flesh and blood, ioyning with life and hope,  
 Should mutinie against her resolution.  
 And to the end she would not giue them scope,  
 Shee presently proceedes to th'execution.  
 And sharply blaming of her rebell powres,  
 False flesh (saith she) and what dost thou conspire  
 With *Cæsar* too, as thou vvert none of ours,  
 To worke my shame, and hinder my desire ?  
 VVilt thou retaine in clofure of thy vaines,  
 That enemy, base Life, to let my good ? 1600  
 No, know there is a greater powre constraines  
 Then can be countercheckt with fearefull blood.

1. 1596, 'What now false flesh ; what ? and wilt' : 1. 1598, 'adds here,  
 'And bend thy ribble parts against my powers.'

For to the minde that's great, nothing seemes great : /  
 And seeing death to be the last of woes,  
 And life lasting disgrace, which I shall get,  
 VVhat doe I lose, that haue but life to lose ? /

This hauing said, strengthned in her owne heart,  
 And vnion of her selfe, senses in one  
 Charging together, she performes that part  
 That hath so great a part of glory wonne. 1610  
 And so receiues the deadly poysoning tuch ;  
 That touch that tride the gold of her loue, pure,  
 And hath confirm'd her honour to be such,  
 As must a wonder to all worlds endure.  
 Now not an yeelding shrink or touch of feare,  
 Consented to bewray least sense of paine :  
 But still in one same sweete vnaltred cheare,  
 Her honour did her dying thoughts retaine.

Well, now this worke is done (saith she) here ends  
 This act of Life, that part the Fates assign'd ; 1620  
 VVhat glory or disgrace here this world lends,  
 Both haue I had, and both I leaue behind.  
 And now O earth, the Theater where I  
 Haue acted this, witnesse I die vnforst ;  
 Witnesse my soule parts free to *Antony*,  
 And now prowde tyrant *Cæsar* doe thy worst.

This said, she staies, and makes a sudden pause,  
 As twere to feele whether the poyson vvrought :  
 Or rather else the vvorking might be cause  
 That made her stay, and intertain'd her thought. 1630

l. 1599, 'Wouldst' : l. 1603, 'a' : ll. 1607-14 omitted in 4 : ll. 1615-18 in 4 are spoken by *Eras* : l. 1615, 'See not a' : l. 1616, 'Consents now' : l. 1618, 'spirits' : l. 1619, 'of mine is done' : l. 1620, 'me' : l. 1621, 'could lend' : l. 1622, 'mee' : l. 1623, 'And Egypt now' : l. 1626, see Note before this Play for new passage here : l. 1630, 'as likewise may be.'

For in that instant I might vvell perceiue  
 The drowfie humour in her falling brow :  
 And how each powre, each part opprest did leaue  
 Their former office, and did senselesse grow.  
 Looke how a new pluckt branch against the Sun,  
 Declines his fading leaues in feeble fort ;  
 So here disioyned ioyntures as vndone,  
 Let fall her weake dissolued limbes support.  
 Yet loe that face the vvonder of her life,  
 Retaines in death, a grace that graceth death, 1640  
 Colour so liuely, cheere so louely rife,  
 That none would thinke such beauty could want breath.  
 And in that cheere th'impreffion of a smile,  
 Did seeme to shew she scorn'd death and *Cæsar*,  
 As glorying that she could them both beguile,  
 And telling Death how much her death did please her.  
 Wonder it vvvas to see how soone she vvvent !  
 She went with such a will, and did so haste it,  
 That sure I thinke she did her paine preuent,  
 Fore-going paine, or staying not to taste it. 1650  
 And sencelesse, in her sinking downe she wryes  
 The Diademe vvvhich on her head she vvore :  
 Which *Charmion* (poore weake feeble maid) espies,  
 And hastes to right it as it vvvas before.  
 For *Eras* now was dead, and *Charmion* too  
 Euen at the point, for both vvould immitate  
 Their Mistresse glory, striuing like to doo.  
 But *Charmion* vvould in this exceed her mate,

l. 1639, 'O see this' <sup>4</sup>: l. 1640, 'graces' <sup>4</sup>: l. 1643, 'this' <sup>4</sup>: l. 1644,  
 'skorns both' <sup>4</sup>: l. 1645, 'And glories' <sup>4</sup>: l. 1646, 'And here tells . . .  
 well . . . death' <sup>4</sup>: ll. 1647-59 omitted, except in lines worked in: l. 1651,  
 '23 'wrines' (bad).



For she vvould haue this honour to be laſt,  
 That ſhould adorne that head that muſt be ſeene 1660  
 To weare a Crowne in death, that life held faſt,  
 That all the world may know ſhe dide a Queene.  
 And as ſhe ſtood, ſetting it fitly on,  
 Loe, in ruſh *Cæſars* meſſengers in haſt,  
 Thinking to haue preuented vvhat vvvas done  
 But yet they came too late, for all vvvas paſt.  
 For there they found ſtretcht on a bed of gold,  
 Dead *Cleopatra* ; and that proudly dead,  
 In all the rich attire procure ſhe could ;  
 And dying *Charmion* trimming of her head, 1670  
 And *Eras* at her feete, dead in like caſe.  
*Charmion*, is this well done ? ſayd one of them.  
 Yea, well ſayd ſhe, and her that from the race  
 Of ſo great Kings deſcends, doth beſt become.  
 And with that word, yeelds to her faithfull breath,  
 To paſſe th'assurance of her loue with death.

*Cho.* But how knew *Cæſar* of her cloſe intent ?

*Nun.* By Letters which before to him ſhe ſent.  
 For when ſhe had procur'd this meanes to die,  
 She writes, and earneſtly intreates, ſhe might 1680  
 Be buried in one Tombe with *Antony*.  
 Whereby then *Cæſar* geſ'd all went not right.  
 And forthwith ſends ; yet ere the meſſage came  
 She was diſpatcht, he croſt in his intent ;  
 Her prouidence had ordred ſo the ſame,  
 That ſhe was ſure none ſhould her plot preuent.

### CHORVS.

*T*hen thus we haue beheld  
 Th'accompliſhment of woes

*The full of ruine, and* 1690  
*The worst of worst of ills :*  
*And seene all hope expeld,*  
*That euer sweete repose*  
*Shall repossesse the Land,*  
*That Desolation fills.*  
*And where Ambition spills*  
*With vncontrouled hand,*  
*All th'issue of all those*  
*That so long rule haue held :*  
*To make vs no more vs,* 1700  
*But cleane confound vs thus.*

*And canst O Nylus thou,*  
*Father of flouds indure,*  
*That yellow Tyber should*  
*With sandy streames rule thee ?*  
*Wilt thou be pleas'd to bow*  
*To him those feete so pure,*  
*Whose vnknowne head we hold*  
*A powre diuine to be ?*  
*Thou that didst euer see* 1710  
*Thy free bankes vncontrould,*  
*Liue vnder thine owne cure ?*  
*Ah wilt thou beare it now ?*  
*And now wilt yeld thy streames*  
*A prey to other Reames ?*

*Draw backe thy waters floe*  
*To thy concealed head :*  
*Rockes strangle vp thy waues,*  
*Stop Cataractes thy fall.*  
*And turne thy courses so,* 1720

*That sandy Desarts dead,  
 (The world of dust that craues  
 To swallow thee vp all,)  
 May drinke so much as shall  
 Reuine from vasty graues  
 A liuing greene, which spred  
 Far flourishing, may grow  
 On that wide face of Death,  
 Where nothing now drawes breath.*

*Fatten some people there,* 1730  
*Euen as thou vs hast done,  
 With plenties wanton store,  
 And feeble luxury :  
 And them as vs prepare  
 Fit for the day of mone  
 Respected not before.  
 Leaue leuell'd Egypt drie,  
 A barren prey to lie,  
 Wasted for euer-more.*

*Of plenties yeelding none* 1740  
*To recompence the care  
 Of Victors greedy lust,  
 And bring forth nought but dust.*

*And so O leaue to be,  
 Sith thou art what thou art :  
 Let not our race possesse  
 Th'inheritance of shame,  
 The fee of sin, that we  
 Haue left them for their part :*

l. 1736, '23 misprinted 'respect' ; in 'ed — accepted.

*The yoake of whose distresse* 1750  
*Must still vpbraid our blame,*  
*Telling from whom it came.*  
*Our weight of wantonnesse*  
*Lies heauy on their heart,*  
*Who neuer-more shall see*  
*The glory of that worth*  
*They left, who brought vs forth.*

*O then all-seeing light,*  
*High President of Heauen,*  
*You Magistrates, the Starres* 1760  
*Of that eternall Court*  
*Of Prouidence and Right,*  
*Are these the bounds y'haue giuen*  
*Th'vnttranspassable barres,*  
*That limit Pride so short?*  
*Is greatnesse of this sort,*  
*That greatnesse greatnesse marres,*  
*And wrackes it selfe, selfe-driuen*  
*On Rockes of her owne might?*  
*Doth Order order so* 1770  
*Disorders ouerthrow?*

FINIS.

In ' on verso of last leaf:—

AT LONDON



Printed by *James Roberts*, and  
*Edward Allde*, for *Simon Waterfon*. 1594.

II.

PHILOTAS.

1607.

# NOTE.

The first edition of 'Philotas' was published in 1605 in the 'Certaine Small Workes' (as before). It was succeeded by two editions in 1607—the one in the 1607 'Certaine Small Workes,' and the other in a charming little volume (18mo), worthy to rank with the 1594 'Delia.' Its title-page, within a two-banded bordering, is as follows :—

## THE TRAGEDIE of PHILOTAS.

By  
SAM. DANIEL.



LONDON  
Printed by *Melch. Bradwood*  
for *Edw. Blount*.  
1607.

It was reprinted in the 'Certaine Small Workes' of 1609 and 1611. A collation of these shows only very trivial changes beyond orthography; but a recurrence to <sup>1</sup> has enabled various misprints of '23 and others to be corrected. This '1607' volume contains the following other pieces by Daniel:—"Panegyrike . . . also certaine Epistles, with a Defence of Ryme heretofore written, and now published by the Author"—the 'Defence' having a separate title-page. These three tiny volumes are met with separately. My signs are—

1605 = <sup>1</sup>.

1607 = <sup>2</sup> (the 18mo edition).

All the others yield only slight orthographical changes.

G.

THE  
TRAGEDY  
OF  
PHILOTAS.

*By* SAM. DANIEL.

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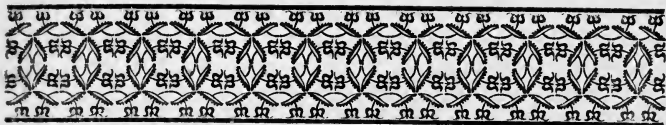


LONDON,  
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES for  
SIMON WATERSON.

1623.







## To the Prince.



*O you most hopefull Prince, not as you are,  
But as you may be, doe I giue these lines:  
That when your iudgement shall arrive  
So farre,  
As t'ouer-looke th'intricate designs  
Of vncontented man : you may beholde  
With what encounters greatest fortunes  
close,*

*What dangers, what attempts, what manifolde  
Incumbrances ambition vndergoes :  
How hardly men digest felicitie ;  
How to th'intemperate, to the prodigall,  
To wantonnesse, and vnto luxurie,  
Many things want, but to ambition all.  
And you shall finde the greatest enemy  
That man can haue, is his prosperitie.*

10

*Here shall you see how men disguise their ends,  
And plant bad courses vnder pleasing shewes ;  
How well presumptions broken wayes defends,  
Which cleere-eyed Iudgement grauely doth disclose,*

Here shall you see how the easie multitude 20  
 Transported, take the partie of distresse ;  
 And onely out of passions doe conclude,  
 Not out of iudgement, of mens practises ;  
 How pow'rs are thought to wrong, that wrongs debar,  
 And Kings not held in danger, though they are.  
 These ancient representments of times past  
 Tell vs that men haue, doe, and alwayes runne  
 The selfe same line of action, and doe cast  
 Their course alike, and nothing can be done,  
 Whilst they, their ends, and nature are the same: 30  
 But will be wrought vpon the selfe same frame.

This benefit, most noble prince, doth yeeld  
 The sure records of Bookes, in which we finde  
 The tenure of our State, how it was held  
 By all our Ancestors, and in what kinde  
 We holde the same, and likewise how in the end  
 This fraile possession of felicitie,  
 Shall to our late posteritie descend  
 By the same Patent of like destinie.  
 In them we find that nothing can accrewe 40  
 To man, and his condition that is new.  
 Which images here figured in this wise  
 I leaue vnto your more mature suruay,  
 Amongst the vowes that others sacrifice  
 Vnto the hope of you, that you one day  
 Will giue grace to this kinde of Harmonie.  
 For know, great Prince, when you shall come to know  
 How that it is the fairest Ornament  
 Of worthy times, to haue those which may shew

*The deedes of power, and liuely represent* 50  
*The actions of a glorious Gouvernement.*

*And is no lesser honor to a Crowne*  
*T'haue Writers then haue Actors of renowne.*

*And though you haue a Swannet of your owne,*  
*Within the bankes of Douen meditates*

*Sweet notes to you, and vnto your renowne*

*The glory of his Musicke dedicates,*

*And in a lofty tune is set to sound*

*The deepe reports of fullen Tragedies :*

*Yet may this last of me be likewise found* 60

*Amongst the vowes that others sacrifice*

*Vnto the hope of you, that you one day*

*May grace this now neglected Harmonie,*

*Which set vnto your glorious actions, may*

*Record the same to all posteritie.*

*Though I the remnant of another time*

*Am neuer like to see that happinesse,*

*Yet for the zeale that I haue borne to rime*

*And to the Muses, wish that good successe*

*To others trauell, that in better place,* 70

*And better comfort, they may be incheerd*

*Who shall deserue, and who shall haue the grace*

*To haue a Muse held worthy to be heard.*

*And know, sweet Prince, when you shall come to know,*

*That tis not in the pow'r of Kings to raise*

*A spirit for Verse that is not borne thereto,*

*Nor are they borne in euery Princes dayes :*

*For late Eliza's raigne gaue birth to more*

*Then all the Kings of England did before.*

L 53: the '1607' text here ends in British Museum exemplar (probably imperfect). So, too, 1611 in 'Certaine Small Workes.'

*And it may be, the Genius of that time* 80  
*Would leaue to her the glory in that kind,*  
*And that the vtmost powers of English Rime*  
*Should be within her peacefull raigne confin'd ;*  
*For since that time our Songs could neuer thriue,*  
*But laine as if forlorne ; though in the prime*  
*Of this new raising season, we did striue*  
*To bring the best we could vnto the time.*

*And I although among the latter traine,*  
*And least of those that sung unto this land,*  
*Haue borne my part, though in an humble straine,* 90  
*And pleas'd the gentler that did vnderstand:*  
*And neuer had my harmelesse pen at all*  
*Distain'd with any loose immodestie,*  
*Nor euer noted to be toucht with gall,*  
*To aggrauate the worst mans infamie.*  
*But still haue done the fairest offices*  
*To vertue and the time, yet naught preuailles,*  
*And all our labours are without successe,*  
*For either fauour or our vertue failes.*  
*And therefore since I haue out-liu'd the date* 100  
*Of former grace, acceptance and delight,*  
*I would my lines late-borne beyond the fate*  
*Of her spent line, had neuer come to light.*  
*So had I not beene tax'd for wishing well,*  
*Nor now mistaken by the censuring Stage,*  
*Nor, in my fame and reputation fell,*  
*Which I esteeme more then what all the age*  
*Or th'earth can giue. But yeeres hath done this wrong,*  
*To make me write too much, and liue too long.*

*And yet I grieue for that vnfinisht frame,* 110  
*Which thou deare Muse didst vow to sacrifice,*

*Vnto the bed of Peace, and in the same  
Designe our happinesse to memorize,  
Must, as it is, remaine : though as it is,  
It shall to after-times relate my zeale  
To Kings, and vnto right, to quietnesse,  
And to the vnion of the Common-weale.  
But this may now seeme a superfluous vow,  
We haue this peace ; and thou hast sung enow,  
And more then will be heard, and then as good 120  
As not to write, as not be vnderstood.*

S A M. D A N.



## THE ARGUMENT.



*Hilotas* the Sonne of *Parmenio*, was a man of great estimation, among the *Macedonians*, and next vnto *Alexander*, held to be the most-vaillant of the *Greekes* (*Plutarch* in the life of *Alex.*): patient of trauell, exceeding bountifull, and one that loued his men and friends better then any Noble-man of the Campe: but otherwise; noted of vaine-glory and prodigalitie, infomuch, as his 10 father (hauing notice of his carriage) warned him to make himselfe lesse then he was, to auoide the enuie of the Campe, and the dislike of the King, who grew suspicious of him, in respect of the greatnesse of his father, and his owne popularitie, and by hauing intelligence of certaine vaunts of his, vsed to *Antigona*, a faire Curtizan, borne in the City of *Pidna*; with whom being in loue, hee let fall many braue words and boasts of a Souldier, to aduance his owne actions and his fathers, terming *Alexander* at euery word, The 20 yong man. Which speeches *Antigona* reuealing to a Companion of hers, were at length brought to *Craterus*

who with the woman, carried them to *Alexander* (*Q, Curtius lib. 6.*) ; whereby *Philotas* lay open to all the aduantages that might worke his ouerthrow : and in the end, concealing a conspiracie (which was reuealed vnto him) intended against the King, was thereby suspected to haue beene a party in the plot : but brought before *Alexander*, he so defended himselfe, 30 that hee obtained his pardon for that time, supped with the King that night, and yet the next day, notwithstanding, was arraigned for the same fact ; which hee stoutly denying, was afterward put to torture, and then confest his treason. And indeede, *Alexanders* drawing a Pedegree from Heauen, with assuming the *Persian* magnificence, was the cause that withdrew many [of] the hearts of the Nobilitie and people from him, and by the confession of *Philotas* was that, which gaue a purpose to him and his father to haue subuerted 40 the King as soone as hee had established *Asia*, and freed them from other feares ; which being by *Ephestion* and *Craterus*, two the most especiall Councillers of *Alexander*, grauely and prouidently discerned, was prosecuted in that manner as became their neereneffe and deereneffe with their Lord and Master, and fitting to the safety of the State, in the case of so great an Aspirer ; who, no doubt, had he not beene preuented (howsoever popularly in the Army it might be otherwise deemed) hee had turned the course of gouernement 50 vpon his father himselfe, or els by his imbroilements made it a monster of many heads, as it afterward proued vpon the death of *Alexander*. The *Chorus* consisting of three *Græcians* (as of three estates of a Kingdome) and one *Persian*, representing the multi-

tude and body of a People, who vulgarly (according to their affections, carried rather with compassion on Great-mens misfortunes, then with the confideration of the caufe) frame their imaginations by that fquare, and cenfure what is done. 60



## The Names of the Actors.

<i>Philotas.</i>	<i>Sostratus.</i>
<i>Chalifthenes.</i>	<i>Chorus.</i>
<i>Alexander.</i>	<i>Cebalinus.</i>
<i>Epheftion.</i>	<i>Polidamas.</i>
<i>Craterus.</i>	<i>Nichomachus.</i>
<i>Thais a Curtezan.</i>	<i>Metron.</i>
<i>Antigona, sometimes one</i>	<i>Clitus.</i>
<i>of the Concubines of</i>	<i>Perdiceas.</i>
<i>Darius.</i>	<i>Three Græcians and a</i>
<i>Attarras.</i>	<i>Persian.</i>





# THE TRAGEDY OF *Philotas.*

ACTVS I. *Philotas. Chalifthenes.*

*Philotas* reading his fathers Letter.



Ake thy selfe lesse *Philotas* then  
thou art."

What meanes my father thus to  
write to me ?

Lesse than I am ? In what ? How  
can that be ?

Must I be then fet vnderneath my  
hart ?

Shall I let goe the hold I haue of grace,  
Gain'd with so hard aduenture of my blood,  
And suffer others mount into my place,  
And from below, looke vp to where I stood ?  
Shall I degrade th'opinion of my worth ?  
By putting off imployment ; as vndone

In spirit or grace : whilst other men set forth  
 To get that start of action I haue wonne ?  
 As if such men as I, had any place,  
 To stay betwixt their ruine and their grace.  
 Can any goe beyond me, but they will  
 Goe ouer me, and trample on my state,  
 And make their fortunes good vpon my ill, 19  
 Whilst feare hath powre to wound me worse then hate ?

*Chal.* *Philotas*, you deceiue your selfe in this,  
 Your father meanes not you should yeeld in place,  
 But in your popular dependences,  
 Your entertainements, gifts and publike grace ;  
 That doth in iealous Kings, distaste the Peeres,  
 And makes you not the greater but in feares.

*Phi.* Alas, what popular dependences  
 Doe I retaine ? Can I shake off the zeale  
 Of such as doe out of their kindnesse,  
 Follow my fortunes in the Common-weale ? 30

*Cha.* Indeed *Philotas* therein you say true :  
 They follow doe your fortunes, and not you.

*Phi.* Yea, but I find their loue to me sincere.

*Cha.* Euen such as to the Woolfe the Fox doth  
 beare,

That visits him but to partake his pray,  
 And seeing his hopes deceiu'd, turnes to betray.

*Phi.* I know they would, if I in danger stood,  
 Runne vnto me with hazzard of their blood.

*Cha.* Yes, like as men to burning houses run,  
 Not to lend aide, but to be lookers on 40

*Phi.* But I with bountie and with gifts haue tide  
 Their hearts so fure, I know they will not slide.

1. 20, 'than' : 1. 29, 'kindnesse' accepted from <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, for 'kindnesse' of '23.

*Cha.* Bountie and gifts lose more than they doe  
finde,

Where many looke for good, few haue their minde ;  
Each thinkes he merits more then that he hath ;  
And so gifts laide for loue, doe catch men wrath.

*Phi.* But many meerely out of loue attend.

*Cha.* Yea, those that loue and haue no other end !  
Thinke you that men can loue you when they know  
You haue them not for friendship, but for show ? 50  
And as you are ingag'd in your affaires,  
And haue your ends, thinke likewise they haue theirs.

*Phi.* But I doe truly from my heart affect

Vertue and worth where I doe find it set :

Besides, my foes doe force me in effect

To make my party of opinion great,

And I must arme me thus against their scornes :

Men must be shod that goe amongst the thornes.

*Cha.* Ah, good *Philotas*, you your selfe beguile,  
Tis not the way to quench the fire with Oile : 60

The meeke and humble Lambe with small adoo

Suckles his own damme, we see, and others too.

In Courts men longest liue, and keepe their rankes,

By taking iniuries, and giuing thanks.

*Phi.* And is it so ? Then neuer are these haire

Like to attaine that sober hew of gray ;

I cannot plaster and disguise m'affaires

In other colours then my heart doth lay.

Nor can I patiently endure this fond

And strange proceeding of authoritie, 70

That hath ingroft vp all into their hand

By idol-liuing feeble Maiestie,

And impiously doe labour all they can  
 To make the King forget he is a man ;  
 Whilst they diuide the spoyles, and pray for powre,  
 And none at all respect the publike good :  
 Those hands that guard and get vs what is our,  
 The Sold[i]erie ingag'd to vent their blood,  
 In worse case seeme then *Pallas* old-grow'n Moile  
 Th'*Athenians* fostred at their publike cost ; 80  
 For these poore soules consum'd with tedious toile,  
 Remaine neglected, hauing done their most,  
 And nothing shall bring home of all these warres,  
 But empty age, and bodies charg'd with scarres.

*Cha. Philotas*, all this publike care, I feare,  
 Is but some priuate touch of your dislike,  
 Who seeing your owne designs not stand to  
 square

With your desires, no others courses like.  
 The grieve you take things are not ordered well,  
 Is, that you feele your selfe, I feare, not well ; 90  
 But when your fortunes shall stand paralell  
 With those you enuie now, all will be well :  
 For you Great-men, I see, are neuer more,  
 Your end attain'd, the same you were before.  
 You with a finger can point out the stains  
 Of others errours now, and now condem  
 The traine of state, whilst your desire remaines  
 Without. But once got in, you iumpe with them,  
 And interleague yee with iniquitie,  
 And with a like neglect doe temporize 100  
 And onely serue your owne commoditie :  
 Your fortune then views things with other eyes.

For either greatnesse doth transforme the hart  
 In t'other shapés of thoughts, or certainly  
 This vulgar honestie doth dwell apart  
 From pow'r, and is some priuate quality.  
 Or rather those faire parts which we esteeme  
 In such as you, are not the same they seeme :  
 You double with your selues or els with vs.  
 And therefore now, *Philotas*, euen as good  
 T'imbrace the times, as swell and doe no good.

110

*Phi.* Alas, *Chalishthenes*, you haue not laid  
 True leuell to my nature, but are wide  
 From what I am within : all you haue said  
 Shall neuer make me of another fide  
 Then that I am, and I doe scorne to clime  
 By shaking hands with this vnworthy time.

*Cha.* The time, *Philotas*, then will breake thy necke.

*Phi.* They dare not, friend, my father will keepe my  
 necke :

My seruice to the State hath cautioned  
 So surely for mine honor, as it shall  
 Make good the place my deedes haue purchased,  
 With danger, in the loue and hearts of all.

*Cha.* Those seruices will serue as weights to charge  
 And presse you vnto death, if your foot faile  
 Neuer so little vnderneath your charge,  
 And will be deem'd, done for your owne auaille.  
 And who haue spirits to doe the greatest good,  
 May doe most hurt, if they remaine not good.

*Phi.* Tush, they cannot want my seruice in the  
 State.

130

*Cha.* These times want not men to supply the State.

*Phi.* I feare not whilst *Parmenios* forces stand.

*Cha.* Water farre off quenches not fire neere hand.  
 You may be faire dispatcht, ere he can heare,  
 Or if he heard, before he could be here.  
 And therefore doe not build vpon such sand,  
 It will deceiue your hopes when all is done ;  
 For though you were the Minion of the Land,  
 If you breake out, be sure you are vndone.  
 When running with the current of the State, 140  
 Were you the weakeft man of men aliue,  
 And in Conuentions and in Counsell fate,  
 And did but sleepe or nod, yet fhall you thriue ;  
 Thefe motiue fpirits are neuer fit to rife,  
 And tis a danger to be held fo wife.

*Phi.* What call you running with the State ? Shall I  
 Combine with thofe that doe abufe the State ?  
 Whofe want of iudgement, wit and honefty,  
 I am afham'd to fee, and feeing hate.

*Cha.* Tush, tush, my Lord, thinke not of what were  
 fit : 150  
 The world is gouern'd more by forme, then wit.  
 He that will fret at Lords, and at the raine,  
 Is but a foole, and grieues himfelfe in vaine.  
 Cannot you Great-men fuffer others to  
 Haue part in rule, but muft haue all to do ?  
 Now good my Lord conforme you to the reft,  
 Let not your wings be greater then your neft.

*Phi. folus.* See how thefe vaine difcourfiue Book-men  
 Out of thofe fhadowes of their ayrie powers, [talke,  
 And doe not fee how much they muft defalke 160  
 Of their accounts, to make them gree with ours.

They little know to what necessities  
 Our courses stand allied, or how we are  
 Ingag'd in reputation otherwise,  
 To be our selues in our particular.  
 They thinke we can command our harts to lie  
 Out of their place ; and still they preach to vs  
 Pack-bearing Patience ; that base propertie,  
 And filly gift of th'all enduring Affe.  
 But let them talke their fill, it is but winde, 170  
 I must sayle by the Compasse of my minde.

*Enters a Messenger.*

My Lord, the King call's for you, come my Lord away.  
*Phi.* Well then I know ther's some new stratagem  
 In hand, to be consulted on to day,  
 That I am sent for, with such speede, to him,  
 Whose youth and fortune cannot brooke delay.  
 But here's a futer stands t'impeach my haste :  
 I would I had gone vp the priuie way,  
 Whereby we escape th'attending multitude ; 180  
 Though, I confesse, that in humanity  
 Tis better to denie, then to delude.

*Enters Cebalinus.*

My Lord *Philotas*, I am come with newes  
 Of great importance, that concernes vs all ;  
 And well hath my good fortune met with you,  
 Who best can heare, and best discharge my care.  
*Phi.* Say what it is, and pray-thee friend be brieft.  
*Ceb.* The case requires your patience, good my Lord  
 And therefore I must craue your eare a while. 190

*Phi.* I cannot now be long from *Alexander*.

*Ceb.* Nor *Alexander* will be long with vs,  
 Vnlesse you heare : and therefore know, the newes  
 I bring, concernes his life ; and this it is :  
 There is one *Dymnus* here within the Campe,  
 Whose low estate, and high affections,  
 Seeme to haue thrust him int'outragious wayes.  
 This man, affecting one *Nichomachus*,  
 A youth, my brother : whom one day h'allures  
 Int'a Temple ; where being both alone, 200  
 He breakes out in this sort : *Nichomacus*,  
 Sweet louely youth ; ah, should I not impart  
 To thee the deepest secrets of my heart !  
 My heart that hath no locke shut against thee,  
 Would let it out sometimes vnwares of me ;  
 But as it issues from my faithfull loue,  
 So close it vp in thine, and keepe it fast.  
 Sweare to be secret, deare *Nichomacus*,  
 Sweare by the sacred God-head of this place,  
 To keepe my counsell, and I will reueale 210  
 A matter of the greatest consequence  
 That euer man imparted to his friend.  
 Youth and desire, drawne with a loue to know,  
 Swore to be secret, and to keepe it close.  
 Then *Dymnus* tels him, That within three dayes  
 There should b'effected a conspiracy  
 On *Alexanders* person, by his meanes  
 And diuers more of the Nobility,  
 To free their labours, and redeeme them home.  
 Which when *Nichomacus* my brother heard : 220  
 Is this your tale ? sayth he, O God forbid  
 Mine oath should tie my tongue to keepe in this !



This ougly finne of treason, which to tell  
Mine oath compels me ; faith against my faith  
Must not be kept. My falshood here is truth,  
And I must tell. Friend or friend not, I'll tell.  
*Dymnus* amaz'd, hearing beyond conceit  
The selfe-will'd youth vow to reueale their plot,  
Stands staring on him, drawing backe his breath,  
Or els his breath confounded with his thoughts 230  
Bused with death and horror, could not worke :  
Not hauing leasure now to thinke what was,  
But what would be, his feares were runne before,  
And at misfortune ere she came to him.  
At length yet, when his reason had reduc'd  
His flying thoughts backe to some certaine stand,  
Perceiuing yet some distance was betwixt  
Death and his feares, which gaue him time to worke,  
With his returning spirits he drew his sword,  
Puts it t'his owne then to my brothers throat, 240  
Then laies it downe, then wrings his hands, then kneeles,  
Then stedfast lookes, then takes him in his armes,  
Weeps on his necke, no word, but, O wilt thou ?  
VVilt thou, be the destruction of vs all ?  
And finding no relenting in the youth,  
His miseries grew furious, and againe  
He takes his sword, and sweares to sacrifice  
To silence and their cause, his dearest blood  
The boy amaz'd, seeing no other way,  
VVas faine to vow, and promise secrecy ;  
And as if woun t'allow and take that part,  
Prayes him tell, who were his complices.  
Which, though perplext with grieve for what was done,  
Yet thinking now t'haue gain'd him to his side,

*Dymnus* replies : No worfe than *Loceus*,  
*Demetrius* of the priuy Chamber, and  
*Nicanor*, *Amyntas*, and *Archelopis*,  
*Drocenus*, *Aphebetus*, *Leuculaus*,  
 Shall be th'affociats of *Nichomacus*.

This when my brother once had vnderstood, 260  
 And after much adoe had got away,  
 He comes, and tells me all the whole discourse,  
 Which here I haue related vnto you ;  
 And here will I attend t'auouch the same,  
 Or bring my brother to confirme as much,  
 Whom now I left behinde, lest the conspirators  
 Seeing him here vnusing to this place,  
 Suspecting t'b'appeach'd, might shift away.

*Phil.* Well fellow, I haue heard thy strange report,  
 And will find time t'acquaint the King therewith. 270

## SCENA SECVNDA.

*Antigona*, and *Thais*.

**V** V Hat can a free estate affoord me more  
 Than my incaptiu'd fortune doth allow ?  
 Was I belou'd, inrich'd, and grac'd before?  
 Am I not lou'd, inrich'd, and gracèd now ?

*Tha.* Yea, but before thou wert a Kings delight.

*Ant.* I might be his, although he was not mine.

*Tha.* His greatnes made thee greater in mens sight.

*Ant.* More great perhaps without, but not within :

My loue was then aboue me: I am now 281  
 Aboue my loue. *Darius* then had thousands more :

*Philotas* hath but me as I do know,

Nor none els will he haue, and so he swore.

*Tha.* Nay, then you may beleeeue him, if he fwore.  
 [*Afide*] Alas, poore soule, she neuer came to know  
 Nor liberty, nor louers periuries.

*Ant.* Stand I not better with a meaner loue,  
 That is alone to me, than with these powres,  
 Who out of all proportion must b'about 290  
 And haue vs theirs, but they will not be ours.  
 And *Thais*, although thou be a Grecian,  
 And I a Perfian, do not enuy me,  
 That I embrace the onely gallant man  
*Perfia*, or *Greece*, or all the world can see.  
 Thou, who art entertein'd and grac'd by all  
 The flowre of honour els, do not despise,  
 That vnto me, poore captiue, should befall  
 So great a grace in such a worthies eyes.

*Tha. Antigona*, I enuy not thy loue, 300  
 But thinke thee blest t'enioy him in that fort.  
 But tell me truly, Didst thou euer proue  
 Whether he lou'd in earnest or in sport?

*Ant. Thais*, let m'a little glory in my grace,  
 Out of the passion of the ioy I feele,  
 And tell the'a secret; but in any case,  
 As y'are a woman, do not it reueale.  
 One day, as I was fitting all alone,  
 In comes *Philotas* from a victory,  
 All blood and dust, yet iolly, hauing wonne 310  
 The glory of the day most gallantly:  
 And warm'd with honour of his good successe,  
 Relates to me the dangers he was in:  
 Whereat I wondring, blam'd his forwardnesse.  
 Faith wench, sayes he, thus must we fight, toyle, win,

To make that yong-man proud : thus is he borne  
 Vpon the wings of our deserts ; our blood  
 Sets him aboue himselfe, and makes him scorne  
 His owne, his country, and the authors of his good.  
 My father was the first that out from *Greece* 320  
 Shew'd him the way of *Asia*, set him on,  
 And by his proiect rais'd the greatest peece  
 Of this proud worke which now he treads vpon.  
*Parmenio* without *Alexander* much hath wrought,  
 Without *Parmenio*, *Alexander* hath done nought.  
 But let him vse his fortune whilst he may,  
 Times haue their change, we must not still be led.  
 And sweet *Antigona* thou mayst one day  
 Yet, blesse the houre t'haue knowne *Philotas* bed ;  
 Wherewith he sweetly kist me. And now deeme, 330  
 If that so great, so wise, so rare a man  
 Would, if he held me not in deare esteeme,  
 Haue vttred this t'a captiue Persian.  
 But *Thais* I may no longer stay, for feare  
 My Lord returne, and find me not within ;  
 Whose eyes yet neuer saw me any where  
 But in his chamber, where I should haue been :  
 And therefore *Thais* farewell.

*Tha.* Farewell *Antigona*.

Now haue I that, which I desired long, 340  
 Layd in my lap by this fond woman heere,  
 And meanes t'auenge me of a secret wrong  
 That doth concerne my reputation neere.  
 This gallant man, whom this foole in this wife  
 Vants to be hers, I must confesse t'haue lou'd,  
 And vi'd all th'engins of these conquering eyes,  
 Affections in his hie-built heart t'haue mou'd,

Yet neuer could : for what my labour seekes  
 I see is lost vpon vaine ignorance,  
 Whil'st he that is the glory of the Greekes, 350  
 Virtues vpholder, honours countenance,  
 Out of this garnish of his worthy parts  
 Is fall'n vpon this foolish Persian,  
 To whom his secrets grauely he imparts ;  
 Which she as wisely keepe and gouerne can.  
 Tis strange to see the humour of these men,  
 These great aspiring spirits, that should be wise ;  
 We women shall know all : for now and then,  
 Out of the humour of their iollities,  
 The smoake of their ambition must haue vent, 360  
 And out it comes what racks should not reueale :  
 For this her humour hath so much of windè,  
 That it will burst it selfe if too close pent ;  
 And none more fit than vs their wisdomes finde,  
 Who will for loue or want of wit conceale.  
 For being the nature of great spirits, to loue  
 To be where they may be most eminent ;  
 And rating of themselues so farre aboue  
 Vs in conceit, with whom they do frequent,  
 Imagine how we wonder and esteeme 370  
 All that they do or say ; which makes them striue  
 To make our admiration more extreme :  
 Which they suppose they cannot, 'lesse they giue  
 Notice of their extreme and highest thoughts :  
 And then the opinion, that we loue them too,  
 Begets a confidence of secrecy ;

l. 358, 'now' from <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, accepted for '23 'how' : l. 359, *Ibid.* 'their' for 'these.'

Whereby what euer they intend to doo,  
We shall be fure to know it presently.

But faith, I scorne that such a one as she,  
A filly wittied wench, should haue this grace 380  
To be preferr'd and honor'd before me,  
Hauing but only beauty, and a face.  
I that was euer courted by the great  
And gallant'ft Peeres and Princes of the East,  
Whom *Alexander* in the greatest state  
The earth did euer see him, made his guest.  
There where this tongue obtainèd for her merit  
Eternity of Fame : there where these hands  
Did write in fire the glory of my spirit,  
And set a trophy that for euer stands : 390  
*Thais* action with the Grecian acts shall be  
Inregistred alike. *Thais*, she that fir'd  
The stateliest palace th'earth did euer see ;  
*Darius* house, that to the clouds aspir'd :  
She is put backe behinde *Antigona*.

But soone *Philotas* shall his error see,  
Who thinkes that beauty best, mens passions fits  
For that they vse our bodies, not our wits :  
And vnto *Craterus* will I presently,  
And him acquaint with all this whole discourse, 400  
Who, I am fure, will take it well of vs :  
For these great Minions, who with enuius eie  
Looke on each others greatnesse, will be glad,  
In such a case of this importancy,  
To haue th'aduantage that may here be had.

## CHORVS.

*WE as the Chorus of the vulgar, stand*  
*Spectators heere, to see these great men play*  
*Their parts both of obedience and command,*  
*And censure all they do, and all they say.* 410  
*For though we be esteem'd but ignorant,*  
*Yet are we capable of truth, and know*  
*Where they do well, and where their actions want*  
*The grace that makes them proue the best in show.*  
*And though we know not what they do within,*  
*Where they attire, their mysteries of State,*  
*Yet know we by th'euent, what plots haue beene,*  
*And how they all without do personate,*  
*We see who well a meaner part became,*  
*Faile in a greater, and disgrace the same.* 420  
*We see some worthy of aduancement deem'd,*  
*Saue when they haue it: some againe haue got*  
*Good reputation, and beene well esteem'd*  
*In place of greatnesse, which before were not.*  
*We see affliction act a better scene*  
*Than prosperous fortune which hath marr'd it cleane.*  
*We see that all which we haue praisd in some,*  
*Haue only beene their fortune, not desart:*  
*Some warre haue grac'd, whom peace doth ill become,*  
*And lustfull ease hath blemisht all their part.* 430  
*We see Philotas acts his goodnesse ill,*  
*And makes his passions to report of him*  
*Worse than he is: and we do feare he will*  
*Bring his free nature to b'intrapt by them.*  
*For sure there is some engin closely laid*  
*Against his grace and greatnesse with the King:*

*And that vnlesse his humors proue more staid,  
We soone shall see his vtter ruining.*

*And his affliction our compassion drawes,  
Which still looks on mens fortunes, not the cause.* 440

ACTVS II. SCENA I.

*Alexander, Ephestion, Craterus.*

*Alexander.*

**E** *Phestion*, thou doest *Alexander* loue,  
*Craterus*, thou the King : yet both you meet  
 In one selfe point of loyalty and loue,  
 And both I find like carefull, like discreet ;  
 Therefore my faithfull<sup>st</sup> Counsellers, to you  
 I must a weighty accident impart,  
 Which lies so heauy, as I tell you true 450  
 I finde the burthen much t'oppreffe my hart.

Ingratitude and stubburne carriage,  
 In one of whom my loue deferu'd respect,  
 Is that which moues my passion into rage,  
 And is a thing I ought not to neglect.

You see how I *Philotas* raised haue  
 Aboue his ranke, his Peeres, beyond his terme ;  
 You see the place, the offices I gaue,  
 As th'earnest of my loue to binde his firme :  
 But all, he deeming rather his defarts, 460  
 Than the effects of my grace any way,  
 Beginnes to play most peremptory parts,  
 As fitter to controule than to obey.  
 And I haue beene inform'd, he fosters too  
 The faction of that home-bent cowardize,

1. 446; 'one' from <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, accepted for 'on' of '23.



That would run backe from glory, and vndoo  
 All the whole wonder of our enterprize ;  
 And one day to our selfe prefumes to write,  
 (Seeming our stile and title to abraid,  
 Which th'oracles themselues held requisite, 470  
 And which not I, but men on me haue laid)  
 And sayd he pitied those who vnder him should liue,  
 Who held himselfe the sonne of *Iupiter*.  
 Alas good man, as though what breath could giue  
 Could make mine owne thoughts other than they are !  
 I that am Arbitrer betwixt my heart  
 And their opinion, know how it stands within,  
 And finde that my infirmities take part  
 Of that same frailty other men liue in.  
 And yet, what if I were dispos'd to winke 480  
 At th'entertain'd opinion spred so farre,  
 And rather was content the world should thinke  
 Vs other than we are, than what we are ?  
 In doing which, I know I am not gone  
 Beyond example, seeing that maiesty  
 Needs all the props of admiration  
 That may be got, to beare it vp on hie ;  
 And much more mine, which but eu'n now begun  
 By miracles of fortune, and our worth,  
 Needs all the complements to rest vpon  
 That reu'rence and opinion can bring forth ; 490  
 Which this wise man conceiues not, and yet takes  
 Vpon him to instruct vs what to do.  
 But these are but the flourishes he makes  
 Of greater malice he is bent vnto :

l. 469, 'obrayd' <sup>1</sup>, 'obraid' <sup>2</sup> : l. 483, 'than' of <sup>2</sup> corrects 'that' of <sup>23</sup> ;  
 'then' <sup>1</sup>.

For fure, me thinkes, I view within his face  
 The map of change and innouation :  
 I fee his pride contented with no place,  
 Vnlesse it be the throne I fit vpon.

*Epheft.* Had I not heard this from your sacred  
 tongue,

Deare Souereigne, I would neuer haue beleueed 501  
*Philotas* folly would haue done that wrong  
 To his owne worth and th'honours he receiued :  
 And yet me thought, of late, his carriage  
 In fuch exceeding pompe and gallantry,  
 And fuch a world of followers, did preface  
 That he affected popularity,  
 Efpecially, fince for his feruice done  
 He was adiudg'd to haue the fecond place  
 In honour with *Antigonus*: which wonne 510  
 To fome th'opinion to be high in grace ;  
 Then his laft action, leading the right wing,  
 And th'ouerthrow he gaue, might hap inlarge  
 Th'opinion of himfelfe, confidering  
 Th'efpeciall grace and honour of his charge ;  
 Whereby perhaps in rating his owne worth,  
 His pride might vnder-value that great grace  
 From whence it grew, and that which put him forth,  
 And made his fortune futing to the place.  
 But yet I thinke he is not fo vnwife 520  
 Although his fortune, youth, and iollity  
 Makes him thus mad, as he will enterprife  
 Ought againft courfe, his faith, and loyalty :  
 And therefore, if your Grace did but withdraw  
 Thofe beames of fauour, which do daze his wits,

1. 497, 'inouacion' of <sup>1</sup> and 'innouation' of <sup>2</sup> corrects '23 'invocation.'

He would be soone reduc'd t'his ranke of aw,  
And know himselfe, and beare him as befits.

*Alex.* Withdraw our grace? and how can that be done,  
Without some fulliuation to ensue!

Can he be safe brought in, being so farre gone? 530  
I hold it not. Say *Craterus*, What thinke you?

*Cra.* Souereigne, I know the man: I finde his spirit;  
And malice shall not make me (I protest)  
Speake other than I know his pride doth merit:  
And what I speake, is for your interest,  
Which long ere this I would haue vttered,  
But that I fear'd your Maiesty would take,  
That from some priuate grudge it rather bred,  
Than out of care, for your deare sisters sake;  
Or rather, that I fought to crosse your Grace, 540  
Or, to confine your fauour within bounds:  
And finding him to hold so high a place  
In that diuine conceit which ours confounds;  
I thought the safest way to let it rest,  
In hope, that time some passage open would,  
To let in those cleere looks into that brest  
That doth but malice and confusion hold.  
And now I see you haue discern'd the man  
Whom (I protest) I hold most dangerous.  
And that you ought, with all the speede you can, 550  
Worke to repress a spirit so mutinous:  
For eu'n already he is swell'n so hie,  
That his affections ouerflow the brim  
Of his owne pow'rs, not able to deny  
Passage vnto the thoughts that gouerne him:  
For but eu'n now I heard a strange report,  
Of speeches he should vse t'his Curtizan;

Wanting what he had done, and in what fort  
 He labour'd to aduance that proud yong man.  
 (So terming of your sacred Maiefty) 560  
 With other such extrauagant discourse,  
 Whereof we shall attaine more certeinty  
 (I doubt not) shortly, and discry his course.  
 Meane while, about your person (I aduife)  
 Your Grace should call a more sufficient guard,  
 And on his actions set such wary eyes,  
 As may thereof take speciall good regard ;  
 And note what persons chiefly he frequents,  
 And who to him haue the most free acceffe ;  
 How he bestowes his time ; where he presents 570  
 The large reuenue of his bounteousnesse.  
 And for his wench that lies betwixt his armes,  
 And knowes his heart, I will about with her ;  
 She shalbe wrought t'apply her vsuall charmes,  
 And I will make her my discouerer.

*Alex.* This counsell (*Craterus*) we do well allow,  
 And giue thee many thanks for thy great care :  
 But yet we must beare faire, lest he should know  
 That we suspect what his affections are :  
 For that you see he holds a side of pow'r, 580  
 Which might perhaps call vp some mutiny :  
 His father, old *Parmenio*, at this howre  
 Rules *Medeæ* with no lesser pow'rs than I ;  
 Himselfe, you see, gallantly followed,  
 Holds next to vs a speciall gouernment ;  
*Cænus*, that with his sifter married,  
 Hath vnder him againe commandement ;  
*Amintas* and *Symanus*, his deare friends,  
 With both their honourable offices ;

And then the priuate traine that on them tends, 590  
 With all particular dependences,  
 Are motiues to aduise vs how to deale.

*Crat.* Your Grace saies true, but yet these clouds of  
 smoke

Vanish before the sun of that respect  
 Whereon mens long-inur'd affections looke  
 With such a natiue zeale, and so affect,  
 As that the vaine and shallow practises  
 Of no such giddy traytour (if the thing  
 Be tooke in time with due aduisednesse)  
 Shal the least shew of any fearing bring. 600

*Alex.* Well, then to thee (deare *Craterus*) I refer  
 Th'especiall care of this great bufinesse.

SCENA SECVNDA. *Philotas, Ceballinus, Seruus.*

*Ceballinus.*

**M**Y Lord, I here haue long attendance made,  
 Expecting to be call'd t'auouch my newes,  
*Phi.* In troth (my friend) I haue not found the King  
 At any leasure yet to heare the same.

*Ceb.* No, not at leasure to preuent his death?  
 And is the matter of no more import? 610  
 I'l try another. Yet me thinkes such men  
 As are the eyes and cares of Princes, should  
 Not weigh so light such an intelligence.

*Ser.* My Lord, the summe you willèd me to giue  
 The captaine that did visit you to day;  
 To tell you plaine, your coffers yeeld it not.

*Phi.* How if they yeeld it not? Haue I not then

Apparell, plate, iewels? Why fell them,  
And go your way, difpatch, and giue it him.

*Philotas* alone.

620

Me thinkes I find the King much chang'd of late,  
And vnto me his graces not fo great :  
Although they feeme in fhew all of one rate,  
Yet by the touch, I find them counterfet :  
For when I fpeake, although I haue his eare,  
Yet do I fee his mind is other where :  
And when he fpeakes to me, I fee he ftriues  
To giue a colour vnto what is not :  
For he muft think, that we, whose ftates, whose liues  
Depend vpon his Grace, learne not by rote 630  
T'obferue his aétions, and to know his trym.  
And though indeed Princes be manifold,  
Yet haue they ftill fuch eyes to wait on them,  
As are too piercing, that they can behold  
And penetrate the inwards of the heart,  
That no deuice can fet fo clofe a doore  
Betwixt their fhew and thoughts, but that their art  
Of fhadowing it, makes it appeare the more.  
But many, malicing my ftate of grace,  
I know no worke, with all the power they haue 640  
Vpon that eafie nature, to difplace  
My fortunes, and my aétions to deprauē.  
And though I know they feeke t'inclofe him in,  
And faine would locke him vp and chamber him,  
Yet will I neuer ftoppe, and feeke to win  
My way by them, that came not in by them ;

l. 619, '*Plutarch* in the life of *Alexander*' (in margin) : l. 629, 'whose'  
of <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, corrects '23 'who' : l. 637, 'shewes' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>.

And scorne to stand on any other feet  
 Than these of mine owne worth ; and what my plaine  
 And open actions cannot fairely get,  
 Baseness and smoothing them, shall neuer gaine. 650  
 And yet, I know, my presence and access  
 Clears all these mists which they haue rais'd before,  
 Though, with my backe, straight turnes that happiness,  
 And they againe blow vp as much or more.  
 Thus do we roule the stone of our owne toyle,  
 And men suppose our hell, a heauen the while.

SCENA III. *Craterus, Antigona.**Craterus.*

**A** *ntigona*, there is no remedy,  
 You needs must iustifie the speech you held 660  
 With *Thais*, who will your conference verifie,  
 And therefore now it can not be conceal'd.

*Ant.* O, my good Lord, I pray you vrge me not :  
*Thais* only of a cunning enuious wit,  
 Scorning a stranger should haue such a lot,  
 Hath out of her inuention forgèd it.

*Crat.* Why then, shall racks and tortures force thee  
 show  
 Both this and other matters which we know ?  
 Thinke therefore, if't were not a wiser part  
 T'accept of rest, rewards, preferment, grace, 670  
 And being perhaps, so beautilous as thou art,  
 Of faire election for a neerer place ;  
 To tell the truth, than to be obstinate,  
 And fall with the misfortune of a man,

Who, in his dangerous and concussed state,  
 No goode to thee, but ruine render can.  
 Refolue thee of this choice, and let me know  
 Thy minde at full, at my returning backe.

*Ant.* What shall I do, shall I betray my Loue,  
 Or die disgrac'd? What, do I make a doubt! 680  
 Betray my Loue? O heauenly pow'rs aboue  
 Forbid that such a thought should issue out  
 Of this confus'd brest: Nay rather first  
 Let tortures, death and horror do their worst.  
 But out alas, this inconsiderate tongue,  
 Without my hearts consent and priuity,  
 Hath done already this vnwilling wrong,  
 And now it is no wisdome to deny.  
 No wisdome to deny? Yes, yes, that tongue  
 That thus hath beene the traytour to my heart, 690  
 Shall either pow'rfully redeeme that wrong,  
 Or neuer more shall words of breath impart.  
 Yet, what can my deniall profit him,  
 Whom they perhaps, whether I tell or not,  
 Are purpos'd, vpon matters knowne to them,  
 To ruinate on some discouered plot?  
 Let them do what they will. Let not thy heart  
 Seeme to be accessary in a thought,  
 To giue the least aduantage of thy part,  
 To haue a part of shame in what is wrought. 700  
 O this were well, if that my dangers could  
 Redeeme his perill, and his grace restore;  
 For which, I vow, my life I render would,  
 If this poore life could satisfie therefore.  
 But tis not for thy honour to forsake  
 Thy Loue for death, that lou'd thee in this sort.



Alas, what notice will the world take  
 Of such respects in women of my fort ?  
 This act may yet put on so faire [a] coate  
 Vpon my foule profeſſion, as it may 710  
 Not bluſh t'appare with thoſe of cleaneſt note,  
 And haue as hie a place with fame as they.  
 What do I talke of fame ? Do I not ſee  
 This faction of my fleſh, my feares, my youth  
 Already entred ; and haue bent at me,  
 The ioyes of life, to batter downe my truth ?  
 O my ſubdued thoughts ! what haue you done ?  
 To let in feare, falſhood to my heart.  
 Whom though they haue ſurpriz'd, they haue not won ;  
 For ſtill my loue ſhall hold the deareſt part. 720  
*Crat. Antigona,* What, are you yet reſolu'd ?  
*Ant.* Reſolu'd, my Lord, t'endure all miſery ?  
*Crat.* And ſo be ſure you ſhall, if that b'your choice.  
*Ant.* What will you haue me do, my Lord, I am  
 Content to ſay what you will haue me ſay.  
*Crat.* Then come, go with me to *Alexander*.

## CHORVS.

*H* Ow doſt thou weare, and weary out thy dayes,  
*Reſtleſſe ambition, neuer at an end !*  
*Whoſe trauels no Herculean pillar ſtays,* 730  
*But ſtill beyond thy reſt thy labours tend :*  
*Above good fortune thou thy hopes doſt raiſe,*  
*Still climbing, and yet neuer canſt aſcend :*  
*For when thou haſt attaind vnto the top*  
*Of thy deſires, thou haſt not yet got vp.*

*That height of fortune either is controld  
 By some more pow'rfull ouerlooking eye,  
 (That doth the fulnesse of thy grace withhold)  
 Or counter-checkt with some concurrency,  
 That it doth cost farre more ado to hold* 740  
*The height attain'd, than was to get so hie ;*

*Where stand thou canst not, but with carefull toile,  
 Nor loose thy hold without thy vtter spoile.  
 There dost thou struggle with thine owne distrust,  
 And others ieaiousies, their counterplot,  
 Against some vnder-working pride, that must  
 Supplanted be, or els thou standest not,  
 There wrong is playd with wrong, and he that thrust  
 Downe others, comes himselfe to haue that lot.*

*The same concurssion doth afflict his brest* 750  
*That others shooke: oppression is oppress,*  
*That either happinesse dwells not so hie,  
 Or els aboue, whereto pride cannot rise :  
 And that the highst of mans felicity,  
 But in the region of affliction lies :  
 And that we climbe but vp to misery:  
 High fortunes are but high calamities.*

*It is not in that Sphere, where peace doth moue ;  
 Rest dwell's below it, happinesse aboue.  
 For in this height of fortune are imbred* 760  
*Those thundring fragors that affright the earth:  
 From thence haue all distemp'ratures their head,  
 That brings forth desolation, famine, dearth:  
 There certaine order is disordered :  
 And there it is confusion hath her birth.*

*It is that height of fortune doth vndoo  
 Both her owne quietnesse and others too.*

## ACTVS TERTIVS.

*Alexander, Metron, Ceballinus, Craterus, Perdiceas,  
Epheſtion.*

*Alexander.*

770

C Ome, *Metron* ſay, of whom haſt thou receiued  
Th'intelligence of this conſpiracy,  
Contriu'd againſt our perſon, as thou ſayſt,  
By *Dymnus* and ſome other of the Campe ?  
Is't not ſome vaine report borne without cauſe,  
That enuy or imagination drawes  
From priuate ends, to breed a publike feare,  
T'amuze the world with things that neuer were ?

*Met.* Here, may it pleaſe your Highneſſe is the man,  
One *Ceballinus*, that brought me the newes. 780

*Ceb.* O, *Alexander* ! I haue ſau'd thy life ;  
I am the man that haue reueal'd their plot.

*Alex.* And how cam'ſt thou to be inform'd thereof ?

*Ceb.* By mine owne brother, one *Nichomacus*,  
Whom *Dymnus*, chiefe of the conſpiratours,  
Acquainted with the whole of their intents.

*Alex.* How long ſince is it, this was told to thee ?

*Ceb.* About ſome three dayes, my ſouereigne Lord.

*Alex.* What, three dayes ſince ! and haſt thou ſo long  
kept 790

The thing conceal'd from vs, being of that weight ?  
Guard, Take and lay him preſently in hold.

*Ceb.* O, may it pleaſe your Grace, I did not keep  
The thing conceal'd one houre, but preſently  
Ran to acquaint *Philotas* therewithall,  
Suppoſing him a man, ſo neere in place,

Would best respect a case that toucht so neere ;  
 And on him haue I waited these two dayes,  
 Expecting t'haue beene brought vnto your Grace ;  
 And seeing him weigh it light, pretending that  
 Your Graces leasure seru'd not fit to heare, 800  
 I to the Master of your armoury  
 Addresst my selfe forthwith, to *Metron* here ;  
 Who, without making any more delay,  
 Prest in vnto your Grace, being in your bath ;  
 Locking me vp the while in th'armoury :  
 And all what I could shew reuealèd hath.

*Alex.* If this be so, then, fellow, I confesse,  
 Thy loyall care of vs was more than theirs,  
 Who had more reason theirs should haue bin more.  
 Cause *Dymnns* to be presently brought forth, 810  
 And call *Philotas* streight ; who, now I see,  
 Hath not deceiu'd me, in deceiuing me.  
 Who would haue thought one, whom I held so neere,  
 Would from my safety haue beene so farre off,  
 When most it should and ought import his care,  
 And wherein his allegiance might make prooffe  
 Of those effects my fauours had deseru'd,  
 And ought t'haue claim'd more duty at his hands  
 Than any of the rest ? But thus w'are seru'd,  
 When priuate grace out of proportion stands, 820  
 And that we call vp men from of[f] below,  
 From th'element of baser property ;  
 And set them where they may behold and know  
 The way of might, and worke of maiesty ;  
 VVhere see'ng those rayes, which being sent far off,  
 Reflect a heate of wonder and respect,  
 To faile neere hand, and not to shew that prooffe,

(The obieſt only working that effect)  
 Thinke (ſeeing themſelues, though by our fauour, ſet  
 VVithin the ſelfe ſame orbe of rule with vs) 830  
 Their light would ſhine alone, if ours were ſet ;  
 And ſo preſume t'obſcure or ſhadow vs.  
 But he ſhall know, although his neereneſſe hath  
 Not felt our heat, that we can burne him too ;  
 And grace that ſhines, can kindle vnto wrath ;  
 And *Alexander* and the King are two.  
 But here they bring vs *Dymnus*, in whoſe face  
 I ſee is guilt, deſpaire, horror, and death.

*Guar.* Yea, death indeed, for ere he could b'attach'd  
 He ſtabb'd himſelfe ſo deadly to the heart, 840  
 As tis impoſſible that he ſhould liue.

*Alex.* Say *Dymnus*, what haue I deſerud of thee,  
 That thou ſhouldeſt thinke worthier to be thy King,  
*Philotas*, than our ſelfe? hold, hold, he ſinks ;  
 Guard keepe him vp, get him to anſwer vs.

*Guar.* He hath ſpoke his laſt, h'wil neuer anſwer more.

*Alex.* Sorry I am for that, for now hath Death  
 Shut vs cleane out from knowing him within,  
 And lockt vp in his breaſt all the others hearts.  
 But yet this deed argues the truth in groſſe, 850  
 Though we be barr'd it in particular.

*Philotas*, are you come? Looke here, this man,  
 This *Ceballinus* ſhould haue ſuffred death,  
 Could it but haue beene prou'd he had conceal'd  
 Th'intended treaſon from vs theſe two dayes ;  
 Wherewith (he ſayes) he ſtreight acquainted thee.  
 Thinke, the more neere thou art about our ſelfe,  
 The greater is the ſhame of thine offence :  
 And which had beene leſſe foule in him than thee,

*Phil.* Renowmed Prince, for that my heart is cleere,  
Amazement cannot ouer cast my face, 861  
And I must boldly with th'assured cheere  
Of my vnguilty conscience, tell your Grace,  
That this offence (thus hapning) was not made  
By any the least thought of ill in me ;  
And that the keeping of it vnbeu'raid,  
Was, that I held the rumour vaine to be,  
Confidering some, who were accus'd, were knowne  
Your ancient and most loyall seruitours,  
And such, as rather would let out their owne 870  
Heart blood, I know, than once indanger yours.  
And for me then, vpon no certaine note,  
But on the brabble of two wanton youthes,  
T'haue tolde an idle tale, that would haue wrought  
In you distrust, and wrong to others truths,  
And to no end, but only to haue made  
My selfe a scorne, and odious vnto all.  
(For which I rather tooke the bait was layd,  
Than els for any treachery at all.)  
I must confesse, I thought the safest way 880  
To smoothen it a while, to th'end I might,  
If such a thing could be, some proofes bewray,  
That might yeeld probability of right ;  
Protesting that mine owne vnspotted thought  
A like beleefe of others truth did breed,  
Iudging no impious wretch could haue bin wrought  
T'imagine such a detestable deed.  
And therefore, O dread Souereigne, do not way  
*Philotas* faith by this his ouersight,  
But by his actions past, and only lay 890  
Error t'his charge, not malice or despight.

*Alex.* Well, loe, thou hast a fauourable Iudge,  
 When, though thou hast not pow'r to cleere thy blame,  
 Yet hath he pow'r to pardon thee the same ;  
 Which take not as thy right, but as his grace,  
 Since here the person alters not the case.  
 And here, *Philotas*, I forgiue the offence,  
 And to confirme the same, loe here's my hand.

*Phi.* O sacred hand, the witnesse of my life !  
 By thee I hold my safety as secure 900  
 As is my conscience free from treachery.

*Alex.* Well, go t'your charge, and looke to our affaires,  
 For we to morrow purpose to remoue. *Exit.*

*Alex.* In troth I know not what to iudge herein,  
 Me thinkes that man seemes surely cleere in this,  
 How euer otherwise his hopes haue beene  
 Transported by his vnaduisednesse :  
 It cannot be, a guilty conscience should  
 Put on so fure a brow ; or els by art  
 His lookes stand newtrall, seeming not to hold 910  
 Respondency of int'rest with his heart.  
 Sure, for my part, he hath diffolu'd the knot  
 Of my suspition, with so cleere a hand,  
 As that I thinke in this (what euer plot  
 Of mischiefe it may be) he hath no hand.

*Crat.* My Lord, the greater confidence he shewes,  
 Who is suspected, should be fear'd the more :  
 For danger from weake natures neuer growes ;  
 Who must disturbe the world, are built therefore.  
*He more is to be fear'd, that nothing feares,* 920  
*And malice most effects, that least appeares.*

Presumption of mens pow'rs as well may breed  
 Assurednesse, as innocency may ;

And mischief feldome but by trust doth speed;  
 Who Kings betray, first their beleefe betray.  
 I would your Grace had first conferr'd with vs,  
 Since you would needs such clemency haue shown,  
 That we might yet haue adui'd you thus,  
 That he his danger neuer might haue know'n.

*In faults wherein an after-shame will liue,* 930

*Tis better to conceale, than to forgiue :*

For who are brought vnto the blocke of death,  
 Thinke rather on the perill they haue past,  
 Than on the grace which hath preferu'd their breath;  
 And more their suffrings than their mercy tast:  
 He now to plot your danger still may liue,  
 But you his guilt not alwayes to forgiue.

Know, that a man so swoll'n with discontent,  
 No grace can cure, nor pardon can restore;  
 He knowes how those who once hath mercy spent, 940  
 Can neuer hope to haue it any more.

But say, that through remorse he calmer proue,  
 Will great *Parmenio* so attended on  
 With that braue army, fostred in his loue,  
 Be thankfull for this grace you do his sonne?  
 Some benefits are odious, so is this,  
 Where men are still asham'd to confesse  
 To haue so done, as to deserue to die;  
 And euer do desire, that men should gesse  
 They rather had receiu'd an iniury 950  
 Than life; since life they know in such a case  
 May be restor'd to all, but not to grace.

*Perd.* And for my part, my liege, I hold this minde,  
 That sure, he would not haue so much suppress  
 The notice of a treason in that kinde,



Vnlesse he were a party with the rest.  
 Can it be thought that great *Parmenios* sonne,  
 The generall commander of the horse,  
 The minion of the campe, the only one  
 Of secreet counsell, and of free recourse, 960  
 Should not in three dayes space haue found the King  
 At leasure t'heare three words of that import ;  
 Whil't he himselfe in idle lauishing  
 Did thousands spend t'aduanche his owne report ?

*Crat.* And if he gaue no credit to the youth,  
 Why did he two dayes space delay him then ?  
 As if he had beleeu'd it for a truth,  
 To hinder his addresse to other men.  
 If he had held it but a vaine conceit,  
 I pray why had he not dismist him streight ? 970  
 Men in their priuate dangers may be stout,  
 But in th'occasions and the feares of Kings  
 We ought not to be credulous, but doubt  
 The intimation of the vaineest things.

*Alex.* Well, howfoeuer, we will yet this night  
 Disport and banquet in vnusuall wife,  
 That it may seeme, we weigh this practise light,  
 How euer heavy, here, within it lies.  
 Kings may not know distrust, and though they feare,  
 They must not take acquaintance of their feare. 980

## SCENA II.

*Antigona, Thais.*

O Y'are a secreet counsell-keeper, *Thais* :  
 In troth I little thought you such a one.

*Tha.* And why, *Antigona*, what haue I done ?

*Ant.* You know ful-well, your conscience you  
bewraies.

*Tha.* Alas, good foule, would you haue me conceale  
That, which your selfe could not but needs reueale?  
Thinke you, another can be more to you,  
In what concernes them not, than you can be 990  
Whom it imports? Will others hold them true,  
When you proue false to your o[w]ne secrecy?  
But yet this is no wonder: for we see  
Wifer than we do lay their heads to gage  
For riotous expences of their tongues,  
Although it be a property belongs  
Especially to vs, and euery age  
Can shew strange prefidents what we haue been  
In cafes of the greatest plots of men;  
And t'is the Scene on this worlds stage we play, 1000  
Whose reuolution we with men conuert,  
And are to act our part as well as they,  
Though commonly the weakest, yet a-part.

For this great motion of a State we see  
Doth turne on many wheelles, and some (thogh smal)  
Do yet the greater moue, who in degree  
Stirre those who likewise turne the great'st of all.  
For though we are not wise, we see the wise  
By vs are made, or make vs parties still  
In actions of the greatest qualities 1010  
That they can manage, be they good or ill.

*Ant.* I cannot tell: but you haue made me doo  
That which must euermore afflict my heart.  
And if this be my wofull part, t'vndoo  
My dearest Loue, would I had had no part!  
How haue I filly woman sifted been,

Examin'd, tri'd, flatt' red, terrifi'd,  
 By *Craterus*, the cunningest of men ;  
 That neuer left me till I had descri'd  
 What euer of *Philotas* I had know'n ! 1020

*Tha.* What, is that all ? Perhaps I haue thereby  
 Done the[e] more good than thou canst apprehend.

*Ant.* Such good I rather you should get than I,  
 If that can be a good t'accuse my friend.

*Tha.* Alas, thy accusation did but quote  
 The margin of some text of greater note.

*Ant.* But that is more then thou or I can tell.

*Tha.* Yes, yes, *Antigona*, I know it well.  
 For be thou sure, that alwayes those who seeke  
 T'attacke the Lyon, so prouide, that still 1030  
 Their toyles be such, as that he shall not scape  
 To turne his rage on those that wrought his ill.

*Philotas* neither was so strong nor hie,  
 But malice ouerlookt him, and discride  
 Where he lay weake, where was his vanity,  
 And built her counter mounts vpon that side,  
 In such fort, as they would be sure to race  
 His fortunes with the engins of disgrace.

And now mayst thou, perhaps, come great hereby,  
 And gracious with his greatest enemy : 1040  
 For such men thinke, they haue no full successe,  
 Vnlesse they likewise gaine the mistresses  
 Of those they master, and succeed the place  
 And fortunes of their loues with equall grace.

*Ant.* Loues ! Out alas ! Loue such a one as he,  
 That seekes t'vndoo my Loue, and in him me ?

*Tha.* Tush, loue his fortunes, loue his state, his place,  
 What euer greatnesse doth, it must haue grace.

*Ant.* I weigh not greatnesse, I must please mine eye.

*Tha.* Th'eye nothing fairer sees than dignity. 1050

*Ant.* But what is dignity without our loue ?

*Tha.* If we haue that, we cannot want our loue.

*Ant.* Why, that giues but the out-side of delight :  
The day time ioy, what comfort hath the night ?

*Tha.* If pow'r procure not that, what can it do ?

*Ant.* I know not how that can b'attain'd vnto.

*Tha.* Nor will I teach thee, if thou know'st it not :  
Tis vaine, I see, to learne an Asian wit. *Exit.*

*Ant.* If this be that great wit, that learned skill,  
You Greeks professe, let me be foolish still, 1060  
So I be faithfull. And now, being here alone,  
Let me record the heauy notes of mone.

### SCENA III.

*Craterus, Ephestion, Clitus, &c.*

*Craterus.*

**M**Y Lords, you see the flexible conceit  
Of our indangered fouereigne : and you know  
How much his perill, and *Philotas* pride,  
Imports the State and vs ; and therefore now  
We either must oppose against deceit, 1070  
Or be vndone : for now hath time discride  
An open passage to his farthest ends ;  
From whence, if negligence now put vs backe,  
Returne we neuer can without our wracke.

And, good my Lords, since you conceiue as much,  
And that we stand alike, make not me prosecute  
The cause alone, as if it did but touch  
Only my selfe ; and that I did both breed

And vrge these doubts out of a priuate grieve.  
 Indeed, I know, I might with much more ease 1080  
 Sit still like others ; and if dangers come,  
 Might thinke to shift for one, as well as they :  
 But yet the faith, the duty, and respect  
 We owe both to our fouereigne and the State,  
 My Lords, I hold, requires another care.

*Eph.* My Lord, assure you we will take a time  
 To vrge a stricter count of *Dymnus* death.

*Crat.* My Lords, I say, vnlesse this be the time,  
 You will apply your phyficke after death.  
 You see the King inuited hath this night 1090  
*Philotas* with the rest, and entertaines  
 Him with as kinde an vsage (to our sight)  
 As euer : and you see the cunning straines  
 Of sweet insinuation, that are vs'd  
 T'assure the eare of grace with false reports :  
 So that all this will come to be excus'd  
 With one remoue ; one action quite transports  
 The Kings affections ouer to his hopes,  
 And sets him so beyond the due regard  
 Of his owne safety, as one enterprize 1100  
 May serue their turne, and may vs all surprize.

*Clit.* But now, since things thus of themselues breake  
 We haue aduantage to preuent the worst, [out,  
 And eu'ry day will yeeld vs more, no doubt ;  
 For they are sau'd, that thus are warn'd first.

*Crat.* So, my Lord *Clitus*, are they likewise warn'd  
 T'accelerate their plot, being thus bewrai'd.

*Clit.* But that they cannot now, it is too late :  
 For treason taken ere the birth, doth come  
 Abortiue, and her wombe is made her tombe. 1110

*Crat.* You do not know how farre it hath put forth  
The force of malice, nor how farre is spred  
Already the contagion of this ill.

*Clit.* Why then there may some one be tortured  
Of those whom *Ceballinus* hath reueal'd,  
Whereby the rest may be discouered.

*Crat.* That one must be *Philotas*, from whose head  
All this corruption flowes ; take him, take all.

*Clit.* *Philotas* is not nam'd, and therefore may  
Perhaps not be acquainted with this plot. 1120

*Crat.* That, his concealing of the plot bewraies :  
And if we do not cast to find him first,  
His wit (be sure) hath layd so good a ground,  
As he will be the last that will be found.

*Clit.* But if he be not found, then in this case  
We do him more, by iniuring his grace.

*Crat.* If that he be not found t'haue dealt in this,  
Yet this will force out some such thoughts of his,  
As will vndoo him : for you feldome see  
Such men arraign'd, that euer quitted be. 1130

*Eph.* Well, my Lord *Craterus*, we will moue his  
Grace  
(Though it be late) before he take his rest,  
That some course may be taken in this case :  
And God ordaine, it may be for the best. *Exeunt.*

### CHORVS.

*S*E how these great men cloath their priuate hate  
In those faire colours of the publike good ;  
And to effect their ends, pretend the State,  
As if the State by their affections stood :

*And arm'd with pow'r and Princes iealousies,* 1140  
*Will put the least conceit of discontent*  
*Into the greatest ranke of treacheries,*  
*That no one action shall seeme innocent:*  
*Yea, valour, honour, bounty, shall be made*  
*As accessaries vnto ends vniust:*  
*And euen the seruice of the State must lade*  
*The needfull'st vndertakings with distrust.*

*So that base vilenesse, idle luxury*  
*Seeme safer farre, than to do worthily.*  
*Suspition full of eyes, and full of eares,* 1150  
*Doth thorow the tincture of her owne conceit*  
*See all things in the colours of her feares,*  
*And truth it selfe must looke like to deceit;*  
*That what way s'euer the suspected take,*  
*Still enuy will most cunningly forelay*  
*The ambush of their ruine, or will make*  
*Their humors of themselves to take that way.*

*But this is still the fate of those that are*  
*By nature or their fortunes eminent,*  
*Who either carried in conceit too farre,* 1160  
*Do worke their owne or others discontent,*  
*Or els are deemed fit to be suppress,*  
*Not for they are, but that they may be ill;*  
*Since States haue euer had far more vnrest*  
*By spirits of worth, then men of meaner skill;*  
*And find, that those do alwayes better proue,*  
*Wh' are equall to imployment, not aboue.*  
*For selfe-opinion would be seene more wise,*  
*Than present counsels, customes, orders, lawes:*  
*And to the end to haue them otherwise,* 1170  
*The Common-wealth into combustion drawes,*

*As if ordaind t'imbroile the world with wit,  
As well as grosnesse, to dishonour it.*

ACTVS IIIII. SCENA I. *Attaras, Sostratus.*

*Sostratus.*

**C**AN there be such a sudden change in Court  
As you report? Is it to be beleeu'd,  
That great *Philotas*, whom we all beheld  
In grace last night, should be arraign'd to day?

*Att.* It can be: and it is as I report: 1180  
For states of grace are no sure holds in Court.

*Soft.* But yet tis strange they should be ouerthrow'n  
Before their certeine forfeitures were know'n.

*Att.* Tush, it was breeding long, though suddenly  
This thunder-cracke comes but to breake out now.

*Soft.* The time I waited, and I waited long,  
Vntill *Philotas*, with some other Lords,  
Depart the Prefence, and as I conceiu'd,  
I neuer saw the King in better mood,  
Nor yet *Philotas* euer in more grace: 1190  
Can such stormes grow, and yet no clouds appeare?

*Att.* Yea, court stormes grow, when skies there seeme  
It was about the deepest of the night, [most cleare.  
The blackest houre of darknesse and of sleepe,  
When, with some other Lords, comes *Craterus*,  
Falles downe before the King, intreates, implores,  
Coniures his Grace, as euer he would looke  
To saue his person and the State from spoile,  
Now to preuent *Philotas* practises;  
Whom they had plainly found to be the man 1200  
Had plotted the destruction of them all.



The King would faine haue put them off to time  
 And farther day, till better proofes were knowne :  
 Which they perceiuing, preft him ftill the more,  
 And reinforc'd his dangers and their owne ;  
 And neuer left him till they had obtain'd  
 Commiffion t'apprehend *Philotas* ftreight.

Now, to make feare looke with more hideous face,  
 Or els, but to beget it out of forme,  
 And carefull preparations of diftruff ; 1210  
 About the Palace men in armour watch,  
 In armour men about the King attend ;  
 All paffages and iffues were forelayd  
 With horfe, t'interrupt what euer newes  
 Should hence breake out into *Parmenios* campe.  
 I, with three hundred men in armour charg'd,  
 Had warrant to attach and to commit  
 The perfon of *Philotas* prefently :  
 And comming to his lodging where he lay,  
 Found him imburied in the foundeft sleepe 1220  
 That euer man could be ; where neither noyfe  
 Of clattering weapons, or our rufhing in  
 With rude and trampling rumour, could diffolue  
 The heauy humours of that drowfie brow ;  
 Which held perhaps his fences now more faft,  
 As loth to leaue, becaufe it was the laft.

*Soft.* Attaras, what can treason sleepe fo found ?  
 Will that lowd hand of Horror that ftill beats  
 Vpon the guilty confcience of diftruff  
 Permit it t'haue fo refolute a reft ? 1230

*Att.* I cannot tell : but thus we found him there,  
 Nor could we (I affure you) waken him,  
 Till thrice I call'd him by his name, and thrice

Had shooke him hard ; and then at length he wakes :  
 And looking on me with a fetled cheere,  
 Deare friend *Attaras*, what's the newes ? (sayd he)  
 What vp so foone, to hasten the remoue,  
 Or raif'd by some alarme or some distrust ?  
 I told him, that the King had some distrust :  
 VVhy, what will *Nabarzanes* play (sayth he) 1240  
 The villaine with the King, as he hath done  
 Already with his miserable Lord ?  
 I secing he would not or did not vnderstand  
 His owne distresse, told him the charge I had :  
 Wherewith he rose, and rising v<sup>r</sup>d these words ;  
 O *Alexander* ! now I see my foes  
 Haue got aboute thy goodnesse, and preuail'd  
 Against my innocency and thy word.  
 And as we then inchain'd and fettred him,  
 Looking on that base furniture of shame ; 1250  
 Poore body (sayd he) hath so many alarme  
 Raif'd thee to blood and danger from thy rest,  
 T'inuest thee with this armour now at last ?  
 Is this the seruice I am call'd to now ?

But we, that were not to attend his plaints,  
 Couering his head with a disgracefull weed,  
 Tooke and conuai'd him suddenly to ward ;  
 From whence he shalbe instantly brought forth,  
 Here to b'arraign'd before the King ; who sits  
 (According to the Macedonian vse) 1260  
 In cases capitall, himselfe as Iudge.

*Soft.* Well, then I see, who are so high aboute,  
 Are neere to lightning, that are neere to *Ioue*.

1. 1257, 'to warde' of <sup>1</sup> and 'to ward' of <sup>2</sup> correct—'toward' of '23.

## SCENA SECVNDA.

*Alexander, with all his Councell, the dead body of Dymnus, the Reuealers of the conspiracy, Philotas.*

THE hainous treason of some few had like  
 T'haue rent me from you, worthy souldiers ;  
 But by the mercy of th'immortall Gods  
 I liue, and ioy your fight, your reuerend fight ; 1270  
 Which makes me more t'abhor those paricides,  
 Not for mine owne respect, but for the wrong  
 You had receiued, if their designe had stood ;  
 Since I desire but life to do you good.

But how will you be mou'd, when you shall know  
 Who were the men that did attempt this shame !  
 When I shall shew that which I grieue to shew,  
 And name such, as would God I could not name !  
 But that the foulness of their practise now  
 Blots out all memory of what they were : 1280  
 And though I would suppress them, yet I know  
 This shame of theirs will neuer but appeare.

*Parmenio* is the man ; a man (you see)  
 Bound by so many merits both to me  
 And to my father, and our ancient friend ;  
 A man of yeeres, experience, grauity ;  
 Whose wicked minister *Philotas* is ;  
 Who here *Dimetrius*, *Luculaus*, and  
 This *Dymnus*, whose dead body heere you see,  
 With others, hath suborn'd to slaughter me. 1290

And here comes *Metron* with *Nichomacus*,  
 To whom this mured wretch at first reueal'd  
 The proiect of this whole conspiracy,  
 T'auere as much as was disclof'd to him.

*Nichomachus*, Looke heere, aduise thee well,  
What, dost thou know this man that here lies dead?

*Nic.* My Souereigne Lord, I know him very well:  
It is one *Dymnus*, who did three dayes since  
Bewray to me a treason practisèd  
By him and others, to haue slaine your Grace. 1300

*Alex.* Where or by whom, or when did he report,  
This wicked act should be accomplishèd?

*Nic.* He sayd, within three daies your Maiesty  
Should be within your chamber murdered  
By speciall men of the Nobility;  
Of whom he many nam'd, and they were these:  
*Loceus*, *Demetrius*, and *Archelopis*,  
*Nicanor*, and *Amintas*, *Luculens*,  
*Droceas*, with *Aphebætus*, and himselfe.

*Mac.* Thus much his brother *Ceballinus* did 1310  
Reueale to me from out this youths report.

*Ceb.* And so much, with the circumstance of all,  
Did I vnto *Philotas* intimate.

*Alex.* Then, what hath been his mind, who did  
The information of so foule a traine, [suppresse  
Your selues, my worthy souldiers, well may gesse,  
Which *Dymnus* death declares not to be vaine.

Poore *Ceballinus* not a moment staves  
To redischarge himselfe of such a weight;  
*Philotas* carelesse, fearelesse, nothing weighes, 1320  
Nor ought reueales. His silence shewes deceit,  
And tels he was content it should be done:  
Which, though he were no party, makes him one.

For he that knew vpon what pow'r he stood,  
And saw his fathers greatnesse and his owne,

l. 1308, '23 misprints 'Amentas,' as before. 'Amyntas' in <sup>1</sup>, 'Amintas' in <sup>2</sup>.

Saw nothing in the way, which now withstood  
 His vast desires, but only this my crowne ;  
 Which in respect that I am issuleffe,  
 He thinks the rather easie to b'attain'd.  
 But yet *Philotas* is deceiu'd in this ; 1330  
 I haue who shall inherit all I gain'd.  
 In you I haue both children, kindred, friends ;  
 You are the heires of all my purchases,  
 And whil'st you liue I am not issuleffe.

And that these are not shadowes of my feares  
 (For I feare nought but want of enemies)  
 See what this intercepted letter beares,  
 And how *Parmenio* doth his sonnes aduise.  
 This shewes their ends. Hold, reade it *Craterus*.  
*Crat. reads it. My sonnes, first haue a speciall care vnto*  
*your selues,* 1340

*Then vnto those which do depend on you :*  
*So shall you do what you intend to do.*

*Alex.* See but how close he writes, that if these lines  
 Should come vnto his sonnes, as they are sent,  
 They might encourage them in their designs ;  
 If enterpriz'd, might mocke the ignorant.  
 But now you see what was the thing was meant,  
 You see the fathers care, the sonnes intent.

And what if he, as a conspirator,  
 Was not by *Dymnus* nam'd among the rest ? 1350  
 That shewes not his innocency, but his pow'r,  
 Whom they account too great to be suppress,  
 And rather will accuse themselues than him :  
 For that whil'st he shall liue, there's hope for them.  
 And how h'hath borne himselfe in priuate fort,  
 I will not stand to vrge, it's too well knowne ;

Nor what hath beene, his arrogant report,  
 T'imbase my actions, and to brag his owne ;  
 Nor how he mockt my letter which I wrote :  
 To shew him of the stile bestow'd on me, 1360  
 By th'Oracle of *Ioue*. These things I thought  
 But weakneses, and words of vanity,  
 (Yet words that read the vlcers of his heart)  
 Which I suppress ; and neuer ceast to yeeld  
 The chiefe rewards of worth, and still compart  
 The best degrees and honors of the field,  
 In hope to win his loue ; yet now at length,  
 There haue I danger where I lookt for strength ;  
 I would to God my blood had rather beene  
 Powr'd out, the offering of an enemy, 1370  
 Than practiz'd to be shed by one of mine,  
 That one of mine should haue this infamy.  
 Haue I beene so referu'd from feares, to fall  
 There where I ought not to haue fear'd at all !  
 Haue you so oft aduif'd me to regard  
 The safety which you saw me running from,  
 When with some hote pursute I press'd hard  
 My foes abroad ; to perish thus at home !

But now, that safety only rests in you,  
 Which you so oft haue wisht me looke vnto : 1380  
 And now vnto your bosomes must I flye,  
 Without whose will I will not wish to liue :  
 And with your wils I cannot, 'lesse I giue  
 Due punishment vnto this treachery.

*Amin.* Attaras, bring the hatefull prisoner forth ;  
 This traytor, which hath sought t'vndoo vs all ;  
 To giue vs vp to slaugh[t]er, and to make  
 Our bloode a scorene, here in this barbarous land ;

That none of vs should haue returnèd backe  
 Vnto our natiue country, to our wiues, 1390  
 Our aged parents, kindred, and our friends :  
 To make the body of this glorious host  
 A most deformèd trunke without a head,  
 Without the life or soule to guide the fame.

*Cæn.* O thou base traytor, impious paricide,  
 Who mak'st me loath the blood that matcht with thine;  
 And if I might but haue my will, I vow,  
 Thou should'st not die by other hand than mine.

*Alex.* Fie, *Cænus*, what a barbarous course is this :  
 He first must to his accusation plead, 1400  
 And haue his triall, formall to our lawes ;  
 And let him make the best of his bad cause.

*Philotas*, here the Macedonians are,  
 To iudge your fact, what language wilt thou vse ?

*Phi.* The Persian language, if it please your Grace :  
 For that, beside the Macedonians, here  
 Are many that will better vnderstand,  
 If I shall vse the speech your grace hath vs'd ;  
 Which was, I hold, vnto no other end,  
 But that the most men here might vnderstand. 1410

*Alex.* See how his natiue language he disdaines !  
 But let him speake at large, as he desires ;  
 So long as you remember he doth hate,  
 Besides the speech, our glory and the State. *Exit.*

*Phi.* Blacke are the colours layd vpon the crime,  
 Wherewith my faith stands charg'd, my worthy Lords ;  
 That as behind in fortune so in time,  
 I come too late to cleere the same with words :  
 My condemnation is gone out before  
 My innocency and my iust defence ; 1420

And takes vp all your hearts, and leaues no doore  
 For mine excuse to haue an enterance ;  
 That destitute of all compaffion, now,  
 Betwixt an vpright conscience of defart  
 And an vniust disgrace, I know not how  
 To fatisfie the time, and mine owne heart.  
 Authority lookes with so sterne an eye  
 Vpon this wofull bar, and must haue still  
 Such an aduantage ouer misery,  
 As that it will make good all that it will. 1430

He who should onely iudge my cause, is gone ;  
 And why he would not stay, I do not see,  
 Since when my cause were heard, his pow'r alone  
 As well might then condemne as set me free.  
 Nor can I by his absence now be clear'd,  
 Whose presence hath condemn'd me thus vnheard.  
 And though the grieuance of a prisoners toong  
 May both superfluous and disgracefull seeme,  
 Which doth not sue, but shewes the Iudge his wrong :  
 Yet pardon me, I must not difesteeme 1440  
 My rightfull cause for being despi'd, nor must  
 Forake my selfe, though I am left of all.  
 Feare cannot make my innocency vniust  
 Vnto it selfe, to giue my truth the fall.  
 And I had rather (seeing how my fortune drawes)  
 My words should be deformed than my cause.

I know that nothing is more delicate  
 Than is the sense and feeling of a State :  
 The clap, the bruit, the feare but of a hurt  
 In King's behalfe, thrusts with that violence 1450  
 The subiects will, to prosecute report,  
 As they condemne ere they discerne th'offence.



*Eph. Philotas*, you deceiue your felfe in this  
 That thinke to win compassion and beliefe  
 B'impugning iustice, and to make men geffe  
 We do you wrong out of our heat of grieffe ;  
 Or that our place or passion did lay more  
 On your misfortune, then your owne desert ;  
 Or haue not well discern'd your fact before ;  
 Or would without due proofs your state subuert. 1450

These are the vsuall theames of traytors tongues,  
 Who practise mischiefs, and complaine of wrongs ;  
 Your treasons are too manifestly knowne,  
 To maske in other liuery then their owne.

*Crat.* Thinke not, that we are set to charge you here  
 With bare suspitions, but with open fact,  
 And with a treason that appeares as cleare  
 As is the sun, and know'n to be your act.

*Phi.* What is this treason ? who accuses me ?

*Crat.* The proesse of the whole conspiracy. 1460

*Phi.* But where's the man that names me to be one ?

*Crat.* Here, this dead traytor shewes you to be one

*Phi.* How can he, dead, accuse me of the same,  
 Whom, liuing, he nor did, nor yet could name ?

*Crat.* But we can other testimony shew,  
 From those who were your chiefeft complices.

*Phi.* I am not to b'adiudg'd in law, you know,  
 By testimony, but by witnessees.

Let them be here produc'd vnto my face,  
 That can auouch m'a party in this case.  
 My Lords, and fellow Souldiers, if of those  
 Whom *Dymnus* nominated, any one

1. 1448, 'than' : 1. 1454, *ibid.* : 1. 1468, '*Non testimonijs sunt testibus*'  
 (in margin).

Out of his tortures will a word disclose  
 To shew I was a party, I haue done.  
 Thinke not so great a number euer will  
 Endure their torments, and themselues accuse,  
 And leaue me out ; since men in such a case, still  
 Will rather slander others than excuse.  
 Calamity malignant is, and he  
 That suffers iustly for his guiltinesse  
 Eases his owne affliction but to see  
 Others tormented in the same distresse.  
 And yet I feare not whatsoeuer they  
 By rackes and tortures can be forst to say.  
 Had I beene one, would *Dymnus* haue conceal'd  
 My name, being held to be principall ?  
 Would he not for his glory haue reueal'd  
 The best to him, to whom he must tell all ?  
 Nay, if he falsly then had nam'd me one,  
 To grace himselfe, must I of force be one ?

1480

1490

Alas, if *Ceballinus* had not come to me,  
 And giuen me note of this conspiracy,  
 I had not stood here now, but beene as free  
 From question, as I am [from] treachery :  
 That is the only cloud that thundereth  
 On my disgrace. Which had I deem'd true,  
 Or could but haue diuin'd of *Dymnus* death,  
*Philotas* had, my Lords, sat there with you.  
 My fault was, to haue beene too credulous :  
 Wherein I shew'd my weaknesse, I confesse.

1500

*Crat.* *Philotas*, what, a Monarch, and confesse  
 Your imperfections, and your weaknesse ?

*Phi.* O *Craterus*, do not insult vpon calamity ;  
 It is a barberous grosnesse, to lay on

The weight of scorne, where heauy misery  
 Too much already weighs mens fortunes downe :  
 For if the cause be ill I vndergo,  
 The law, and not reproch, must make it so.

*Cæn.* There's no reproch can euer be too much  
 To lay on traytors, whose deserts are such. 1510

*Phi.* Men vse the most reproches, where they feare  
 The cause will better proue than they desire.

*Cæn.* But sir, a traytors cause that is so cleare  
 As this of yours, will neuer neede that feare.

*Phi.* I am no traytor, but suspected one  
 For not beleeuing a conspiracy :  
 And meere suspect, by law, condemmeth none ;  
 They are approued facts for which men die.

*Crat.* The law, in treasons, doth the will correct  
 With like seuerenesse as it doth th'effect : 1520  
 Th'affection is the essence of th'offence ;  
 The execution only but the accident ;  
 To haue but will'd it, is to haue done the same.

*Phi.* I did not erre in will, but in beliefe :  
 And if that be a traytor, then am I the chiefe.

*Crat.* Yea, but your will made your beliefe consent  
 To hide the practise till th'accomplishment.

*Phi.* Beliefe turns not by motions of our will,  
 And it was but the euent that made that ill.  
 Some facts men may excuse, though not defend, 1530  
 Where will and fortune haue a diuers end.  
 Th'exemple of my father made me feare  
 To be too forward to relate things heard ;  
 Who writing to the King, wisht him forbear  
 The potion his Physitian had prepar'd :

l. 1535, 'potions' for 'portions' (misprint).

For that he heard *Darius* tempted had  
 His faith, with many talents, to be vntrue :  
 And yet his drugs in th'end not prouing bad,  
 Did make my fathers care seeme more than due :  
 For oft, by an vntimely diligence, 1540  
 A busie faith may giue a Prince offence.  
 So that, what shall we do ? If we reueale  
 We are despis'd ; suspected if conceale.  
 And as for this, where euer now thou be,  
 O *Alexander*, thou hast pardon'd me :  
 Thou hast already giuen me thy hand,  
 The earnest of thy reconcilèd heart ;  
 And therefore now O let thy goodnesse stand  
 Vnto thy word, and be thou as thou wert.  
 If thou beleeu'dst me, then I am absolu'd ; 1550  
 If pardon'd me, my fetters are dissolu'd.  
 What haue I els deseru'd since yester night ;  
 When at thy table I such grace did find ?  
 What hainous crime hath since beene brought to light,  
 To wrong my faith, and to diuert thy mind ?  
 That from a restfull, quiet, most profound  
 Sleeping, in my misfortunes made secure  
 Both by thy hand and by a conscience found,  
 I must be wak't for gyues, for robes impure ;  
 For all disgrace that on me wrath could lay ; 1560  
 And see the worst of shame, ere I saw day ;  
 When I least thought that others cruelty  
 Should haue wrought more than thine owne clemency ?

*Crat. Philotas*, whatsoeuer gloffe you lay  
 Vpon your rotten cause, it is in vaine :  
 Your pride, your carriage, euer did bewray

l. 1559, 'gyues' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, for '23 'giues'—accepted.

Your discontent, your malice, and disdaine :  
 You cannot palliat mischiefe, but it will  
 Th'row all the fairest couerings of deceit  
 Be alwayes seene. We know those streames of ill 1570  
 Flow'd from that head that fed them with conceit.  
 You foster malecontents ; you entertaine  
 All humors ; you all factions must embrace ;  
 You vaunt your owne exployts ; and you disdaine  
 The Kings proceedings, and his stile disgrace ;  
 You promise mountaines, and you draw men on,  
 With hopes of greater good than hath been seene ;  
 You bragg'd of late, that something would be done  
 Whereby your Concubine should be a Queene.  
 And now we see the thing that should be done ; 1580  
 But, God be prais'd, we see you first vndone.

*Phi.* Ah, do not make my nature if it had  
 So pliable a sterne of disposition,  
 To turne to euery kindnesse, to be bad,  
 For doing good to men of all condition.  
 Make not your charity to interpret all  
 Is done for fauour, to be done for shew,  
 And that we, in our bounties prodigall,  
 Vpon our ends, not on mens needs bestow.  
 Let not my one dayes error make you tell, 1590  
 That all my life-time I did neuer well ;  
 And that because this falles out to be ill,  
 That what I did, did tend vnto this ill.  
 It is vniust to ioyne t'a present fact  
 More of time past, than it hath euer had  
 Before to do withall, as if it lackt  
 Sufficient matter els to make it bad.  
 I do confesse indeed I wrote something

Against this title of the sonne of *Ioue*,  
 And that not of the King, but to the King 1600  
 I freely vs'd these words out of my loue :  
 And thereby hath that dangerous liberty  
 Of speaking truth, with trust on former grace,  
 Betrai'd my meaning vnto enmity,  
 And draw'n an argument of my disgrace :  
 So that I see, though I speake what I ought,  
 It was not in that manner as I ought.

And God forbid, that euer souldiers words  
 Should be made liable vnto misdeeds ;  
 When fainting in their march, tir'd in the fight, 1610  
 Sicke in their tent, stopping their wounds that bleeds ;  
 Or haut and iolly after conquest got,  
 They shall out of their heate vse words vnkinde ;  
 Their deeds deferue, to haue them rather thought  
 The passion of the season, than their minde :  
 For souldiers ioy, or wrath, is measurelesse,  
 Rapt with an instant motion : and we blame,  
 We hate, we prayse, we pity in excesse,  
 According as our present passions frame.  
 Sometimes to passe the Ocean we would faine, 1620  
 Sometimes to other worlds, and sometimes slacke  
 And idle, with our conquests, entertaine  
 A fullen humor of returning backe :  
 All which conceits one trumpets sound doth end,  
 And each man running to his ranke doth lose  
 What in our tents dislikt vs, and we spend  
 All that conceiuèd wrath vpon our foes.  
 And words, if they proceede of leuity,  
 Are to be scorn'd, of madnesse, pitied ;

1. 1612, 'haut' of <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, = proud, corrects '23 'haue.'

If out of malice or of iniury, 1630  
 To be remifs'd or vnacknowledgèd :  
 For of themfelues, they vanifh by difdaine,  
 But if purfude, they will be thought not vaine.

*Crat.* But words, according to the perfon, way ;  
 If his defignes are haynous, fo are they :  
 They are the tinder of fedition ftill,  
 Wherewith you kindle fires, inflame mens will.

*Phi. Craterus*, you haue th'aduantage of the day  
 The law is yours, to fay what you will fay :  
 And yet doth all your glosse but beare the fence 1640  
 Only of my misfortune, not offence.

Had I pretended mifchiefe to the King,  
 Could not I haue effected it without  
*Dymnus* ? Did not my free acceffe bring  
 Continuall meanes t'haue brought the fame about ?  
 Was not I, fince I heard the thing difcride,  
 Alone, and arm'd, in priuate with his Grace ?  
 What hindred me, that then I had not tride  
 T'haue done that mifchiefe, hauing time and place ?

*Crat. Philotas*, euen the Prouidence aboue, 1650  
 Proteétrefse of the fared ftate of Kings ;  
 That neuer fuffers treachery to haue  
 Good counsell ; neuer in this cafe but brings  
 Confufion to the aétors ; did vndo  
 Your hearts in what you went about to do.

*Phi.* But yet defpaire, we fee, doth thruft men on,  
 Se'ing no way els, t'vndo ere be vndon.

*Crat.* That fame defpaire doth likewise let me[n] fall  
 In that amaze, they can do nought at all.

*Phi.* Well, well, my Lords, my feruice hath made  
 know'n 1660

The faith I owe my Souereigne, and the State ;  
*Philotas* forwardnesse hath euer shew'n  
 Vnto all nations, at how high a rate  
 I priz'd my King, and at how low my blood,  
 To do him honour and my country good. [are ;

*Eph.* We blame not what y'haue been, but what you  
 We accuse not here your valour, but your fact ;  
 Not to haue beene a leader in the warre,  
 But an ill subiect in a wicked act ;  
 Although we know, thrust rather with the loue 1670  
 Of your owne glory, than with duty lead,  
 You haue done much ; yet all your courses proue  
 You tide still your atchieuements to the head  
 Of your owne honour, when it hath beene meet  
 You had them layd downe at your Souereignes feet.  
 God giues to Kings the honour to command,  
 To subiects, all their glory to obey ;  
 Who ought in time of war as rampiers stand,  
 In peace as th'ornaments of State aray.

The King hath recompens'd your seruices 1680  
 With better loue than you shew thankfulnessse.  
 By grace he made you greater than you were  
 By nature, you receiu'd that which he was not tide  
 To giue to you : his gift was far more decree  
 Than all you did, in making you imployd.  
 But say your seruice hath deseru'd it all,  
 This one offence hath made it odious all :  
 And therefore here in vaine you vse that meane,  
 To plead for life, which you haue cancell'd cleane.

*Phi.* My Lord, you far mistake me, if you deeme  
 I plead for life ; that poore weake blast of breath, 1690



From which so oft I ran with light esteeme,  
 And so well haue acquainted me with death :  
 No, no, my Lords, it is not that I feare ;  
 It is mine honour that I seeke to cleare ;  
 And which, if my disgracèd cause would let  
 The language of my heart be vnderstood,  
 Is all which I haue euer fought to get,  
 And which,—O leaue me now, and take my blood ;  
 Let not your enuy go beyond the bound 1700  
 Of what you seeke : my life stands in your way ;  
 That is your ayme, take it ; and do not wound  
 My reputation with that wrong, I pray.  
 If I must needs be made the sacrifice  
 Of enuy, and that no oblation will  
 The wrath of Kings, but only blood, suffice,  
 Yet let me haue some thing left that is not ill.  
 Is there no way to get vnto our liues,  
 But first to haue our honour ouerthrowne ?  
 Alas, though grace of Kings all greatnesse giues, 1710  
 It cannot giue vs vertue, that's our owne.  
 Though all be theirs our hearts and hands can do,  
 Yet that by which we do is only ours.  
 The trophees that our blood erects vnto  
 Their memory, to glorifie their pow'rs,  
 Let them enioy : yet onely to haue done  
 Worthy of grace, let not that be vndone ;  
 Let that high swelling riuer of their fame  
 Leaue humble streames, that feed them yet their name.  
 O my deare father, didst thou bring that spirit, 1720  
 Those hands of vallour, that so much haue done  
 In this great worke of *Asia*, this to merit,

l. 1692, 'oft' from <sup>1,2</sup>, is dropped by '23.

By doing worthily, to be vndone ?  
 And hast thou made this purchase of thy sword,  
 To get so great an Empire for thy Lord,  
 And so disgrac'd a graue for thee and thine,  
 T'extinguish by thy seruice all thy line ?

One of thy sonnes by being too valourous,  
 But fūe dayes since,—yet O well,—lost his breath ;  
 Thy dear *Nicanor* th'halfe arch of thy house ; 1730  
 And here now the other at the barre of death,  
 Stands ouercharg'd with wrath in far worfe case  
 And is to be confounded with disgrace ;  
 Thy selfe must giue th'acquittance of thy blood,  
 For others debts, to whom thou hast done good :  
 Which, if they would a little time afford,  
 Death would haue taken it without a sword.  
 Such the rewards of great imployments are,  
 Hate killes in peace, whom Fortune spares in warre.  
 And this is that high grace of Kings we seeke, 1740  
 Whose fauour and whose wrath consumes alike.

*Eph.* Lo here the misery of Kings, whose cause  
 How euer iust it be, how euer strong,  
 Yet in respect they may, their greatnesse drawes  
 The world to thinke they euer do the wrong.  
 But this foule fact of yours, you stand vpon  
*Philotas*, shall, beside th'apparency  
 Which all the world sees plaine, ere we haue done  
 By your owne mouth be made to fatisfie  
 The most stiffe partialist that will not see. 1750

*Phi.* My mouth will neuer proue so false (I trust)  
 Vnto my heart, to shew it selfe vniust ;  
 And what I here do speake, I know, my Lords,  
 I speake with mine owne mouth, but other where

What may be sayd, I say, may be the words  
 Not of my breath, but fame that oft doth erre ;  
 Let th'oracle of *Ammon* be inquir'd  
 About this fact ; who, if it shall be true,  
 Will neuer suffer those who haue conspir'd  
 Against *Ioues* sonne, t'escape without their due, 1760  
 But will reueale the truth : or if this shall  
 Not seeme conuenient, why then lay on all  
 The tortures that may force a tongue to tell  
 The secret<sup>st</sup> thought that could imagine ill.

*Bel.* What need we fend to know more than we know ?  
 That were to giue you time to acquaint your friends  
 With your estate, till some combustion grow  
 Within the campe, to hasten on your ends,  
 And that the gold and all the treasury  
 Committed to your fathers custody 1770  
 In *Medea*, now might arme his desp'rat troup  
 To come vpon vs, and to cut our throats.  
 What, shall we aske of *Ioue*, that which he hath  
 Reueal'd already ? But let's fend to giue  
 Thanks, that by him the King hath scap't the wrath  
 Of thee, disloyall traytor, and doth liue.

*Guar.* Let's teare the wretch in pieces, let vs rend  
 With our owne hands the traitrous paricide.

*Alex.* Peace, *Belon*, silence, louing souldiers :  
 You see, my Lords, out of your iudgements graue, 1780  
 That all excuses sickly colours haue,  
 And he that hath thus false and faithlesse beene  
 Must find out other gods and other men  
 Whom to forswear, and whom he may deceiue ;  
 No words of his can make vs more beleue

l. 1778, 'traitrous' of <sup>1</sup> and 'traytrous' <sup>2</sup> corrects '23 'traytors.'

His impudence : and therefore, seeing tis late,  
We, till morning, do dismisſe the Court.

ACTVS. V. CHORVS : Græcian and Perfian.

Perfian.

*Well, then I ſee there is ſmall difference* 1790  
*Betwixt your ſtate and ours, you ciuill Greeks,*  
*You great contriuers of free governments;*  
*Whoſe ſkill the world from out all countries ſeeks.*  
*Thoſe whom you call your Kings, are but the ſame*  
*As are our Souereigne tyrants of the Eaſt ;*  
*I ſee they only differ but in name,*  
*The effects they ſhew, agree, or neere at leaſt.*  
*Your great men here, as our great Satrapæes,*  
*I ſee layd proſtrate are with baſeſt ſhame,*  
*Vpon the leaſt ſuſpect or iealouſies* 1800  
*Your Kings conceiue, or others enuies frame ;*  
*Only herein they differ, That your prince*  
*Proceeds by forme of law t'effect his end ;*  
*Our Perfian Monarch makes his frowne conuince*  
*The ſtrongeſt truth : his ſword the proceſſe ends*  
*With preſent death, and makes no more ado :*  
*He neuer ſtands to giue a gloſſe vnto*  
*His violence, to make it to appeare*  
*In other hew than that it ought to beare,*  
*Wherein plaine dealing beſt his courſe commends :* 1810  
*For more h'offends who by the law offends.*  
*What need hath Alexander ſo to ſtrive*  
*By all theſe ſhewes of forme, to find this man*  
*Guilty of treaſon, when he doth contriue*  
*To haue him ſo adiudg'd? Do what he can,*

*He must not be acquit, though he be cleere,  
Th'offender, not th'offence, is punisht heere,  
And what auailles the fore-condemn'd to speake ?  
How euer strong his cause, his state is weake.*

*Græ. Ah, but it satisfies the world, and we* 1820  
*Thinke that well done which done by law we see.*

*Per. And yet your law serues but your priuate ends,  
And to the compasse of your pow'r extends :  
But is it for the maiesty of Kings,  
To sit in iudgement thus themselues, with you ?*

*Græ. To do men iustice, is the thing that brings  
The greatest maiesty on earth to Kings.*

*Per. That, by their subalternate ministers  
May be perform'd as well, and with more grace :  
For, to command it to be done, infers* 1830  
*More glory than to do. It doth imbase  
Th'opinion of a pow'r t'invulgar so  
That sacred presence, which should neuer go,  
Neuer be seene, but euen as gods, below,  
Like to our Persian King in glorious show ;  
And who, as starres affixèd to their spheare,  
May not descend to be from what they are.*

*Græ. Where Kings are so like gods, there subiects are  
not men.*

*Per. Your king begins this course, and what will you  
be then ?*

*Græ. Indeed since prosperous fortune gaue the raine  
To head-strong pow'r and lust, I must confesse,* 1841  
*We Græcians haue lost deeply by our gaine,  
And this our greatnesse makes vs much the lesse :  
For by th'accession of these mighty States,  
Which Alexander wonderously hath got,*

*He hath forgot himselfe and vs, and rates  
His state aboue mankind, and ours at nought.  
This hath thy pompe (O feeble Asia) wrought ;  
Thy base adorings hath transform'd the King  
Into that shape of pride, as he is brought 1850  
Out of his wits, out of acknowledging  
From whence the glory of his greatnesse springs,  
And that it was our swords that wrought these things.  
How well were we within the narrow bounds  
Of our sufficient yeelding Macedon,  
Before our Kings inlarg'd them with our wounds,  
And made these fallies of ambition !  
Before they came to giue the regall law  
To those free States which kept their crownes in aw !  
They by these large dominions are made more, 1860  
But we become far weaker than before.  
What get we now by winning, but wide minds  
And weary bodies, with th'expence of blood ?  
What should ill do, since happy fortune findes  
But misery, and is not good though good ?  
Action begets still action, and retaines  
Our hopes beyond our wishes, drawing on  
A neuer ending circle of our paines,  
That makes vs not haue done, when we haue done.  
What can giue bounds to Alexanders ends, 1870  
Who counts the world but small, that call's him great ?  
And his desires beyond his pray distends,  
Like beasts, that murder more than they can eat !  
When shall we looke his trauels will be done,  
That 'tends beyond the Ocean and the Sunne ?  
What discontentments will there still arise  
In such a Campe of Kings, to inter-shocke*

*Each others greatnesse ; and what mutinies  
 Will put him from his comforts, and will mocke  
 His hopes, and neuer suffer him to haue 1880  
 That which he hath of all which Fortune gaue ?  
 And from Philotas blood (O worthy man)  
 Whose body now rent on the torture lies,  
 Will flow that vaine of fresh conspiracies,  
 As ouerflow him will, do what he can :  
 For cruelty doth not imbetter men,  
 But them more wary makes than they haue been.*

*Per. Are not your great men free from tortures then ?  
 Must they be likewise rackt as other men ?*

*Græ. Treason affoords a priuiledge to none ; 1890  
 Who like offends hath punishment all one.*

SCENA II. *Polidamas, Sostratus.*

*Polidamas.*

**F**riend *Sostratus*, come, haue you euer know'n  
 Such a distracted face of Court, as now ?  
 Such a distrustfull eye, as men are grow'n  
 To feare themselues, and all ; and do not know  
 Where is the fide that shakes not ; who looks best  
 In this foule day, th'oppressor or th'opprest ?  
 What posting, what dispatches, what aduice ! 2000  
 What search, what running, what discoueries !  
 What rumors, what suggestions, what deuice  
 To cleere the King, please people, hold the wife,  
 Re[f]t[r]aine the rude, crush the suspected sort  
 At vnawares, ere they discerne th'are hurt !  
 So much the fall of such a weighty Peere  
 Doth shake the State, and with him tumble downe

All whom his beames of fauours did vpbeare,  
 All who to rest vpon his bafe were knowne :  
 And none, that did but touch vpon his loue, 2010  
 Are free from feare to perifh with his loue.  
 My felf (whom all the world haue know'n t'imbrace  
*Parmenio* in th'intireneffe of my heart,  
 And euer in all battels, euery chace  
 Of danger, fought ftill next him on that part)  
 Was feazed on this laft night, late in my bed  
 And brought vnto the prefence of the King,  
 To pay (I thought) the tribute of my head :  
 But O 'twas for a more abhorred thing !  
 I muft redeeme my danger with the blood 2020  
 Of this deare friend, this deare *Parmenio's* blood ;  
 His life muft pay for mine, thefe hands muft gore  
 That worthy heart for whom they fought before.

*Soft.* What, hath the King commanded fuch a deed,  
 To make the hearts of all his fubiefts bleed ?  
 Muft that old worthy man *Parmenio* die ?

*Pol.* O *Sostratus*, he hath his doome to die,  
 And we muft yeeld vnto neceffity.  
 For comming to the King, and there receiu'd  
 With vnexpected grace, he thus began : 2030  
*Polidamas*, we both haue beene deceiu'd,  
 In holding friendship with that faithleffe man  
*Parmenio*, who, for all his glozing mine,  
 Thou feeft hath fought to cut my throat and thine ;  
 And thou muft worke reuenge for thee and me :  
 And therefore haft to *Media* fpeedily,  
 Take thefe two letters here, the one from me  
 Vnto my fure and truftey feruants there,

1. 2023, 'for' of 1, 2 corrects '23 'from.'



The other signèd with *Philotas* seale,  
 As if the same t'his father written were: 2040  
 Carry them both, effect what I haue sayd ;  
 The one will giue th'accesse, the other ayd.  
 I tooke the letters, vow'd t'effect the same :  
 And here I go the instrument of shame.

*Soft.* But will you charge your honor with this  
 shame ?

*Pol.* I must, or be vndone, with all my name :  
 For I haue left all th'adamantine ties  
 Of blood and nature, that can hold a heart  
 Chain'd to the wor[l]d; my brethren and allies,  
 The hostages to caution for my part : 2050  
 And for their liues must I dishonour mine ;  
 Els should the King rather haue turn'd this sword  
 Vpon my heart, than forst it impiously,  
 (Hauing done all faire seruice to his Lord,  
 Now to be imploy'd in this foule villany).

Thus must we do who are inthrall'd to Kings,  
 Whether they will iust or vnlawfull things.  
 But now *Parmenio* ; O, me thinkes I see  
 Thee walking in th'artificiall groue  
 Of pleasant *Sufis*, when I come to thee, 2060  
 And thou remembring all our ancient loue,  
 Hastes to imbrace me, saying, O my friend,  
 My deare *Polidamas*, welcome my friend :  
 Well art thou come, that we may fit and chat  
 Of all the old aduentures we haue run.  
 Tis long *Polidamas* since we two met ;  
 How doth my souereigne Lord, how doth my son ?  
 When I vile wretch, whil't m'answere he attends  
 With this hand giue the letter ; this hand ends

His speaking ioy, and stabb's him to the heart. 2070  
 And thus *Parmenio* thou rewarded art  
 For all thy seruice : thou that didst agree  
 For *Alexander* to kill *Attalus*,  
 For *Alexander* I must now kill thee.  
 Such are the iudgements of the heauenly pow'rs :  
 We others ruines worke, and others ours.

*Cho. P.* Why this is right, now *Alexander* takes  
 The course of pow'r ; this is a Persian tricke.  
 This is our way, here publike triall makes  
 No doubtfull noise, but buries clamor quicke. 2080

*Græ.* Indeed now *Persia* hath no cause to rue,  
 For you haue vs vndone, who vndid you.

# N V N C I V S .

*T*His worke is done, the sad Catastrophe  
 Of this great act of blood is finisht now,  
*Philotas ended hath the Tragedy.*

*Cho.* Now my good friend, I pray thee tell vs how.

*Nun.* As willing to relate, as you to heare :  
 A full-charg'd heart is glad to find an eare.

*The Councell being dismiss'd from hence, and gone, 2090*  
*Still Craterus plies the King, still in his eare,*  
*Still whispering to him priuatly alone,*  
*Vrging (it seem'd) a quicke dispatch of feare :*  
*For they who speake but priuatly to Kings,*  
*Do seldome speake the best and fittest things.*  
*Some would haue had him forthwith ston'd to death,*  
*According to the Macedonian course,*  
*But yet that would not satisfie the breath*  
*Of busie rumour, but would argue force :*

*There must be some confessions made within,* 2100  
*That must abroad more satisfaction win ;*  
*Craterus, with Cænus and Ephestion*  
*Do mainly vrge to haue him tortured ;*  
*Whereto the King consents ; and thereupon*  
*They three are sent to see't accomplishèd.*  
*Racks, irons, fires, the grisely torturers*  
*Are hideously prepar'd before his face :*  
*Philotas all vn mou'd, vnchang'd appeares,*  
*As if he would deaths ouglieft brow out-face,*  
*And scorn'd the worst of force, and askt them, Why* 2110  
*They sta'd to torture the Kings enemy ?*

*Cho. That part was acted well, God grant we heare*  
*No worse a Scene than this, and all goes cleare :*  
*So should worth act, and they who dare to fight*  
*Against corrupted times, should die vpright ;*  
*Such hearts Kings may dissolue, but not defeat.*  
*A great man where he falles he should lie great ;*  
*Whose ruine, like the sacred carcases*  
*Of scattred Temples which still reuerent lie,*  
*And the religious honour them no lesse* 2120  
*Than if they stood with all their gallantry :*  
*But on with thy report.*

*Nun. Straight were hot irons appli'd to sere his*  
*flesh ;*  
*Then wresting racks his comly body straine ;*  
*Then iron whips, and then the racke afresh ;*  
*Then fire againe, and then the whips againe ;*  
*Which he endures with so resolu'd a looke,*  
*As if his mind were of another side*  
*Than of his body ; and his sence forsooke*  
*The part of nature, to be wholly tide* 2130

*To honour ; that he would not once consent  
So much as with a sigh t'his punishment.*

*Cho. Yet doth he like himselfe, yet all is well,  
This argument no tyrant can refell ;  
This plea of resolution winnes his cause  
More right than all, more admiration drawes :  
For we loue nothing more, than to renowne  
Men stoutly miserable, highly downe.*

*Nun. But now ?*

*Cho. We feare that But. O, if he ought descend,  
Leaue here, and let the Tragedy here end. 2141  
Let not the least aēt now of his, at last,  
Marre all his aēt of life, and glory past.*

*Nun. I must tell all, and therefore giue me leaue :  
Swoll'n with raw tumors, vlcered with the ierks  
Of iron whips, that flesh from bone had raz'd,  
And no part free from wounds ; it erks  
His soule to see the house so foule defast,  
Wherein his life had dwelt so long time cleane,  
And therefore craues he, they would now dismisse 2150  
His grievous tortures, and he would begin  
To open all wherein h'had done amisse.  
Streight were his tortures ceast : and after they  
Had let him to recouer sense, he sayd,  
Now Craterus, Say what you will haue me say :  
Wherewith, as if deluded or delaid,  
Craterus in wrath calles presently againe  
To haue the tortures to be reapplied :  
When, whatsoeuer secret of his heart  
Which had beene fore-conceiu'd but in a thought, 2160  
What friend soeuer had but tooke his part*

*In common loue h'accus'd ; and so forgot  
 Himselfe, that now he was more forward to  
 Confesse, than they to vrge him thereunto ;  
 Whether affliction had his spirits vndone,  
 Or seeing, to hide or vtter, all was one ;  
 Both wayes lay death : and therefore he would vie  
 Now to be sure to say enough to die ;  
 And then began his fortunes to deplore,  
 Humbly besought them whom he scorn'd before ;      2170  
 That Alexander (where he stood, behind  
 A Trauers, out of sight) was heard to speake :  
     I neuer thought, a man that had a mind  
     T'attempt so much, had had a heart so weake !  
     There he confest, that one Hegelochus,  
 When first the King proclaim'd himselfe Ioues sonne,  
 Incens'd his fathers heart against him thus,  
 By telling him, That now we were vndone,  
 If we endur'd, that he, which did disdain  
 To haue beene Philips sonne, should liue and raigne.  
 He that aboue the state of man will straine      2181  
 His stile, and will not be that which we are,  
 Not only vs contemnes, but doth disdain  
 The gods themselues, with whom he would compare.  
 We haue lost Alexander, lost (said he)  
 The King, and fall'n on pride and vanity ;  
 And we haue made a god of our owne blood,  
 That glorifies himselfe, neglects our good.  
 Intolerable is this impious deed  
 To gods, whom he would match, to men he would exceed.  
     Thus hauing ouer night Hegelochus,      2191  
 Discours'd, my father sends next day  
 For me to heare the same : and there to vs*

*All he had sayd to him he made him resay,  
 Supposing, out of wine, the night before,  
 He might but idly raue. When he againe,  
 Far more inrag'd, in heat and passion more,  
 Vrg'd vs to cleere the State of such a staine ;  
 Coniur'd vs to redeeme the Common-weale,  
 And do like men, or els as men conceale.* 2200

*Parmenio thought, whil'st yet Darius stood,  
 This course was out of season, and thereby  
 Th'extinguishing of Alexanders blood  
 Would not profit vs, but th'others pow'rs  
 Might make all th'Orient and all Asia ours.  
 That course we lik't, to that our counsell stands,  
 Thereto we tide our oaths and gaue our hands.  
 And as for this, he said, for Dymnus plot,  
 Though he were cleere, yet now he cleer'd him not.  
 And yet the force of racks at last could do 2210  
 So much with him, as he confest that too,  
 And sayd, that fearing Baëtra would detaine  
 The King too long, he hast'ned on his ends,  
 Lest that his father, Lord of such a traine  
 And such a wealth, on whom the whole depends,  
 Should, being aged, by his death preuent  
 These his designes, and frustrate his intent.*

*Cho. O would we had not heard his latter iarre :  
 This all his former straines of worth doth marre.  
 Before this last, his spirits [stout] commends, 2220  
 But now he is unpitied of his friends.*

*Nun. Then was Demetrius likewise brought in place,*

l. 2214, In <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, here, the following margin note is added—"Dum inficiatus est facinus crudeliter torqueri qui videbatur post confessionem Philotas ne amicorum quidem misericordiam meruit."

*And put to torture, who denies the deed.  
 Philotas he auerres it to his face ;  
 Demetrius still denies. Then he espide  
 A youth, one Calin, that was standing by :  
 Calin, sayd he, how long wilt thou abide  
 Demetrius vainly to auouch a lie ?*

*The youth, that neuer had beene nam'd before  
 In all his tortures gaue them cause to gesse 2230  
 Philotas car'd not now to utter more  
 Than had beene priuy to his practises.  
 And seeing they had as much as they desir'd,  
 They with Demetrius ston'd him vnto death :  
 And all whom Dymnus nam'd to haue conspir'd,  
 With grieuous tortures now must lose their breath :  
 And all that were alli'd, which could not flie,  
 Are in the hands of iustice now to die.*

*Cho. What, must the punishment arriue beyond  
 Th'offence ? not with th'offender make an end ? 2240*

*Nun. They all must die who may be fear'd in time  
 To be the heires vnto their kindreds crime.  
 All other punishments end with our breath,  
 But treason is pursu'd beyond our death.*

*Cho. The wrath of Kings doth seldome measure keepe ;  
 Seeking to cure bad parts they lance too deepe.  
 When punishment, like lightning should appeare,  
 To few mens hurt but vnto all mens feare.  
 Great elephants and lions murder least ;  
 Th'ignoble beast is the most cruell beast. 2250  
 But all is well, if by the mighty fall  
 Of this great man, the King be safely freed :  
 But if this Hydra of ambition shall  
 Haue other heads to spring vp in his steed,*

*Then hath he made but way for them to rise,  
 Who will assault him with fresh treacheries.  
 The which may teach vs to obserue this straine,  
 To admire high hill's, but liue within the plaine.*

---

### *The Apology.*

THE wrong application, and misconceiuing of this 2260  
 Tragedy of *Philotas*, vrges me worthy Readers,  
 to answere for mine innocency, both in the choice of  
 the subiect, and the motiues that long since induced me  
 to write it ; which were first the delight I tooke in the  
 History it selfe as it lay, and then the aptnesse, I saw it  
 had, to fall easily into act, without interlacing other  
 inuention then it properly yeelded in the owne circum-  
 stances; which were sufficient for the worke, and a lawfull  
 representing of a Tragedy. Besides, aboue eight yeares  
 since, meeting with my deare friend D. *Laterware*, 2270  
 (whose memory I reuerence) in his Lords Chamber and  
 mine, I told him the purpose I had for *Philotas* ; who  
 sayd that himselfe had written the same argument,  
 and caused it to be presented in S<sup>t</sup>. *Johns* Colledge in  
*Oxford* ; where as I after heard, it was worthily and  
 with great applause performed. And though, I sayd,  
 he had therein preuented me, yet I would not desist,  
 whensoever my Fortunes would giue me peace, / to try  
 what I could doe in the same subiect ; wherevnto both  
 hee, and who were present, encouraged me as to an 2280



example worthy of note. And liuing in the Country, about foure yeares fince, and neere halfe a yeare before the late Tragedy of ours, (whereunto this is now moſt ignorantly reſembled) vnfortunately fell out heere in *England*, I began the ſame, and wrote three Acts thereof,—as many to whom I then ſhewed it can witneſſe,—purpoſing to haue had it preſented in Bath by certaine Gentlemens ſonnes, as a priuate recreation for the Chriſtmas, before the Shrouetide of that vnhappy diſorder. But by reaſon of ſome occaſion then falling 2290 out, and being called vpon by my Printer for a new impreſſion of my workes, with ſome additions to the ciuill Warres, I intermitted this other ſubieſt. Which now lying by mee, and driuen by neceſſity to make uſe of my pen, and the Stage to bee the mouth of my lines, which before were neuer heard to ſpeake but in ſilence, I thought the repreſenting ſo true a Hiſtory, in the ancient forme of a Tragedy, could not but haue had an vnreproueable paſſage with the time, and the better fort of men; ſeeing with what idle fictions, and groſſe follies, 2300 the Stage at this day abuſed mens recreations. And withall taking a ſubieſt that lay (as I thought), ſo farre from the time, and ſo remote a ſtranger from the climate of our preſent courſes, I could not imagine that Enuy or Ignorance could poſſibly haue made it, to take any particular acquaintance with vs, but as it hath a generall alliance to the frailty of greatneſſe, and the vſuall workings of ambition, the perpetuall ſubieſts of bookes and Tragedies.

And for *Philotas*, it is plaine, that his fathers great- 2310 neſſe opened firſt the way to *Alexanders* ſuſpition and the enuy of the Nobility, and then his owne vanting

with dispising the new title conferred by the Oracle of *Ammon* vpon the King, begat the notion of his dislike of the State ; and indeede *Alexanders* drawing a pedegree from Heauen, with assuming the *Persian* magnificence, was the cause that withdrew many, the hearts of the Nobility and people from him ; and by *Philotas* owne confession, was that which gaue a purpose to him and his father to haue subuerted the King, 2320 when he had establihed *Asia*, and freed them from other feares.

And this concealing of the treason reuealed vnto him, howsoever he excused it, shewed how much his heart was alienated from his allegiancy. Which being by *Ephestion* and *Craterus*, two the most graue and worthy Councillors of *Alexander* prouidently discerned, was prosecuted in that manner, as became their neer-nessse and deerenessse with their Lord and Maister, and fitting the safety of the State, in the case of so great an 2330 aspirer : Who, had he not beene preuented (howsoever popularly in the Army it might be otherwise deemed) he had no doubt turned the course of the gouernment vpon his father or himselfe, or else imbroyling it, made it a monstrous body with many heads, as it afterwards proued vpon the death of *Alexander*. For though the affection of the multitude (whom he did mignion)—and who, as I sayd, lookes still vpon mens fortunes not the cause,—discerned not his ends ; nor peraduenture himselfe, that knew not how large they might be, nor how 2340 much his heart would hold, nor of what capacity would be his ambition, if occasion were offered : Yet some more cleere-sighted, as if rayfed by a diuine prouidence to put off that State, till the full period of dissolution,

(which after followed) was come, saw well, to how he straine he had set his hopes by his affected carriage. And *Craterus*, who so wisely pursued this businesse, is deemed to haue bene one of the most honest men that euer followed *Alexander* in all his actions, and one that was true vnto him euen after his death. And for any 2350 resemblance, that thorough the ignorance of the History may be applied to the late Earle of *Essex*, it can hold in no proportion but only in his weaknesse, which I would wish all that loue his memory not to reuiue. And for mine owne part, hauing bene perticularly beholding to his bounty, I would to God his errors and disobedience to his Souereigne, might be so deepe buried vnderneath the earth, and in so low a tombe from his other parts, that hee might neuer be remembred among the examples of 2360 disloyalty in this Kingdome, or paraleld with Forreine Conspirators.

\* \*  
\*

SAM. DANIEL.

FINIS.

l. 2268, 'we' I have corrected by 'which': l. 2314, 'and' by 'the,' and also removed . (period) after 'Ammon': l. 2345, removed ) after 'come' and placed it after 'followed': l. 2346, 'straine' for 'staine': l. 2352, removed . (period) after 'Essex': l. 2355, 'part' for 'parts': and l. 2357, 'be' for 'by.' See 'Memorial-Introduction—Biographical' in Vol. I.; also 'Memorial-Introduction—Critical,' for further notices of this 'Apology.'

G.



III.

THE VISION OF THE TWELVE  
GODDESSES.

1604.

NOTE.

A *unique* exemplar of the first edition of the present 'Shew' or Mask, is in the Bodleian (Malone 201), The following is the title-page :—

THE  
VISION OF  
the 12. Goddeffes, presented in a  
Maske the 8. of Ianuary, at  
*Hampton Court :*

*By the Queenes most excellent Maiestie, and  
her Ladies.*



LONDON

Printed by T. C. for *Simon Waterfon*, and are  
to be sold at his Sop [*sic*] in Pauls Church-  
yard, at the Signe of the  
Crowne. 1604.

I deemed it well personally to collate the text of the 4to of 1623 with the above. The result has been seven little corrections of misprints. I note these.—The 4to of 1623 (l. 40) repeats 'to *Proserpina* riches, to *Macaria* felicitie,' and misspells 'Marcaria' in the first; l. 45 drops 'it': l. 78 misreads 'the' for 'their'; l. 94 drops 'with'; l. 148 misprints 'lonatus'; l. 166, 'protend' for 'portend'; l. 187, 'wherein' for 'therein.' Opposite, as usual, is the title-page of 1623. The following is the title-page of a dainty volume which is the only modern reproduction of the 'Vision': "The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses, presented in a Maske the *eight of January, at Hampton Court*. By the Queenes most excellent Maiesty, and *her Ladies*. By Samuel Daniel.' The Introduction and Notes are excellent, albeit Mr. Law, its accomplished Editor, might have chosen better work of Daniel or others, to represent the Masks of the Jacobean era. See 'Memorial-Introduction—Critical.'

G.

THE  
VISION OF  
THE TWELVE GOD-  
desses, presented in a Maske the  
*eight of January, at Hampton*  
Court.

By the Queenes most excellent Maiesty,  
*and her Ladies.*

---

By SAMVEL DANIEL.

---



LONDON,  
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES,  
for SIMON WATERSON.  
1623.



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TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE  
the Lady *Lucie*, Countesse  
of *Bedford*.

*Madame.*



IN respect of the vnmannerly presumption of an indiscreet Printer, who vvithout varrant hath divulged the late shewe at Court, presented the eight of *Ianuary*, by the Queenes Maiestie and her Ladies; and the same 10 very disorderly set forth: I thought it not amisse, seeing it vvould otherwise passe abroad, to the preiudice both of the Maske and the inuention, to describe the whole forme thereof in all points as it was then performed, and as the world wel knows very worthily performed, by a most magnificent Queene; whose heroicall spirit, and bounty onely gaue it so faire an execution as it had. Seeing also that these ornaments and delights of peace are in their season, as fit to entertaine the world, and deserue to be 20 made memorable as well as the grauer actions,—both of them concurring to the decking and furnishing of glory

and Maieſtie, as the neceſſary complements requiſit for State and Greatneſſe.

And therefore firſt I will deliuer the intent and ſcope of the proiect: Which was onely to preſent the figure of thoſe bleſſings, with the wiſh of their encrease and countinuaunce, which this mightie Kingdome now enioyes by the benefite of his moſt gracious Maieſtie; by whom we haue this glory of peace, with the acceſſion of ſo 30 great ſtate and power. And to expreſſe the ſame, there were deuifed twelue Goddeſſes, vnder whoſe Images former times haue repreſented the ſeueral gifts of heauen, and erected Temples, Altars, and Figures vnto them, as vnto diuine powers, in the ſhape & name of vvomen. As vnto *Iuno* the Goddeſſe of Empire and *regnorum præſedi*, they attributed that bleſſing of power. To *Pallas*, Wiſedome and Defence: to *Venus*, Loue and Amity: to *Veſta*, Religion: to *Diana*, the gift of Chaſtitie: to *Proſerpina* riches: to *Macaria*, felicitie: 40 to *Concordia*, the vnion of hearts: *Aſtræa*, Juſtice: *Flora*, the beauties of the earth: *Ceres* plenty: to *Tethis* power by Sea.

And though theſe Images haue oftentimes diuers ſignifications, yet it being not our purpoſe to repreſent them, with all thoſe curious and ſuperfluous obſeruations, vve tooke them onely to ſerue as Hieroglyphicqs for our preſent intention, according to ſome one propertie that fitted our occaſion, without obſeruing other their myſticall interpretations; wherein the authors themſelues are ſo 50 irregular and confuſed, as the beſt Mytheologers, vvho will make ſomewhat to ſeeme any thing, are ſo vnfaithfull to themſelues, as they haue left vs no certaine way at all, but a tract of confuſion, to take our courſe at aduen-

ture. And therefore owing no homage to their intricate obseruations, vve vvere left at libertie to take no other knowledge of them, then fitted our present purpose, nor were tied by any lawes of Heraldry to range them otherwise in their precidencies, then they fell out to stand vvith the nature of the matter in hand. And 60 in these cases it may vvell seeme *ingenerosum sapere solum ex commentarijs quasi maiorum inuenta industriæ nostræ viam precluserit, quasi in nobis offæta sit vis naturæ, nihil ex separere*, or that there can be nothing done authentically, vnlesse vve obserue all the strict rules of the booke.

And therefore we tooke their aptest representations that lay best and easiest for vs. And first presented the Hieroglyphick of Empire and Dominion, as the ground and matter vvhereon this glory of State is built. Then 70 those blessings and beauties that preferue and adorne it: As armed policie, loue, Religion, Chastitie, wealth, happinesse, Concord, Iustice, flourishing seasons, plenty: and lastly power by sea, as to imbound and circle the greatnes of dominion by land.

And to this purpose vvere these Goddeses thus presented in their proper and feuerall attyres, bringing in their hands the particular figures of their power which they gaue to the Temple of Peace, erected vpon foure pillars, representing the foure Vertues that supported a 80 Globe of the earth.

## I

First, *Iuno* in a skie-colour mantle imbrodered with gold, and figured with Peacocks feathers, wearing a Crowne of gold on her head, presents a Scepter.

## 2

*Pallas* (which was the person her Maieſtie choſe to repreſent) was attyred in a blew mantle, with a ſiluer imbrodery of all weapons and engines of war, with a helmet-dreſſing on her head, and preſents a Launce and Target.

## 3

*Venus*, in a Mantle of Doue-colour and ſiluer, imbrodred with Doues, preſented (in ſtead of her *Ceſtus*, the girdle of Amity) a Skarffe of diuers colours.

## 4

*Veſta*, in a white Mantle, imbrodred with gold-flames, with a dreſſing like a Nun, preſented a burning Lampe in one hand, and a Booke in the other.

## 5

*Diana*, in a greene Mantle, imbrodred with ſiluer halfe Moones, and a croiſſant of pearle on her head: preſents a Bow and a Quiuer.

## 6

*Proſerpina*, in a blacke Mantle, imbrodred with gold-flames, with a crowne of gold on her head: preſented a Myne of gold-ore.

## 7

*Macaria*, the Goddeſſe of Felicitie, in a Mantle of purple and ſiluer, imbrodred with the Figures of Plentie and Wiſedome, (which concurre to the making of true happineſſe) preſents a Cadaceum with the Figure of abundance.

## 8

*Concordia*, in a party coloured Mantle of Crimfon and White (the colours of *England* and *Scotland* ioyned) imbrodered with filuer, hands in hand, with a dressing likewise of party coloured Rofes, a Branch whereof in a wreath or knot she presented.

## 9

120

*Astræa*, in a Mantle Crimfon, with a filuer imbrodery, Figuring the Sword and Balance (as the Characters of Iustice) which she presented.

## 10

*Flora*, in a Mantle of diuers colours, imbrodered with all sorts of Flowers, presents a Pot of Flowers.

## 11

*Ceres*, in Strawe colour and Siluer imbrodery, with eares of Corne, and a dressing of the same, presents a Sickle.

130

## 12

*Tethes*, in a Mantle of Sea-greene, with a filuer imbrodery of Waues, and a dressing of Reedes, presents a Trident.

Now for the introducing this Shew: It was deuifed that the *Night*, represented in a blacke vesture fet with Starres, should arise from below, and come towards the vpper end of the Hall: there to waken her sonne *Somnus*, sleeping in his Caue, as the Proem to the Vision. Which Figures when they are thus presented

140

in humane bodies, as all Vertues, Vices, Passions, Knowledges, and whatsoeuer Abstracts else in imagination are, vvhich vve vvould make vifible, vve produce them, vsing humane actions, and euen *Sleepe* it selfe (which might seeme improperly to exercise waking motions) hath been often shewed vs in that manner, with speech and gesture. As for example :

*Excusit tandem sibi se ; cubitoque leuatus  
Quid veniat (cognouit enim) Scitatur.*

*Intanto sopraucenne, & gli occhi chiuse  
A i Signori, & a i Sergenti il pigro Sonno.*

150

And in another place :

*Il Sonno viene, & Sparso il corpo stanco  
Col ramo intimo nel liquor di Lethe.*

160

So there, *Sleepe* is brought in, as a body, vsing speech and motion : and it was no more improper in this forme to make him walke, and stand, or speake, then it is to giue voyce or passion to dead Men, Ghosts, Trees, and Stones : and therefore in such matters of Shewes, these like Characters (in what forme soeuer they be drawne) serue vs but to read the intention of vvhat vve would represent ; as in this proiect of ours, *Night & Sleepe* vvere to produce a Vision,—an effect proper to their power, and fit to shadow our purpose, for that these apparitions & shewes are but as imaginations, and dreames that portend our affections ; and dreames are neuer in all points agreeing right with waking actions : and therefore were they aptest to shadow whatsoeuer error might be herein presented. And

therefore vvas *Sleepe* (as hee is described by *Philostratus* 170  
*in Amphirai imagine*) apparelled in a vvwhite thin  
 Vesture cast ouer a blacke, to signifie both the day and  
 the night, with wings of the same colour, a Garland of  
 Poppy on his head; and in stead of his yuoyrie and  
 transparent horne, hee was shewed bearing a blacke  
 Wand in the left hand, and a white in the other, to  
 effect either confused or significant dreames, according  
 to that inuocation of *Statius*.

—————*Nec te totas infundere pennas*  
*Luminibus compello meis, hoc turba precatur,*  
*Lætior, extremo me tange cacumine virgæ.*

180

And also agreeing to that of *Sil. Ital.*

—————*Tangens Lethea tempora Virga.*

And in this action did he here vse his white Wand,  
 as to infuse significant Visions to entertaine the Specta-  
 tors, and so made them seeme to see there a Temple  
 with a *Sybilla* therein attending vpon the Sacrifices;  
 which done, *Iris* (the Messenger of *Iuno*) descends from  
 the top of a Mountaine raised at the lower end of the  
 Hall, and marching vp to the Temple of Peace, giues 190  
 notice to the *Sybilla* of the comming of the Goddeses,  
 and withall deliuers her a Prospective, wherein she  
 might behold the Figures of their Deities, and thereby  
 describe them; to the end that at their descending,  
 there might be no stay or hinderance of their Motion,  
 which was to be carryed vvithout any interruption, to  
 the action of other entertainments that were to depend  
 one of another, during the vvhole Shew: and that the  
 eyes of the Spectators might not beguile their eares, as

in such cafes it euer happens, vvholes pompe and splen- 200  
dor of the fight takes vp all the intention vvithout  
regard [to] vvhat is fpoken ; and therefore vvas it  
thought fit their descriptions fhould be deliuered by  
the *Sybilla*.

Which as foone as fhe had ended, the three *Graces*  
in filuer Robes vvith vvwhite Torchcs, appeared on the  
top of the mountaine, defcending hand in hand before  
the Goddeffes ; vvho likcvvife followed three and three,  
as in a number dedicated vnto Sanctity and an  
incorporeall nature, vvhereas the *Dual, Hieroglyphicè pro* 210  
*immudis accipitur*. And betweene euery ranke of God-  
deffes, marched three Torch-bearers in the like feuerall  
colours, their heads and Robes all dect with Starres ;  
and in their defcending, the Cornets fitting in the  
Concaues of the Mountaine, and feene but / to their  
breasts, in the habit of *Satyres*, founded a ftately  
March ; vvchich continued vntill the Goddeffes were  
approached iuft before the Temple, and then ceafed,  
when the Confort Muficke (placed in the *Cupula*  
thereof, out of fight) began : whereunto the three 220  
*Graces* retyring themfelues afide, fang, vvholes the  
Goddeffes one after an other vvith folemne pace afcended  
vp into the Temple, and deliuering their prefents to  
the *Sybilla* (as it vvcre but in paffing by) returned  
downe into the midft of the Hall, preparing themfelues  
to their dance, vvchich (affoone as the *Graces* had ended  
their Song) they began to the Muficke of the Violls  
and Lutes, placed on one fide of the Hall.

Which dance being performed with great maiefty  
and Arte, confifting of diuers ftraines, fram'd vnto 230  
motions circular, fquare, triangular, vvith other propor-



tions exceeding rare and full of variety ; the Goddeffes made a pause, casting themfelues into a circle, whilst the *Graces* againe sang to the Musicke of the Temple, and prepared to take out the Lords to dance. With whom after they had performed certaine Measures, Galliards, and Curranto's, *Iris* againe comes and giues notice of their pleasure to depart : whose speech ended, they drew themfelues againe into another short dance, with some few pleasant changes, still retyring them 240 toward the foote of the Mountaine, which they ascended in that same manner as they came downe, whilst the Cornets taking their Notes from the ceasing of the Musicke below, founded another delightfull March.

And thus Madame, haue I briefly deliuered, both the reason and manner of this Maske ; as well to satisfie the desire of those who could not well note the carriage of these passages, by reason (as I sayd) the present pompe and splendor entertain'd them otherwise (as that which is most regardfull in these Shewes) 250 wherein (by the vnpartiall opinion of all the beholders Strangers and others) it was not inferiour to the best that euer was presented in Christendome ; as also to giue vp my account hereof vnto your Honour, whereby / I might cleere the reckoning of any imputation that might be layd vpon your iudgement, for preferring such a one, to her *Maiesty* in this imployment, as could giue no reason for what was done.

. And for the captious Censurers, I regard not what they can say, who commonly can do little else but say ; 260 and if their deepe iudgements euer serue them to produce any thing, they must stand on the same Stage of Censure with other men, and peraduenture performe no

such great wonders as they would make vs beleue :  
 and I comfort my selfe in this, that in Court I know  
 not any (vnder him, who acts the greatest parts) that is  
 not obnoxious to enuy, and a finister interpretation.  
 And whosoever strives to shew most wit about these  
 Pun[c]tillos of Dreames and shewes, are sure ficke of a  
 disease they cannot hide, and would faine haue the 270  
 world to thinke them very deeply learned in all  
 misteries whatsoever. And peradventure they thinke  
 themselves so ; which if they do, they are in a farre  
 worse case then they imagine ; *Non potest non indoctus  
 esse qui se doctum credit.* And let vs labour to shew  
 neuer so much skill or Arte, our weakneses and ignor-  
 ance will be seene, whatsoever couering vve cast ouer it.  
 And yet in these matters of shewes (though they be  
 that which most entertaine the vworld) there needs no  
 such exact sufficiency in this kind. For, *Ludit istis* 280  
*animus, non proficit.* And therefore, Madame, I will no  
 longer idly hold you therein, but refer you to the  
 speeches, and so to your better delights, as one vvho  
 must euer acknowledge my selfe especially bound vnto  
 your Honour.

SAM: DANIEL.



*The Night represented, in a blacke Vesture set with  
Starres, comes and wakens her Sonne Somnus (sleep-  
ing in his Caue) with this Speech.*



Wake darke *Sleepe*, rouse thee from out  
this Caue,  
Thy Mother *Night* that bred thee in  
her wombe  
And fed thee first vvith silence and  
vvith ease,  
Doth here thy shadowing operations  
craue :

And therefore wake my Sonne, awake, and come,  
Strike vvith thy Horny vvand, the spirits of these  
That here expect some pleasing nouelties : 10  
And make their slumber to beget strange fights,  
Strange visions and vvnvsuall properties.  
Vnseene of latter Ages, ancient Rites,  
Of gifts diuine, vvrap't vp in mysteries :  
Make this to seeme a Temple in their fight,  
Whose maine support, holy Religion frame :  
And <sup>1</sup> *Wisdome*, <sup>2</sup> *Courage*, <sup>3</sup> *Temperance*, and <sup>4</sup> *Right*,  
Make seeme the Pillars that sustaine the fame.

Shadow some *Sybill* to attend the Rites,  
 And to describe the Powers that shall resort, 20  
 With th'interpretation of the benefits  
 They bring in clouds, and what they do import.  
 Yet make them to portend the true desire  
 Of those that vvish them waking, reall things :  
 Whilst I will hou'ring, here a-loofe retire  
 And couer all things vvith my fable Wings.

*Somnus.*

D Eare Mother *Night*, I your commandement  
 Obey, and Dreames t'interpret Dreames will  
 make,  
 As / vvaking curiosity is wont ; 30  
 Though better dreame a sleep, then dreame awake.  
 And this white horny Wand shall vvorke the deed ;  
 Whose power doth Figures of the light present :  
 When from this fable *radius* doth proceed  
 Nought but confused shewes, to no intent.  
 Be this a Temple ; there *Sybilla* stand,  
 Preparing reuerent Rites with holy hand ;  
 And so bright visions go, and entertaine  
 All round about, vv whilst I'le to sleepe againe.

*Iris, the Messenger of the Goddeses descending from the* 40  
*Mount, where they were assembled, (dect like the Raine-*  
*bow) spake as followeth.*

I The daughter of Wonder (now made the Messenger  
 of Power), am here discended, to signifie the com-  
 ming of a Cœlestiall presence of Goddeses, determined  
 to vifit this faire Temple of Peace, vv which holy hands

and deuout defires, haue dedicated to unity and concord. And leauing to shew themselues any more in *Samos*, *Ida*, *Paphos*, their ancient delighting places of *Greece*, and *Asia*, made now the seats of Barbarizme and spoyle, 50  
 vouchsafe to recreate themselues vpon this *Westerne Mount of mighty BRITTANNY*; the Land of ciuill Mufick and of rest, and are pleased to appeare in the selfe-same Figures wherein antiquity hath formerly cloathed them, and as they haue bin cast in the imagination of piety, who hath giuen mortall shapes to the gifts and effects of an eternall power, for that those beautifull Characters of sense were easier to be read then their mysticall *Ideas*, disperfed in that wide and incomprehensible volume of Nature. 60

And well haue mortall men apparelled all the *Graces*, all the *Blessings*, all *Vertues*, with that shape wherein themselues are much delighted, and which worke the best Motions, and best represent the beautie of heavenly Powers.

And therefore reuerent Prophetesse, that here attendest vpon / the deuotions of this Place, prepare thy selfe for those Rytes that appertaine to thy function, and the honour of such Deities; and to the end thou mayst haue a fore-notion what Powers, and who they are that 70  
 come, take here this Prospective, and therein note and tell vwhat thou seest: for well mayest thou there obserue their shadowes, but their presence will bereaue thee of all, faue admiration and amazement; for who can looke vpon such Powers and speake? And so I leaue thee.

*Sybilla, hauing receiued this Message, and the Prospective, useth these words.*

What haue I seene? where am I? or do I see  
 at all? or am I any where? was this *Iris*,  
 (the Messenger of *Iuno*) or else but a fantasme or imagi-  
 nation? will the diuine Goddesse vouchsafe to visit this  
 poore Temple? Shall I be blest, to entertaine so great  
 Powers? it can be but a dreame: yet so great Powers  
 haue blest as humble roofes, and vse, out of no other  
 respect, then their owne gracefulness, to shine vvhether  
 they will. But what Prospective is this? or what shall  
 I herein see? Oh admirable Powers! what fights are  
 these?

*Iuno.*

First, here Imperiall *Iuno* in her Chayre, 90  
 With Scepter of command for Kingdomes large:  
 Descends all clad in colours of the Ayre,  
 Crown'd with bright Starres, to signifie her charge.

*Pallas.*

Next, War-like *Pallas*, in her Helmet drest  
 With Lance of vvinning, Target of defence:  
 In vvhom both Wit and Courage are exprest,  
 To get with glory, hold vvith Prouidence.

*Venus.* /

Then louely *Venus* in bright Maiesty,  
 Appeares with milde aspect, in Doue-like hue: 100  
 With th'all combining Skarffe of Amity.  
 T'ingird strange Nations with affections true.

*Vesta.*

Next Holy *Vesta*, with her flames of Zeale  
 Presents her selfe, clad in white Purity:

Whose booke, the foules sweet comfort, doth reueale  
By the euer-burning Lampe of Piety.

*Diana.*

**T**Hen chaste *Diana*, in her Robes of greene, 110  
With weapons of the Wood her selfe addrests  
To blesse the Forrests, where her power is seene,  
In peace vvith all the vvorld but Sauage beasts.

*Proserpina.*

**N**Ext rich *Proserpina*, vvith flames of gold,  
Whose state although within the earth, yet she  
Comes from aboue, and in her hand doth hold  
The Myne of wealth, with cheerefull Maiefty.

*Macaria.*

**T**Hen all in purple Robes, rich Happinesse 120  
Next her appeares, bearing in either hand,  
Th'Ensignes both of wealth and wits, t'expresse  
That by them both, her Maiefty doth stand.

*Concordia.*

**N**Ext all in party-coloured Robes appeares,  
In white and crimson, gracefull *Concord*, drest  
With knots of Vnion, and in hand she beares  
The happy ioynèd Rosès of our rest.

*Astrea.*

**C**Leare-eyed *Astrea*, next, with reuerent brow 130  
Clad in Cælestiall hue, (which best she likes)  
Comes with her Ballance, and her sword to shew  
That first her iudgement weighs before it strikes.

*Flora.*

**T**Hen cheereful *Flora*, all adorn'd with flowers,  
 Who cloathes the earth with beauty and delight  
 In thousand fundry fuits, whilst shining houres  
 Will scarce afford a darknesse to the night.

*Ceres.*

**N**Ext plenteous *Ceres* in her Haruest weede, 140  
 Crown'd with th'increase of what she gaue to  
 keepe,  
 To gratitude and faith: in whom we read,  
 Who sows on Vertue shall with glory reape.

*Tethis.*

**L**Astly comes *Tethis*, *Albions* fairest loue  
 Whom she in faithfull Armes deignes t'embrace,  
 And brings the Trydent of her Power, t'approue  
 The kinde respect she hath to do him grace.

*Thus haue I read their shadowes, but behold !  
 In glory, where they come as Iris told.* 150

*The three Graces, comming to the vpper part of the Hall  
 sang this Song, while the Goddeses deliuered their pre-  
 sents.*

*Gratia sunt* <sup>1</sup> *dantium,* <sup>2</sup> *reddentium,* <sup>3</sup> & *promerentium.*

## I

**D**esert, Reward, and Gratitude,  
 The Graces of Societie :



Doe here with hand in hand conclude  
The blessed chaine of Amitie :

For we deferue, we giue, we thanke, 160  
Thanks, Gifts, Deferts, thus ioyne in ranke.

## 2

We yeeld the splendant raijes of light,  
Vnto these blessings that descend :  
The grace vvhwhereof with more delight,  
The vvell disposing doth commend ;  
Whilst Gratitude, Rewards, Deferts,  
Pleafe, winne, draw on, and couple hearts.

## 3

For worth and power and due respect, 170  
Deferues, bestowes, returnes with Grace :  
The meed, reward, the kinde effect,  
That giue the world a cheerefull face,  
And turning in this course of right,  
Make Vertue moue with true delight.

*The Song being ended, and the Maskers in the miadest  
of the Hall, disposing themselues to their Daunce :  
Sybilla hauing placed their seuerall presents on the  
Altar, vttereth these words.*

O Powers of powers, grant to our voves we pray 180  
That these faire blessings which we now erect  
In Figures left vs here, in substance may  
Be those great props of glory and respect.

<sup>1</sup> Let Kingdomes large, <sup>2</sup> let armed policie,

<sup>3</sup> Milde loue, <sup>4</sup> true zeale, <sup>5</sup> right shooting at the white

Of braue difignes : <sup>6</sup> let wealth, <sup>7</sup> felicitie,  
<sup>8</sup> Iustice, <sup>9</sup> and concord, <sup>10</sup> pleasure, <sup>11</sup> plenty, <sup>12</sup> *might*  
*And power by Sea*, with Grace proportionate,  
 Make glorious both the Soueraigne and his State.

*After this the Maskers danced their owne measures, 190*  
*which being ended, and they ready to take out the*  
*Lords, the three Graces sang.*

VVHiles worth with honour make their choise  
 For measured motions ordred right,  
 Now let vs likewise giue a voyce,  
 Vnto the touch of our delight.

For comforts lock't vp without found,  
 Are th'vnborne children of the thought :  
 Like vnto Treasures neuer found  
 That buried lowe are left forgot.

200

Where words, our glory doth not shew,  
 (There) like braue actions without Fame :  
 It seemes as Plants not set to grow,  
 Or as a Tombe without a Name.

*The Maskers hauing ended their dancing with the Lords,*  
*Iris giues warning of their departure.*

*Iris.*

AS I was the ioyfull Messenger to notifie the com-  
 ming, so am I now the fame of the departure  
 of these diuine powers. Who hauing cloathed them- 210  
 selues with these apparances, doe now returne backe  
 againe to the Spheres of their owne being from whence

they came. But yet, of my selfe, this / much I must reueale, though against the warrant of a Messenger; who I know had better to faile in obedience then in presumption, that these Deities by the motion of the all-directing *Pallas*, the glorious Patroneffe of this mighty Monarchy, descending in the Maiestie of their inuisible essence, vpon yonder Mountaine, found there, the best, (and most worthily the best) of LADIES, dis- 220  
porting with her choyest Attendants; whose formes they presently vndertooke, as delighting to be in the best-built-Temples of Beauty and Honour. And in them vouchsafed to appeare in this manner, being otherwise no objects for mortall eyes. And no doubt, but that in respect of the persons vnder whose beautiful coverings they haue thus presented themselues, these Deities will be pleased the rather at their inuocation (knowing all their desires to be such) as euermore to grace this glorious Monarchy with the Reall effects 230  
of these blessings represented.

*After this, they fell to a short departing  
dance, and so ascend the Mountayne.*

FINIS.





IV.

THE QVEENES ARCADIA.

1606.

# NOTE.

The first edition of 'The Queenes Arcadia' was published in 1606. An exemplar (probably *unique*) is among the Malone books in the Bodleian (200). The following is its title-page:—

## THE Q V E E N E S ARCADIA.}

A Pastorall Trage-comedie  
*presented to her Maiestie and her*  
Ladies, by the Vniuerfitie of  
*Oxford in Christs Church,*  
in August last.

1605.



AT LONDON.

Printed by *G. Eld*, for *Simon Waterfon*,

1606.

This was followed by reprints in the 'Certaine Small Workes' of 1607, 1609 and 1611. Collation shows that, except trivial orthographical alterations, the original text was adhered to; but it must be stated here that the errata lists of the 'Certaine Small Workes' are simply departures from the original 4to of 1606, and that the 4to of 1623 is most of all culpable, as witness these restorations and corrections from the Author's own text of 1606. See p. 211 for title-page, as usual, from the 4to of 1623. G.

Line	5, 'knowft'	1606, 'knowest'	1623.
„	26, 'maladine'	„ 'maladies'	„
„	28, 'made'	„ 'may'	„
„	39, 'do'	„ 'to'	„
„	92, 'Carinus'	„ 'Carnius'	„
„	93, 'fond'	„ 'found'	„

Line	146, 'Lets'	1606, 'Lees'	1623.
„	149, 'thee'	„ 'the'	„
„	155, 'fignes'	„ 'figne'	„
„	158, 'paçt'	„ 'pack'	„
„	224, 'then'	„ 'them'	„
„	255, 'ioying'	„ 'ioyning'	„
„	282, 'did'	„ 'doe'	„
„	287, 'Compofitors'	„ 'Impreffitors'	„
„	317, 'bounds'	„ 'bonds'	„
„	398, 'tis'	„ dropped out	„
„	427, 'power'	„ 'powers'	„
„	487, 'on'	„ 'one'	„
„	534, 'them'	„ 'from'	„
„	592, 'comment'	„ 'commend'	„
„	594, 'here'	„ dropped out	„
„	639, 'an'	„ 'and'	„
„	657, 'faciety'	„ 'society'	„
„	672, 'sparkle'	„ 'starkle'	„
„	708, this whole line	dropped out by	„
„	739, 'faithfull'	1606, dropped out	„
„	878, 'thy'	„ 'the'	„
„	907, 'extremities'	„ 'extremity'	„
„	909, 'vnto'	„ dropped out	„
„	910, 'A way'	„ 'Away'	„
„	934, 'to'	„ 'no'	„
„	938, 'then what'	„ 'when that'	„
„	954, 'well met'	„ 'tell me'	„
„	974, 'yet'	„ dropped out	„
„	1032, 'his'	„ 'this'	„
„	1038, 'ftates'	„ 'ftarres'	„
„	1064, 'to fay'	„ 'fo faith'	„
„	1078, 'Elixir'	„ 'Elixir'	„
„	1081, 'Hypocrates'	„ 'Hypocratis'	„
„	1081, 'Auicen'	„ 'Auicon'	„
„	1082, 'bookes'	„ 'booke'	„
„	1164, 'fpend's'	„ 'fends'	„
„	1168, 'now'	„ 'not'	„
„	1169, 'furly'	„ 'surely'	„
„	1276, 'lie'	„ 'lay'	„
„	1279, 'delight'	„ 'pelight'	„
„	1360, 'hers'	„ 'her'	„

Line	1368, 'what'	1606, 'that'	1623.
'	1368, 'secret'	'	'secrets' ,,
'	1409, 'a lone'	'	'alone' ,,
'	1438, 'on'	'	'dropped out' ,,
'	1468, 'in accents'	'	'inth'accents' ,,
'	1827, 'thy'	'	'the' ,,
'	1873, 'perceiu'd'	'	'perceiue' ,,
'	1983, 'thee'	'	'the' ,,
'	2131, 'holpe'	'	'helpt' ,,
'	2158, 'affections'	'	'affection' ,,
'	2236, 'reportes'	'	'report' ,,
'	2241, 'Acryfius'	'	'Aryfius' ,,
'	2325, 'too'	'	'to' ,,
'	2389, 'hath'	'	'haue' ,,
'	2402, 'Of'	'	'O' ,,
'	2479, 'feete'	'	'feele' ,,
'	2547, 'dislinkt'	'	'mislikt' ,,
'	2562, 'then'	'	'their' ,,
'	2570, 'happie'	'	'dropped out' ,,

The critical Reader will perceive that this large list, in nearly every instance, makes nonsense of the place, in the 4to of 1623. The following corrections of both 1606 and 1623 I have made:—

- Line 974, 'frame' for 'forme.' See l. 974.  
 „ 983, 'customary' for 'constumary.'  
 „ 1026, 'is' for 'are.'  
 „ 1080, '*Alc.*' inserted.  
 „ 1165, 'is' for 'in.'  
 „ 2028, 'clouer' for 'clauer.'  
 „ 2120, 'haft' for 'hafte.'  
 „ 2285, a second '*Erg.*' removed.  
 „ 2565, 'rendes' for 'reades.'

Two misprints of 1606 are corrected in 1623—viz., l. 1402, 'dead' for 'deed': l. 1970, 'this' for 'thus.' Line 310, 'debaushment,' misprinted 'debanishment' in all the texts: l. 532, 'from' misprinted in all 'for.' Obvious mistakes of letters, as 'n' for 'u' and the like, occur in both—all silently put right.

G.



THE  
Q V E E N E S  
*ARCADIA.*

A Pastorall Trage-Comedie pre-  
*sented to her Maiesty and her*  
Ladies, by the Vniuersity of  
Oxford *in Christs Church, in*  
August. 1605.

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By SAMVEL DANIEL.

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LONDON,  
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES,  
for SIMON WATERSON.  
1623.



## *The Names of the Actors.*

MELIBÆUS. }  
ERGASTUS. } two ancient *Arcadians*.

COLAX, a corrupted traeller.

TECHNE, a subtle wench of *Corinth*.

AMYNTAS. }  
CARINUS. } the louers of *Cloris*.

CLORIS.

PALÆMON. }  
SILUIA. } Jealous Louers.

MIRTILLUS.

DORINDA.

AMARILLIS, in loue with *Carinus*.

DAPHNE, abused by *Colax*.

ALCON, a Quack-faluer.

LINCUS, a Petty-fogger.

MONTANUS, the father of *Amyntas*.

ACRYSIUS, the father of *Cloris*.



To the Queenes most excellent  
Maieftie.

*T*hat which their zeale, whose onely zeale was bent  
To shew the best they could that might delight  
Your royall minde, did lately represent  
Renowned Empresse to your Princely sight :  
Is now the offering of their humblenessse,  
Here consecrated to your glorious name ;  
Whose happy presence did vouchsafe to blesse  
So poore presentments, and to grace the same :

And though it be in th' humblest ranke of words,  
And in the lowest region of our speach,  
Yet is it in that kinde, as best accords  
With rurall passions ; which vse not to reach  
Beyond the groues and woods, where they were bred :  
And best become a claustrall exercise,  
Where men shut out retyr'd, and sequestred  
From publike fashion, seeme to sympathize  
With innocent, and plaine simplicity :  
And liuing here vnder the awfull hand  
Of discipline, and strict obseruancy,  
Learne but our weakenesses to vnderstand,

*And therefore dare not enterprize to show  
 In lowder stile the hidden mysteries,  
 And arts of Thrones ; which none that are below  
 The Sphere of action, and the exercise  
 Of power can truly shew : though men may straine  
 Concept about the pitch where it should stand,  
 And forme more monstrous figures then containe  
 A possibility, and goe beyond  
 The | nature of those managements so farre,  
 As oft their common decency they marre : 30  
 Whereby the populasse (in whom such skill  
 Is needlesse) may be brought to apprehend  
 Notions, that may turne all to a tast of ill  
 What euer power shall do, or might intend :  
 And thinke all cunning, all proceeding one,  
 And nothing simple, and sincerely done :  
 Yet the eye of practise, looking downe from hie  
 Vpon such ouer-reaching vanity,  
 Sees how from error t'error it doth flote,  
 As from an vnknowne Ocean into a Gulfe : 40  
 And how though th' Woolfe, would counterfeit the Goate,  
 Yet euery chinke bewrayes him for a Woolfe.*

*And therefore in the view of state t'haue show'd  
 A counterfeit of state, had beene to light  
 A candle to the Sunne, and so bestow'd  
 Our paines to bring our dimnesse vnto light.  
 For maiesty, and power, can nothing see  
 Without it selfe, that can sight-worthy be.  
 And therefore durst not we but on the ground,  
 From whence our humble Argument hath birth, 50  
 Erect our Scene ; and thereon are we found,  
 And if we fall, we fall but on the earth,*

*From whence we pluckt the flowers that here we bring ;  
Which if at their first opening they did please,  
It was enough, they serue but for a spring :  
The first sent is the best in things as these.  
A musicke of this nature on the ground,  
Is euer wont to vanish with the sound.  
But yet your royall goodnesse may raise new,  
Grace but the Muses they will honour you.*

60

Chi non fa, non falla.





# THE QVEENES *ARCADIA.*

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ACTVS. I. SCENA. I.

*Ergastus. Melibæus.*



Ow is it *Melibæus* that we finde  
Our Country, faire *Arcadia*, so much  
chang'd  
From what it was; that was thou  
knowst of late,  
The gentle region of plaine honesty,  
The modest seat of vndisguised truth,  
Inhabited with simple innocence :

And now, I know not how, as if it were  
Vnhallowed, and diuested of that grace,  
Hath put off that faire nature which it had,  
And growes like ruder countries, or more bad.

10

*Mel.* Indeed *Ergastus* I haue neuer knowne  
So vniuersall a distemperature,

In all parts of the body of our state,  
 As now there is ; nor euer haue we heard  
 So much complaining of disloyalty,  
 Among't your yonger Nymphes, nor euer found  
 Our heardsmen so deluded in their loues,  
 As if there were no faith on either side. 20  
 We neuer had in any age before  
 So many spotlesse Nymphes, so much distain'd  
 VVith blacke report, and wrongfull infamy ;  
 That few escape the tongue of malice free.

*Erg.* And me thinkes too, our very aire is chang'd,  
 Our wholesome climate growne more maladiue ;  
 The fogges, and the Syrene offends vs more  
 (Or we made thinke so), then they did before.  
 The windes of Autumne, now are sayd to bring  
 More noysomnesse, then those do of the Spring : 30  
 And all of vs feele new infirmities,  
 New Feuers, new Catarres, oppresse our powers ;  
 The milke wherewith we cur'd all maladies,  
 Hath either lost the nature, or we ours.

*Mel.* And we that neuer were accustomed  
 To quarrell for our bounds, how do we see  
*Montanus* and *Acrysius* interftriue  
 How farre their feuerall Sheep-walkes should extend,  
 And cannot be agreed do what we can :  
 As if some vnderworking hand strake fire, 40  
 To th'apt inkindling tinder of debate,  
 And fostred their contention and their hate.

*Erg.* And me thinkes too, the beauty of our  
 Nymphes  
 Is not the same, as it was wont to be.  
 That Rosie hew, the glory of the Cheeke,



Is either stolne, or else they haue forgot,  
 To blush with shame, or to be pale with feare :  
 Or else their shame doth make them alwayes blush ;  
 For alwayes doth their beauties beare one hew,  
 And either Nature's false, or that vntrue. 50

*Mel.* Besides their various habits grow so strange,  
 As that although their faces certaine are,  
 Their bodies are vncertaine euery day,  
 And alwayes differing from themselues so farre,  
 As if they skorn'd to be the same they are.

And all of vs are so transform'd, that we  
 Discerne not an *Arcadian* by th'attyre ;  
 Our ancient Pastorall habits are despis'd,  
 And all is strange, hearts, clothes, and all disguis'd.

*Erg.* Indeed vnto our grieve we may perceiue, 60  
 The whole complection of *Arcadia* chang'd,  
 Yet cannot finde the occasion of this change :  
 But let vs with more wary eye obserue  
 Whence the contagion of these customes rise,  
 That haue infected thus our honest plaines,  
 With cunning discord, idle vanity,  
 Deceiptfull wrong, and causlesse infamy ;  
 That by th'affistance of our grauer Swaines,  
 We now at first, may labour to preuent  
 The further course of mischiefes, and restore 70  
 Our late cleane woods, to what they were before.

*Mel.* Content *Ergastus*, and euen here will be  
 A place conuenient for so fit a worke :  
 For here our Nymphs, and heardsmen on this Greene,  
 Do vsually resort, and in this Groue  
 We may obserue them best, and be vnseene.

## ACT. I. SCEN. II.

*Colax. Techne.*

Come my deare *Techne*, thou and I must plot  
 More cunning proiects yet, more strange  
 designs 80

Amongst these simple grosse *Arcadians* here,  
 That know no other world, but their owne plaines ;  
 Nor yet can apprehend the subtile traines  
 We lay, to mocke their rurall ignorance.  
 But see, here comes two of their amorous Swaines  
 In hote contention ; let vs close conuay  
 Our selues, here vnderneath this couerture,  
 And ouer heare their passionate discourse.

*Tech.* *Colax*, this place well such a purpose fits ;  
 Let vs sit close, and faith, it shall goe hard, 90  
 Vnlesse we make some profit by their wits.

*Carinus. Amyntas.*

*Car.* Now fond *Amyntas*, how cam'st thou possesse  
 With such a vaine presumption, as thou art,  
 To thinke that *Cloris* should affect thee best,  
 When all *Arcadia* knowes I haue her heart ?

*Am.* And how *Carinus* canst thou be so mad,  
 T' imagine *Cloris* can, or doth loue thee,  
 When by so many signes as I haue had,  
 I finde her whole affection bent to me ? 100

*Car.* What are those signes by which you come to  
 cast,  
 And calculate the fortune of your hopes ?

*Am.* More certaine signes then thou canst euer shew.

*Car.* But they are more then signes, that I can shew.

*Am.* Why let each then produce the best he can,  
To proue which may be thought the likeliest man.

*Car.* Content *Amyntas*, and do thou begin.

*Am.* And I am well contented to begin.  
First if by chance, whilst she at Barley-breake  
With other Nymphes, do but perceiue me come, 110  
Streight looks her cheeke with such a Rosie red,  
As giues the setting Sunne vnto the West  
When morrow tempests are prefigured.

*Car.* Euen so that hew prognosticates her wrath,  
Which brings to thee the stormy windes of sighes.

*Am.* And if I finde her with her fellow Nymphes  
Gathering of flowers by some sweet Riuers side,  
At my approach she straight way stands vpright,  
Forgets her worke, and downe lets slide her lap,  
And out fall all her flowers, vpon the ground. 120

*Car.* So doth the filly sheepe forget to feed,  
When it perceiues the greedy Wolfe at hand.

*Am.* And if she meet but with my dog, she takes  
And strokes him on the head, playes with his eares,  
Spits in his mouth, and claps him on the backe,  
And says, come, come *Melampus* go with me.

*Car.* She may loue what is thine, but yet hate thee.

*Am.* Whilst at a Chrystall spring the other day,  
She washt her louely face, and seeing me come,  
She takes vp water with her dainty hand, 130  
And with a downe-cast looke besprinckles me.

*Car.* That shewes that shee vvould gladly quench in  
thee

The fire of loue, or else like loue doth beare,  
As did the *Delian* Goddesse, vvhen she cast  
Disdainefull vvater on *Asteons* face.

*Am.* As *Silvia*, one day, fate vvith her alone,  
 Binding of certaine choice selected hearbes  
 To her left arme, against bewitching spels,  
 (And I at the instant comming) shee perceiu'd  
 Her pulse vvith farre more violence to beat 140  
 (As sh'after told me) then it did before.

*Car.* The like is felt vvhen natures enemy,  
 The hatefull feauer, doth surprise our powers.

*Am.* And euen but yesternight, she going before  
 With other maides, and seeing me following her,  
 Lets fall this dainty Nofegay, hauing first  
 Bestow'd a kisse thereon, to th'end I might  
 Receiue it so, and with it doe the like.

*Car.* Poore withred fauours, they might teach thee  
 know,  
 That shee esteemes thee, and thy loue as light 150  
 As those dead flowers, shee vvore but for a show  
 The day before, and cast away at night.

*Am.* Now friend *Carinus*, thou that mutterest so  
 At these plaine speaking figures of her loue,  
 Tell by vvhat signes thou doest her fauours proue ?

*Car.* Now filly man, doest thou imagine me  
 So fond to blab the fauours of my loue ?

*Am.* Was't not a pact agreed twixt thee & me ?

*Car.* A pact to make thee tell thy secrecy.

*Am.* And hast thou then betrayd my easie trust, 160  
 And dallied with my open simplenesse ?

*Car.* And fitly art thou seru'd, that so wilt vaunt  
 The imagin'd fauours of a gentle Nymph ;  
 And this is that vvich makes vs feele that dearth  
 Of grace, t'haue kindnes at so hie a rate.  
 This makes them vvary how they doe bestow

The leaft regard of common curteſie,  
When ſuch as you, poore, credulous, deuout,  
And humble ſoules, make all things miracles  
Your faith conceiues, and vainely doe conuert 170  
All ſhadowes to the figure of your hopes.

*Am.* *Carinus* now thou doeſt me double wrong,  
Firſt to deride my eaſie confidence,  
And then t'vpbrayd my truſt, as if my tongue  
Had heere prophan'd faire *Cloris* excellencie  
In telling of her mercies, or had fin'd  
In vttering th'honour of a modeſt grace  
Beſtowing comfort, in ſo iuſt a caſe.

*Car.* Why man, thou haſt no way deſeru'd her loue.

*Am.* Deſert I cannot vrge, but faith I can ; 180  
If that may haue reward, then happy man.

*Car.* But you know how I ſau'd her from the hands  
Of that rude Satyre, vwho had elſe vndone  
Her honour vtterly ; and therefore ought  
My loue of due, raigne ſoueraigne in her thought.

*Am.* But how that free, and vnſubdued heart,  
Infranchiſ'd by the Charter of her eyes,  
Will beare the impoſition of a due  
I doe not ſee, ſince loue knew neuer Lord  
That could command the region of our will. 190  
And therefore vrge thy due, I for my part,  
Muſt plead compaſſion, and a faithfull heart.

*Car.* Plead thou thy faith, whilſt I will get thy loue,  
For you kinde ſoules doe ſeldome gracefull proue.

*Am.* The more vnkind they, who ſhould better way  
Our honeſt vowes, and loue for loue repay ;  
But oft they beare the penance of their will,  
And for the wrong they doe, they ſpeed as ill.

## SCEN. III.

*Colax. Techne.*

200

*Col.* Alas poore fooles, how hotely they contend  
 Who shall possesse a prey that's yet vngot.  
 But *Techne*, I must by thy helpe forestall  
 The mart of both their hopes, and whilst they shall  
 Pursue the Ayre, I must surprise their gaine. [*game?*]  
 And fitly now, thou maist occasion take  
 By these aduantages discovered here,  
 T'impresse in *Cloris* tender heart that touch  
 Of deepe dislike of both their vanteries,  
 As may conuert her wholly vnto me. 210

*Tec.* Why will you then *Dorindas* loue forsake,  
 For whom you traueld so, and made me take  
 Such labour to intice her to your loue?

*Col.* Tush *Techne*, we desire not what we haue  
 But what we would; our longings neuer stay  
 With our attaynings, but they goe beyond.

*Tec.* And vvhy? *Dorinda* is as faire as she.

*Col.* That I confesse, but yet that payes not me,  
 For *Cloris* is another, and tis that,  
 And onely that, vvhich, *Techne*, I desire. 220  
 Some thing there is peculiar, and alone  
 To euery beauty, that doth giue an edge  
 To our desires, and more vve vvill conceiue  
 In that vve haue not then in that vve haue.  
 And I haue heard, abroad vvhere best experience  
 And vvit is learnd, that all the fairest choyce  
 Of vvoemen in the vvorld, serue but to make  
 One perfect beauty, vvhereof each brings part.  
 One hath a pleasing smile, and nothing else:

Another but some filly Mole to grace 230  
 Th'aire of a disproportion'd face ;  
 Another pleases not but vvhhen she speakes,  
 And some in silence onely gracefull are :  
 Some till they laugh, we see, seeme to be faire,  
 Some haue their bodies good, their gestures ill,  
 Some please in Motion, some in sitting still,  
 Some are thought louely, that haue nothing faire,  
 Some againe faire that nothing louely are.  
 So that we see how beauty doth consist  
 Of diuers peeces, and yet all attract, 240  
 And therefore vnto all my loue aspires ;  
 As beauty varies, so doth my desires.

*Tec.* Ah but yet *Colax* doe not so much wrong  
 Vnto a Nymph, now when thou hast subdu'd  
 And won her heart, and know'st she hold'st thee deare.

*Col.* Tush, wrong is as men thinke it, and I see  
 It keeps the world the best in exercise  
 That else would languish, and haue nought to doe.  
 Discord in parts, makes harmon' in the whole.  
 And some must laugh, whilst other some condole. 250  
 And so it be not of the side we are,  
 Let others beare it ; what neede we to care?  
 And now *Dorinda* something hath to doe,  
 Now, she may sit, and thinke, and vexe and plot  
 For ease, and ioying of her full delight  
 Would but haue dull'd her spirits, and marr'd her quite.

*Tec.* Alas, yet I must pittie her, poore soule  
 In this distresse, I being on my selfe  
 Of the frayle corporation, and doe know  
 That she will take it very grievously. 260  
 And yet in troth sh'is seru'd but well inow,

That would neglect *Mirtillus* honest loue,  
 And trust strong protestations, and new othes ;  
 Be wonne with garded words, and gawdy clothes.

*Col.* Well, well, *Dorinda* shall not waile alone,  
 She shall haue others to comfort her mone :  
 For since my last returne from *Telos* Court  
 I haue made twenty of their coyest Nymphs  
 Turne louers, with a few protesting words  
 And some choyce complementall periuries ; 270  
 I made *Palæmon*, to suspect the faith  
 Of his chaste *Siluiæ*, and chaste *Siluiæ* his ;  
 In hope thereby to worke her loue to me.  
 I wrought coy *Daphne* to infringe her vow  
 Made to *Menalcas* ; and I told her how  
 Those setters which so heauily were laid  
 Vpon our free affections, onely were  
 But customary bands, not naturall.  
 And I thinke *Techne* thou hast done thy part  
 Here, in this gentle region of kind hearts, 280  
 Since thou cam'st hither, for I see thou thriu'st.

*Tec.* Indeed whilst I in *Corinth* did remaine,  
 I hardly could procure the meanes to liue,  
 There were so many of my trade, that sold  
 Complexions, dressings, tiffanies and tyres ;  
 Deuifors of new fashions and strange wyers,  
 Bedbrokers, Night wormes, and Compositors ;  
 That though I knew these arts as well as they  
 Yet being so many we could get small pay.  
 Here, who but *Techne* now is all in all ? 290  
*Techne* is sent for, *Techne* onely shewes  
 New strange deuifes to the choycest Nymphes :  
 And I thinke *Techne* teaches them those trickes,



As they will not forget againe in haſt.  
 I haue ſo opened their vnapt conceits  
 Vnto that vnderſtanding of themſelues,  
 As they will ſhew in time they were well taught,  
 If they obſerue my rules, and hide a fault.

*Col.* Ah well done *Techne*. Thus muſt thou and I  
 Trade for our profit with their ignorance, 300  
 And take our time, and they muſt haue their chance.  
 But pray thee *Techne*, doe not thou forget  
 To lay a traine for *Cloris*. So adue.

*Tec. Colax* I will not, and the rather too,  
 For that I beare a little leaning loue  
 To ſweet *Amyntas*; for me thinkes he ſeemes  
 The loueliſt Shepheard all *Arcadia* yeelds,  
 And I would gladly intercept his loue.

## SCEN. IIII.

*Melibæus. Ergaſtus.* 310

SO this is well; Here's one diſcouery made;  
 Here are the heads of that diſtemperature,  
 From whence theſe ſtrange debauſhments of our  
 Nymphes

And vile deluding of our Shepheards ſprings:  
 Here is a monſter, that hath made his luſts  
 As wide as is his will, and left his will  
 Without all bounds, and cares not whom he wrongs,  
 So that he may his owne deſires fulfill;  
 And being all foule himſelfe, would make all ill,  
 This is that *Colax* that from forraine lands, 320  
 Hath brought home that infection that vndoes  
 His countrey goodneſſe, and impoyſons all.

His being abroad would marre vs quite at home :  
 Tis strange to see, that by his going out,  
 He hath out-gone that natie honesty,  
 Which here the breeding of his countrey gaue.  
 For here I doe remember him a child,  
 The sonne of *Nicoginus* of the Hill ;  
 A man though low in fortune, yet in minde  
 High set ; a man still practising 330  
 T'aduaunce his forward sonne beyond the traine  
 Of our *Arcadian* breed ; and still me thought  
 I saw a disposition in the youth,  
 Bent to a selfe conceited furlinesse,  
 With an insinuating impudence.

*Erg.* A man the fitter made for Courts abroad  
 Where I would God he had remainèd still,  
 With those loose-liuing wanton Sybarites,  
 Where luxurie, had made her outmost prooffe.  
 From whence I heare he comes, and hither brings 340  
 Their shames, to brand vs with the like reproach.

And for this other viper which you saw,  
 I doe remember how she came of late  
 For succour to these parts, and sought to teach  
 Our younger maides to dresse, and trie our Flaxe,  
 And vse the Distaffe, and to make a hem,  
 And such like skill, being skill enough for them ;  
 But since I see she hath presum'd to deale  
 In points of other science, different farre  
 From that plaine Art of honest hufwifery, 350  
 And as it seemes hath often made repaire  
 Vnto the neighbour Cities round about ;  
 From whom she hath these strange disguises got  
 T'abuse our Nymphes, and as it seemes desires

To fute their mindes as light as their attires;  
 But we fhall foone preuent this growing plague  
 Of pride and folly, now that ſhe defcry  
 The true ſymptoma of this malady;  
 And by this ouerture thus made we truſt  
 We ſhortly ſhall diſcouer all the reſt.

360

## ACT. II. SCEN. I.

*Silua. Cloris.*

**O** *Cloris*, here haue thou and I full oft  
 Sate and beene merry, in this ſhady Groue.  
 Here haue we fung full many a Rundelay,  
 Told Riddles, and made Noſegayes, laught at loue,  
 And other paſſions, whilſt my ſelfe was free,  
 From that intollerable miſery,  
 Whereto affection now inuaſſels me.  
 Now *Cloris* I ſhall neuer more take ioy  
 To ſee, or to be ſeene, with mortall eye;  
 Now ſorrow muſt be all my company.

370

*Clo.* Why *Silua*, whence ſhould all this grieve ariſe?

*Sil.* I am vndone *Cloris*, let that ſuffice.

*Clo.* Tell me ſweet *Silua*, how comes that to paſſe?

*Sil.* O *Cloris* if thou be as once I was  
 Free, from that miſerable plague of loue,  
 Keepe thee ſo ſtill; let my affliction warne  
 Thy youth, that neuer man haue power to moue  
 Thy heart to liking; for beleeu me this,  
 They are the moſt vnfaithfull impious race  
 Of creatures on the earth; neuer beleeu  
 Their proteſtations, nor their vowes, nor teares:  
 All is deceit; none meanes the thing he ſweares.

380

Trust a mans faith ? nay rather will I goe  
 And giue my selfe a prey to sauage beasts ;  
 For all they feeke, and all they labour for,  
 Is but t'vndoe vs ; and when that is done,  
 They goe and triumph on the spoile the'haue won.  
 Trust men, or take compaffion when they grieue, 390  
 O *Cloris* 'tis to cherish and relieue  
 The frozen Snake, which with our heat once warmd,  
 Will sting vs to the heart in recompence ;  
 And O no maruell tho the Satyre shund  
 To liue with man, when he perceiu'd he could,  
 With one and the fame breath blow heat and cold.  
 Who would haue euer thought *Palæmons* othes  
 Would haue prou'd false ? who would haue iudgd the  
 face

That promif'd fo much faith, and honesty  
 Had beene the visor but of treachery ? 400

*Clo.* Is't possible *Palæmon* should b'vntrue ?

*Sil.* Tis possible, *Palæmon* is vntrue.

*Clo.* If it be so, deare *Silvia*, I thinke then  
 That thou faist truth, there is no trust in men.  
 For I protest I neuer saw a face

That promif'd better of a heart then his,  
 And if he faile, whose faith then constant is ?

*Sil.* O *Cloris*, if thou didst but know how long,  
 And with what earnest suite, he sought my loue ;  
 What vowes he vs'd, what othes, what teares among ; 410  
 What shewes he made, his constancy to prooue,  
 You would admire : and then againe to see  
 How I although I lou'd him with my heart  
 Stood out, and would by no means vrgèd be,  
 To shew the least affection of my part.

For I had heard that, which (O now too well)  
 I finde, that men were cunning, and would not  
 Regard the thing that easly was got.

*Clo. Siluia*, indeed and I haue heard so too.

*Sil.* And therefore I would try him, and not seeme 420  
 His vowes, nor protestations to esteeme :  
 At length one day, here in this selfe-same place,  
 (Which I shall euer, and good cause I haue  
 To thinke on whilst I liue) walking with me,  
 After he had vrgèd me most earnestly :  
 O *Siluia*, said he, since nor oath, nor vow,  
 Nor teares, nor prayers, haue the power to moue,  
 Nor all that I can doe, can make thee know  
 How true a heart, I offer to thy loue ;  
 I must try some way else to shew the same, 430  
 And make thy vndiscerning wilfull youth  
 Know, though too late, (perhaps vnto thy shame)  
 Thy vwayward error, and my constant truth :  
 When thou maist sigh, and say in grieve of minde,  
*Palæmon* lou'd, and *Siluia* vvas vnkinde.  
 With that vvringing my hand, he turnes away,  
 And though his teares vvould hardly let him looke,  
 Yet such a looke did through his teares make way,  
 He shew'd how sad a farewell there he tooke.  
 And vp towards yonder craggy rocke he goes, 440  
 His armes incrofs'd, his head downe on one side,  
 With such a mournfull pace, as shewd his woes  
 Way'd heauier then his passions could abide :  
 Faine vvould I haue recald him backe, but shame,  
 And modestie could not bring forth his name :  
 And faine vvould I haue followed, yet me thought  
 It did not fit the honour of a maide

To follow one, yet still I sent from me,  
T'attend his going, feare, and a carefull eye.

At length vvhen he vvas gotten to the top, 450  
I might perceiue how vvith infolded armes,  
And lookes vp bent to heauen, he stands and turnes  
His vvofull face vnto the other side,  
Whereas that hideous fearefull downfall is :  
And seem'd as if he vvould haue throwne him off :  
And as I thought, vvas now vpon the point :  
When my affrighted powers could hold no more,  
But pittie breaking all those bands of shame,  
That held me back, I shrikd, and ran, God knowes,  
With all the speede my feeble feete could make, 460  
And clammering vp at length (vvith much adoe)  
Breathlesse, I got, and tooke him by the hand,—  
And glad I had his hand, and vvas not come  
Too late to haue it,—and I puld him backe:  
But could not speake one vvord ; no more did he :  
Sense seem'd to faile in him, and breath in me.  
And on before I vvent, and led him on,  
And downe conducted him into this plaine,  
And yonder loe, vnder that fatall tree,—  
Locke *Cloris* there, euen in that very place,— 470  
We fate vs downe, my arme about his necke ;  
Which *Ioue* thou know'ft held neuer man before :  
There onely did my teares conferre vvith his,  
Words we had none : it vvas inough to thinke  
For passion vvas too busie now vvithin,  
And had no time to come abroad in speech.  
And though I vvould haue spoken, yet me thought  
I should not, but my silence told him this,  
That told too much, that all I was was his.

*Clo.* Well *Silvia*, I haue heard so sad a tale, 480  
 As that I grieue to be a woman borne,  
 And that by nature we must be expos'd  
 Vnto the mercy of vnconstant men :  
 But what said then *Palæmon* in the ende ?

*Sil.* Oh what he said, and what deepe vowes he  
 made ?

When ioy and grieve, had let his senses loose ;  
 Witnesse O gentle tree vnder whose shade,  
 We fate the while ; witnesse, if euer maide  
 Had more assurances by oathes of man.  
 And well may you beare witnesse of this deede, 490  
 For in a thousand of your barkes he hath  
 Incar'd my name, and vnder wrote his vowes :  
 Which will remaine so long as you beare bowes.  
 But *Cloris*, learne this lesson well of mee ;  
 Take heed of pitty ;—pitty was the cause  
 Of my confusion : pitty hath vndone  
 Thousands of gentle natures, in our sexe ;  
 For pitty is sworne seruant vnto loue :  
 And this be sure, where euer it begin  
 To make the way, it lets your maister in. 500

*Clo.* But what assurance haue you of his fraud ?  
 It may be you suspect him without cause.

*Sil.* Ah *Cloris*, *Cloris*, would I had no cause !  
 He who beheld him wrong me in these woods,  
 And heard him courting *Nisa*, and protest  
 As deepe to her, as he had done to me,  
 Told me of all his wicked treachery,

*Clo.* Pray, who was that ? tell me good *Silvia*, tell.

*Sil.* Why it was *Colax*, one I know full well  
 Would not report vntruths to gaine the world ; 510

A man of vertue, and of worthy parts.  
 He told me all, and more then I will shew ;  
 I would I knew not halfe of that I know.

Ah had he none but *Nisa*, that base trull,  
 The sorne and iest of all *Arcadia* now  
 To serue his lusts, and falsifie his vow ?  
 Ah had it yet beene any else, the touch  
 Of my disgrace, had neuer beene so much ;  
 But to [be] left for such a one as she,  
 The stale of all, what will folke thinke of me ? 520  
*Cloris* in troth, it makes me so much loath  
 My selfe, loath these woods, and euen hate the day,  
 As I must hide my griefes out of the way :  
 I will be gone, *Cloris*, I leaue thee here,  
 I cannot stay ; and prethee, *Cloris*, yet  
 Pitty thy poore companion *Siluias* care,  
 And let her fortune make thee to beware.

*Clo. Siluia* adue, the Gods relieue thy woes,  
 Since men thus faile, and loue no pittie showes,

## SCEN. II.

530

*Cloris. Techne.*

**L**oue ? nay, I'me taught from louing whilst I liue,  
*Siluia*, thy counsell hath lockt vp my heart  
 So fast from loue, as let them sigh, and grieve,  
 And pine, and waile who vvill, I for my part  
 Will pittie none of all this race of men.  
 I see vvhat showes soeuer they pretend,  
 Their loue is neuer deadly ; none of these  
 That languish thus haue dide of this disease  
 That euer I could heare ; I see all do 540



Recouer soone, that happen thereinto.  
 And if they did not, there were no great hurt ;  
 They may indure, they are of stronger powers ;  
 Better their hearts should ake, then they break ours.

Well, had I not beene thus forewarnd to day,  
 Out of all question, I had shortly falne,  
 Into the melting humour of compassion too ;  
 That tender pittie that betrayes vs thus.  
 For something I began to feele, me thought,  
 To moue vvithin me, when as I beheld 550  
*Amyntas* walke, so sadly, and so pale ;  
 And euer where I went, still in my way,  
 His lookes bent all to me, his care of mee :  
 Which well I saw, but would not seeme to see.  
 But now he hath his arrent, let him goe,  
 Pittie shall neuer cure that heart of his  
 T'vndoe mine owne ; the grieve is best where tis.

*Tec.* What, *Cloris*, all alone, now fie for shame,  
 How ill doth this become so faire a face,  
 And that fresh youth to be without your loue ? 560

*Clo.* Loue, *Techne* ? I haue here as many loues  
 As I intend to haue, whilst I haue breath.

*Tec.* Nay that you haue not, neuer hault with me ;  
 For I know two at least possessors be  
 Of your kinde fauours, as themselues doe boast.

*Clo.* Boast of my fauours, no man rightly can ;  
 And otherwise, let them doe what they can.

*Tec.* No *Cloris*, did not you the other night  
 A gallant Nofegay to *Amyntas* giue ?

*Clo.* I neuer gaue him Nofegay in my life. 570

*Tec.* Then trust me *Cloris* he doth wrong you much ;  
 For he produc'd it there in open sight,

And vaunted to *Carinus*, that you first  
 Did kisse the same, then gaue it vnto him,  
 And tolde too how farre gone you were in loue ;  
 What passion you would vse, when he was by ;  
 How you would iest with him, and wantonly  
 Cast water in his face ; call his dogge yours,  
 And shew him your affections by your eye.

And then *Carinus* on the other side 580  
 He vaunts, that since he had redeemed you  
 Out of the Satyres hands, he could command  
 Your loue and all ; that you were onely his.  
 This and much more, I heard them I protest,  
 Giue out of you ; how truly you know best.

*Clo. Techne*, their idle talke, shall not vex me ;  
 I know the ground I stand on, and how free  
 My heart, and I, inioy our liberty ;

And if *Amyntas*, hath interpreted 590  
 My looks according to his owne conceit,  
 He hath mistooke the text, and he shall finde  
 Great difference twixt his comment, & my minde.

And for his Nofegay, it shall make me take  
 More care hereafter how I scatter flowers :  
 Let him preferue it well, and let him make  
 Much of his gaines, he gets no more of ours.  
 But thus had I beene seru'd, had I reueal'd  
 The least regard of common courtesie  
 To such as these : but I doe thanke the gods  
 I haue referu'd me, from that vanitie : 600

For euer I suspected this to be  
 The veine of men, and this now settles me.  
 And for *Carinus*, let him vaunt what good  
 He did for me, he can but haue againe

My hearty thanks, the payment for his paine ;  
 And that he shall, and ought in womanhood.  
 And as for loue, let him goe looke on her  
 That fits, and grieues, and languishes for him,  
 Poore *Amarillis* ; who affects him deare,  
 And fought his loue with many a wofull teare. 610  
 And well deserues a better man then he :  
 Though he be rich *Lupinus* sonne, and stands  
 Much on his wealth, and his abilitie:  
 She is witty, faire, and full of modestie.  
 And were she of my minde, she rather would  
 Pull out her eyes, than that she would be seene,  
 To offer vp so deare a sacrifice  
 To his wilde youth, that scornes her in that wife.

*Tec.* *Cloris* in troth, I like thy iudgement well,  
 In not affecting of these home-bred Swaines, 620  
 That know not how to manage true delight ;  
 Can neither hide their loue, nor shew it right.  
 Who would be troubled with grosse ignorance,  
 That vnderstands not truely how to loue ?  
 No *Cloris*, if thou didst but know, how well  
 Thou art esteem'd, of one that knowes indeed  
 How to obserue thy worth, and his owne wayes ;  
 How to giue true delight, how to proceed  
 With secrecy, and wit, in all assayes,  
 Perhaps you might thinke one day of the man. 630

*Clo.* What, is this creature then you praise, a man ?

*Tec.* A man ? yes *Cloris*, what should he be else ?

*Clo.* Nought else, it is enough he be a man.

*Tec.* Yea and so rare a man as euer yet  
*Arcadia* bred, that may be proud she bred  
 A person of so admirable parts ;

A man that knowes the world, hath seene abroad,  
 Brings those perfections that doe truly moue ;  
 A gallant spirit, an vnderstanding loue.  
 O if you did but know how sweet it were, 640  
 To come vnto the bed of worthinesse,  
 Of knowledge, of conceits,—where strange delights  
 With strange discourses still shall entertaine  
 Your pleased thoughts with fresh varietie,—  
 Ah you would loath to haue your youth confin'de,  
 For euer more betweene the vnskillfull armes  
 Of one of these rude vnconceiuing Swaines,  
 Who would but seeme a trunke without a minde ;  
 As one that neuer saw but these poore plaines,  
 Knowes but to keepe his sheepe, and fet his fold, 650  
 Pipe on an Oaten Reede some Rundelayes,  
 And daunce a Morrice on the holy dayes.  
 And so should you be alwayes sweetly sped  
 With ignorance, and two fooles in a bed.  
 But with this other gallant spirit you should  
 Be sure to ouerpasse that tediousnesse,  
 And that faciety which cloyes this life,  
 With such a variable cheerefulnesse,  
 As you will bleffe the time t'haue beene his wife. 659  
*Clo.* What, hath this man you thus commend, a name?  
*Tec.* A name? why yes, no man but hath a name :  
 His name is *Colax* ; and is one I sweare  
 Doth honour euen the ground whereon you tread,  
 And oft, and many times God knowes,  
 Hath he with tender passion, talkt of you ;  
 And said, Well, there is one vvithin these vvoods  
 (Meaning by you) that yet of all the Nymphes  
 Mine eyes haue euer seene vpon the earth,

In all perfections doth exceede them all.  
 For all the beauties in that glorious Court 670  
 Of *Telos*, vvhere I liu'd, nor all the Starres  
 Of *Greece* beside, could sparkle in my heart  
 The fire of any heate, but onely shee.

Then vvould he stay, and sigh ; and then againe :  
 Ah vvhat great pittie such a creature should,  
 Be tide vnto a clogge of ignorance ;  
 Whose body doth deserue to be imbrac'd,  
 By the most mighty Monarch vpon earth.  
 Ah that she knew her vvorth, and how vnfit  
 That priuate woods should hide that face, that wit.

Thus hath he often said, and this I say, 681  
 Obserue him vvhen you vvill, you shall not see  
 From his hye fore-head to his slender foote,  
 A man in all parts, better made then he.

*Clo. Techne*, me thinkes, the praises that you giue  
 Shewes your owne loue ; and if he be that man  
 You say, 'tvvere good you kept him for your selfe.

*Tec.* I must not loue impossibilities ;  
*Cloris*, he vvere a most fit man for you.

*Clo.* For me ? alas *Techne* you moue too late. 690

*Tec.* Why haue you past your promise t'any yet ?

*Clo.* Yes sure, my promise is already past.

*Tec.* And if it be, I trust you are so wise  
 T'vnparte the same againe for your owne good.

*Clo.* No, that I may not when it is once past.

*Tec.* No *Cloris*, I presume that wit of yours  
 That is so pierfiue, can conceiue how that  
 Our promise must not preiudice our good :  
 And that it is no reason that the tongue,  
 Tie the whole body to eternall wrong, 700

*Clo.* The Tongue is but the Agent of the heart,  
And onely as commiffioner allowd  
By reafon, and the will, for the whole ftate,  
Which warrants all it fhall negotiate.

*Tec.* But prithee tell me to what rufticke Swaine  
You pafs'd your word to caft away your felfe ?

*Clo.* No, I haue paff my word to faue my felfe  
From the deceitfull, impious periuries  
Of treacherous men, and vow'd vnto my heart  
Vntill I fee more faith then yet I fee, 710  
None of them all fhall triumph ouer me.

*Tec.* Nay then, and be no otherwife, tis well ;  
We fhall haue other time to talke of this.  
But *Cloris* I haue fitted you in faith,  
I haue here brought, the moft conceived tyre,  
The rareft dreffing euer Nymph put on ;  
Worth ten of that you weare ; that, now me thinks  
Doth not become you ; and befides, tis ftale.

*Clo.* Stale why ? I haue not worne it fcarce a  
moneth.

*Tec.* A moneth ? why you muft change them twife  
a day : 720

Hold hither *Cloris*, this was not well laid ;  
Here is a fault, you haue not mixt it well  
To make it take, or elfe it is your hafte  
To come abroad fo foone into the Ayre.  
But I muft teach you to amend thefe faults,  
And ere I fhall haue done with you, I thinke,  
I fhall make fome of thefe inamored youthes  
To hang themfelues, or elfe runne madde for loue,  
But goe, let's trie this dreffing I haue brought.

## SCEN. III.

730

*Palæmon. Mirtillus.*

**M** *Irtillus*, did *Dorinda* euer vow,  
Or make thee any promise to be thine ?

*Mir. Palæmon* no, she neuer made me vow,  
But I did euer hope she would be mine ;  
For that I had deliuered vp my youth,  
My heart, my all, a tribute to her eyes,  
And had secur'd her of my constant truth,  
Vnder so many faithfull specialties,  
As that although she did not graunt againe, 740  
With any shew the acquittance of my loue,  
Yet did shee euer seeme to entertaine  
My affections, and my seruices t'approue ;  
Till now of late I know not by what meane,  
(Ill fare that meane) she grew to that dispight,  
As she not onely cloudes her fauours cleane,  
But also scorn'd to haue me in her sight ;  
That now I am not for her loue thus mou'd,  
But onely that she will not be belou'd.

*Pal.* If this be all th'occasion of thy griefe, 750  
*Mirtillus*, thou art then in better case  
Then I suppos'd, and therefore cheere thy heart ;  
And good cause too, being in the state thou art,  
For if thou didst but heare the History  
Of my distresse, and what part I haue shar'd  
Of sad affliction, thou wilt then soone see  
There is no misery vnlesse compar'd.  
For all Arcadia, all these hills, and plaines,  
These holts, and woods and euery Christall spring,  
Can testifie my teares, and tell my flames, 760

And with how cleane a heart, how cleere a faith  
*Palæmon* louèd *Silua*, and how long.  
 And when confum'd with griefe, and dri'd with care,  
 Euen at the point to sacrifice my life  
 Vnto her cruelty, then lo she yeelds,  
 And was content for euer to be mine :  
 And gaue m'assurance vnderneath her hand,  
 Sign'd with a faithfull vow, as I conceiu'd,  
 And witnæssed with many a louely kisse,  
 That I thought fure I had attain'd my blisse. 770  
 And yet (aie me) I got not what I got,  
*Silua* I haue, and yet I haue her not.

*Mir.* How may that be, *Palæmon* pray thee tell ?

*Pal.* O know *Mirtillus* that I rather could  
 Runne to some hollow caue, and burst and die  
 In darknes, and in horror, then vnfold  
 Her shamefull stainè, and mine owne infamy.  
 But yet it will abroad, her impudence  
 Will be the trumpet of her owne disgrace,  
 And fill the wide and open mouth of fame 780  
 So full, as all the world shall know the fame.

*Mir.* Why, what is *Silua* false, or is she gone ?

*Pal.* *Silua* is false and I am quite vndone.

*Mir.* Ah out alas, who euer would haue thought  
 That modest looke, so innocent a face,  
 So chaste a blush, that shame-fast countenance,  
 Could euer haue told how to wantonise ?  
 Ah what shall we poore lquers hope for now  
 Who must to win, consume, and hauing wonne  
 With hard and much adoe, must be vndone ? 790

*Pal.* Ah but *Mirtillus* if thou didst know who  
 Is now the man, her choice hath lighted on,



How would'st thou wonder? for that passeth all ;  
That I abhorre to tell, yet tell I shall ;

For all that would will shortly know't too well :

It is base *Thyrsis*, that wild hare-braine youth

Whom euery milk-maid in *Arcadia* skornes :

*Thyrsis* is now the man with vvhome she walkes

Alone, in thickets, and in groues remote.

*Thyrsis* is all in all, and none but he ;

800

With him she dallies vnder euery tree.

Trust women? ah *Mirtillus*, rather trust

The Summer windes, th'Oceans constancy ;

For all their substance is but leuity.

Light are their wauing vailes, light their attires,

Light are their heads, and lighter their desires :

Let them lay on vvhath couerture they will

Vpon themselues, of modesty and shame,

They cannot hide the woman with the same.

Trust women? ah *Mirtillus* rather trust

810

The false deuouring Crocodiles of *Nile* ;

For all they worke is but deceit and guile :

What haue they but is fain'd? their haire is fain'd,

Their beauty fain'd, their stature fain'd, their pace,

Their iesture, motion, and their grace is fain'd :

And if that all be fain'd without, vvhath then

Shall we suppose can be sincere within?

For if they doe but vveepe, or sing, or smile,

Smiles, teares, and tunes, are ingins to beguile ;

And all they are, and all they haue of grace,

820

Consists but in the outside of a face.

O loue and beauty, how are you ordain'd

Like vnto fire, vvhose flames farre off delight,

But if you be imbrac'd consume vs quite?

Why cannot vve make at a lower rate  
 A purchase of you, but that we must giue  
 The treasure of our hearts, and yet not haue  
 What we haue bought so dearely for all that ?  
 O *Silvia* if thou needs wouldst haue beene gone,  
 Thou should'st haue taken all away of thee ; 830  
 And nothing left to haue remain'd with me.  
 Thou should'st haue carried hence the portraiture  
 VVhich thou hast left behind within my heart,  
 Set in the table-frame of memory,  
 That puts me still in minde of what thou wert,  
 VVhilst thou wert honest, and thy thoughts were pure ;  
 So that I might not thus in euery place,  
 VVhere I shall set my carefull foote, conferre  
 VVith it of thee, and euermore be told,  
 That here fate *Silvia* vnderneath this tree ; 840  
 And here she walkt, and lean'd vpon mine arme ;  
 There gathered flowers, and brought them vnto me ;  
 Here by the murmurs of this rusling spring,  
 She sweetly lay, and in my bosome slept ;  
 Here first she shewd me comforts when I pinde ;  
 As if in euery place her foote had stept,  
 It had left *Silvia* in a print behind.  
 But yet, O these were *Silvias* images,  
 Then whilst her heart held faire, and she was chaste ;  
 Now is her face all sullied with her fact ; 850  
 And why are not those former prints defac'd ?  
 VVhy should she hold, still in the forme she was,  
 Being now deform'd, and not the same she was ?  
 O that I could *Mirtillus* locke her out  
 Of my remembrance, that I might no more  
 Haue *Silvia* here, vvhen she will not be here.

*Mir.* But good *Palæmon*, tell vvhat proofes haft thou  
Of her difloyalty, that makes thee fhow  
Thefe heauy paffions, and to grieue fo much ?

*Pal.* *Mirtillus*, proofes that are alas too plaine; 860  
For *Colax*, one thou knowft can well obferue  
And iudge of loue ; a man both ftaid, and wife,  
A gentle heardsman, out of loue, and care  
He had of me, came and reported all ;  
And how he faw them diuers times alone,  
Imbracing each the other in the woods.  
Befides fhe hath of late with fullaine lookes,  
That fhew'd difliking, fhunn'd my company,  
Kept her a loofe ; and novv I thinke to day,  
Is gone to hide her quite out of the vvay. 870

But *Silvia* though thou go and hide thy face,  
Thou canft not hide thy fhame, and thy difgrace ;  
No fecret thicket, groue, nor yet close grot,  
Can couer fhame, and that immodest blot.  
Ah didft thou lend thy hand in kind remorfe  
To faue me from one death, to giue m'a worfe ?  
Had it not yet beene better I had died,  
By thy vnspotted honeft cruelty,  
Then now by thy difgracèd infamy ?  
That fo I might haue carried to my graue 880  
The image of chafte *Silvia* in my heart,  
And not haue had thefe notions, to ingraue  
A ftainèd *Silvia* there, as now thou art ?  
Ah yes, it had beene better farre, I prooue,  
T'haue perifht for thy loue, then vvith thy loue.

*Mir.* Ah good *Palæmon*, ceafe thefe fad com-  
plaints,  
And moderate thy paffions ; thou fhalt fee

She may returne, and these reports be found  
But idle fictions on vncertaine ground.

*Pal. Mirtillus* I perceiue my tedious tale, 890  
Begins to be distastefull to thine eare ;  
And therefore will I to some desert vale,  
To some close groue to waile, where none shall heare  
But beasts, and trees, whose sense I shall not tyre  
VVith length of mone ; for length is my desire.  
And therefore, gentle Sheepheard, now adieu,  
And trust not women, for they are vntrue.

*Mir. Aduē Palæmon*, and thy sad distresse,  
Shall make me weigh *Dorindas* losse the lesse :  
For if I should be hers, and she prooue so, 900  
Better to be mine owne and let her go.

#### SCEN. IV.

*Ergastus. Melibæus.*

**N**OW *Melibæus* ; who would haue suppos'd  
That had not seene these impious passages,  
That euer monstrous wretch could haue expos'd  
T[w]o honest hearts to these extremities,  
T'attaine his wicked ends ? by hauing wrought  
First in, vnto their easie confidence  
A way, by an opinion to be thought, 910  
Honest, discreet, of great experience.

Whereby we see open-fac't villanie  
Without a maske, no mischief could haue done ;  
It was the couerture of honesty,  
That laid the snare, whereby they were vndone,  
And that's the ingine that confounds vs all ;  
That makes the breach whereby the world is factt,

And made a prey to cunning, when we fall  
 Into the hands of wife dishonesty :  
 Whenas our weake credulity is rackt 920  
 By that opinion of sufficiency,  
 To all the inconueniences that guile,  
 And impious craft can practise to beguile.

And note but how these cankers alwayes seaze  
 The choysest fruits with their infections ;  
 How they are still ordainèd to disease,  
 The natures of the best complections.

*Mel.* Tis true. And what an instrument hath he  
 To be the Agent of his villany ? [there got,  
 How truely she negotiats, and doth plot, 930  
 To vndermine fraile imbecillity.  
 How strong, these spirits combine them in a knot,  
 To circumvent plaine open honesty ?

And what a creature there is to conuerse  
 With feeble maydes ; whose vveaknes soone is led  
 VVith toyes, and new disguises, to reuerse  
 The course wherein by custome they vvere bred ?  
 And then what fitnesse too her trade affoord,  
 To trafficke with the secrets of their heart,  
 And cheapen their affections vvith faire words, 940  
 VVhich vvomen straight to women vvill impart ?  
 And then to see how soone example vvill  
 Disperse it selfe, being met with our desire ?  
 How soone, it vvill inkindle others ill,  
 Like *Neptha* that takes fire by sight of fire ?  
 So that vnlesse we runne vvith all the speed  
 VVe can, to quench this new arising flame  
 Of vanity, and lust, it will proceed  
 T'vndoe vs, ere vve shall perceiue the fame :

How farre already is the mischiefe runne, 950  
 Before vve scarfe perceiu'd it was begunne ?

ACT III. SCEN. I.

*Alcon. Lincus.*

**V**V Hat my friend *Lincus* ? now in troth well  
 met.

*Lin.* VWell met good *Alcon*, this fals happily  
 That we two thus incounter all alone,  
 VWho had not any conference scarfe this moneth.

*Al.* In troth I long'd to heare how you proceed  
 In your new practife here among these fwaines ;  
 For you and I must grace each others arte : 960  
 Though you knew me, vwhen I in *Patras* dwelt,  
 And waited on a poore Phifitions man,  
 And I knew you a Pronotories boy,  
 That wrote Indentures at the towne-house-doore ;  
 Yet are you here now a great man of law,  
 And I a graue Phifition full of skill ;  
 And here we two are held the only men :  
 But how thriue you in your new practife now ?

*Lin.* *Alcon*, in troth, not any thing to speake ;  
 For these poore people of *Arcadia* here 970  
 Are soone contented each man with his owne,  
 As they desire no more, nor will be drawne  
 To any contestation ; nor indeed  
 Is there yet any frame compos'd, whereby  
 Contention may proceed in practicke forme ?  
 For if they had this frame once, to contend,  
 Then would they brawle and wrangle without end.  
 For then might they be taught, and counsell'd how

To litigate perpetually, you know ;  
 And so might I be sure to doe some good ; 980  
 But hauing here no matter whereupon  
 To furnish reall actions, as else where ;  
 No tenures, but a customary hold  
 Of what they haue from their progenitors  
 Common, without indiuiduitie ;  
 No purchasings, no contracts, no comerse,  
 No politique commands, no seruices,  
 No generall assemblies but to feast,  
 And to delight themselues with fresh pastimes ;  
 How can I hope that euer I shall thriue ? 990

*Alc.* Ist possible that a societie  
 Can with so little noyse, and sweat subsist ?

*Lin.* It seemes it may, before men haue transform'd  
 Their state of nature in so many shapes  
 Of their owne managements, and are cast out  
 Into confusion, by their knowledges.  
 And either I must packe me hence, or else  
 Must labour wholly to dissolue the frame  
 And composition, of their strange built state ;  
 Which now I seeke to doe, by drawing them 1000  
 To apprehend of these proprieties  
 Of *mine and thine*, and teach them to incroach  
 And get them states apart, and priuate shares.  
 And this I haue already set a worke  
 If it vvill take ; for I haue met with two  
 The aptest spirits the countrey yeelds, I know,  
*Montanus* and *Acrysius* ; vvho are both  
 Old, and both cholericke, and both peruerse,  
 And both inclinable to Auarice ;  
 And if their quarrell hold, as tis begun 1010

I doe not doubt but all the rest vvill on ;  
 And if the vvorft should fall, if I could gaine  
 The reputation but to arbitrate,  
 And fway their ftrifes, I vvould get vvell by that.

*Alc.* Tis maruell that their long and eafie peace  
 That fosters plenty, and giues nought to doe,  
 Should not vvith them beget contention too,  
 As vvell as other vvhere vve fee it doth.

*Lin.* This peace of theirs is not like others peace ;  
 Where craft laies traps t'inrich himfelfe with wiles,  
 And men make prey of men, and rife by fpoiles. 1021  
 This rather seemes a quiet then a peace:  
 For this poore corner of *Arcadia* here,  
 This little angle of the vvorld you fee,  
 Which hath fhut out of doore, all t'earth befide,  
 And is bard vp with mountaines, and with rocks ;  
 Haue had no intertrading with the rest  
 Of men, nor yet will haue, but here alone,  
 Quite out of fortunes way, and vnderneath  
 Ambition, or defire, that weighes them not, 1030  
 They liue as if ftill in the golden age,  
 When as the world was in his pupillage.

But for mine owne part, *Alcon*, I proteft  
 I enuy them that they thus make themfelues,  
 An euerlafting holy day of reft,  
 Whiles others worke ; and I doe thinke it fit  
 Being in the world, they should be of the world,  
 And if that other ftates should doe fo too  
 As God forbid, what should we Lawyers doe ?  
 But I hope fhortly yet ; we fhall haue here 1040  
 As many of vs as are other where :  
 And we fhall sweat, and chafe, and talke as loud,



Brawle our felues hoarse, as well as they doe  
At *Patras*, *Sparta*, *Corinth*, or at *Thebes* ;  
And be as arrogant and euen as proud ;  
And then twill be a world, and not before :  
But how dost thou with thy profession frame ?

*Alc.* No man can with a better place then this  
To practise in my arte ; for here they will  
Be sicke for company, they are so kinde. 1050  
I haue now twenty Pacients at this time,  
That know not vvhat they ayle ; no more doe I :  
And they haue Phyficke all accordingly.  
First *Phillis* got running at Barley-breake  
A little cold, vvich I vvith certaine drugs  
Administred, vvas thought to remedie ;  
*Doris* saw that how *Phillis* Phyficke wrought  
(For *Phillis* had told her, she neuer tooke  
So delicate a thing in all her life  
That more reuiu'd her heart, and clear'd her blood ;)   
*Doris* would needs be sicke too, and take some. 1061  
*Melina* seeing that, she would the like,  
And so she had the very same receipt ;  
For to say troth, I haue no more but that,  
And one poore pill I vse for greater cures.  
But this is onely sweet and delicate,  
Fit for young women, and is like th'hearbe Iohn,  
Doth neither good nor hurt ; but that's all one :  
For if they but conceiue it doth, it doth ;  
And it is that Physitians hold the chiefe 1070  
In all their cures, *conceit*, and *strong beliefe* :  
Besides I am a stranger come from farr  
Which doth adde much vnto opinion too.  
For who now but th'*Arabian* or the *Jew*

In forraine lands, are held the onely men,  
Although their knowledge be no more then mine.

*Lin.* Tis true friend *Alcon*, he that hath once got  
Th'Elixir of opinion, hath got all,  
And h'is th'man that turnes his brasse to gold.

*Alc.* Then can I talke of *Gallen*, *Auerrois*, 1080  
*Hypocrates*, *Rasis*, and *Auicen*,  
And bookes I neuer read, and vse strange speach  
Of Symptons, Crysis, and the Critique dayes ;  
Eclegmats, Embrochs, Lixiues, Cataplasmes ;  
Of Trochises, Opiats, Apophilegmatismes ;  
With all the hideous tearmes Arte can deuise  
T'amuse weake, and admiring ignorance.

*Lin.* And that is right my tricke ; I ouerwhelme  
My practise too, with darknes, and strange words ;  
With Paragraphs, Conditions, Codicilles, 1090  
Acceptilations, actions recissorie,  
Noxall, and Hypothecall, and inuolue  
Domesticke matter in a forraine phrase.

*Alc.* Then am I as abstruse and mysticall,  
In Carecteer, and giuing my receipt,  
Oseruing th'odde number in my pills,  
And certaine houres to gather and compound  
My fimples, and make all t'attend the Moone.  
Then doe I shew the rare ingredients  
I vse for some great cures, when need requires ; 1100  
The liuer of a Wolfe, the Lyons gall,  
The left side of a Moles, the Foxes heart,  
The right foote of a Tortuse, Dragons blood ;  
And such strange sauage stuffe, as euen the names  
Are phyicke of themselues, to moue a man.  
And all the drugs I vse, must come from farre,

Beyond the Ocean, and the Sunne at least,  
 Or else it hath no vertue Phyficall ;  
 These home-bred simples doe no good at all.

*Lin.* No, no, it must be forraine stuffe, God wot, 1110  
 Or something else that is not to be got.

*Al.* But now in faith I haue found out a tricke,  
 That will perpetually so feede their rheumes,  
 And entertaine their idle weaknesse,  
 As nothing in the vworld could doe the like ;  
 For lately being at *Corinth*, 'twas my chance  
 T'incounter with a Sea-man, new-arriu'd  
 Of *Alexandria*, vwho from *India* came,  
 And brought a certaine hearbe wrapt vp in rowles,  
 From th'Island of *Nicosia*, where it growes : 1120  
 Infus'd I thinke in some pestiferous iuice.  
 (Produc'd in that contagious burning clime,  
 Contrarious to our nature, and our spirits)  
 Or else steep'd in the fuming sap, it selfe  
 Doth yeeld, t'inforce th'infecting power thereof ;  
 And this in powder made, and fir'd, he suckes  
 Out of a little hollow instrument  
 Of calcinated clay, the smoake thereof :  
 Which either he conuayes out of his nose,  
 Or downe into his stomacke vwith a vwhiffe. 1130  
 And this he said a wondrous vertue had,  
 To purge the head, and cure the great Catarre,  
 And to dry vp all other meaner rhumes ;  
 Which when I saw, I straight vway thought how vwell  
 This new fantasticall deuise would please  
 The foolish people here growne humorous.  
 And vp I tooke all this commoditie,  
 And here haue taught them how to vse the same.

*Lin.* And it is easie to bring in the vse  
Of any thing, though neuer so absurd, 1140  
When nations are prepar'd to all abuse,  
And th'humour of corruption once is stir'd.

*Alc.* Tis true, and now to see with what a strange  
And gluttonous desire, th'exhaust the same ;  
How infinite, and how insatiably,  
They doe deuour th'intoxicating fume,  
You vvould admire ; as if their spirits thereby  
Were taken, and enchanted, or transformd,  
By some infused philter in the drug.

For vvhereas heretofore they vvonted vvere, 1150  
At all their meetings, and their festiualls,  
To passe the time in telling vvitty tales,  
In questions, riddles, and in purposes,  
Now doe they nothing else, but sit and sucke,  
And spit, and flauer, all the time they sit ;  
That I goe by, and laugh vnto my selfe,  
And thinke that this wil one day make some worke  
For me or others ; but I feare it vvill  
B'another age will finde the hurt of this.  
But sure the time's to come when they looke backe  
On this, vvill vvonder vvith themfelues to thinke 1160  
That men of sence could euer be so mad,  
To sucke so grosse a vapour, that consumes  
Their spirits, spends nature, dries vp memorie,  
Corrupts the blood, and is a vanitie.

*Lin.* But *Alcon* peace, here comes a patient, peace.

*Al.* *Lincus*, there doth indeed, therefore away ;  
Leaue me alone, for I must now resume  
My furly, graue, and Doct'orall aspect.  
This wench I know ; tis *Daphne*, who hath wrong'd

Her loue *Menalcas*, and plaid fast and loose 1170  
 With *Colax* who reueald the whole to me.

## SCEN. II.

*Daphne.*      *Alcon.*

**G**ood Doctor *Alcon*, I am come to craue  
 Your counsell, to aduise me for my health ;  
 For I suppose, in troath, I am not well ;  
 Me thinks I should be sicke, yet cannot tell :  
 Some thing there is amisse that troubles me,  
 For which I would take Phisicke willingly. 1180

*Alc.* Welcome, faire Nymph, come let me try your  
 I cannot blame you t'hold your selfe not well. [pulse ;  
 Something amisse quoth you, here's all amisse ;  
 Th'whole Fabricke of your selfe distempred is ;  
 The Systole, and Dyastole of your pulse,  
 Doe shew your passions most hystericall.  
 It seemes you haue not very carefull beene,  
 T'obserue the prophilaëtick regiment  
 Of your owne body, so that we must now  
 Descend vnto the Therapheuticall ; 1190  
 That so we may preuent the syndrome  
 Of Symtomes, and may afterwards apply  
 Some analepticall Elexipharmacum,  
 That may be proper for your maladie :  
 It seemes faire nimph you dream much in the night.

*Dap.* Doctor, I doe indeed.

*Alc.*      I know you doe ;

Y'are troubled much with thought.

*Dap.* I am indeed.

*Alc.*      I know you are 1200

You haue great heauinesse about your heart.

*Dap.* Now truly so I haue.

*Alc.* I know you haue.

You wake oft in the night.

*Dap.* In troath I doe.

*Alc.* All this I know you doe ;

And this vnlesse by phyficke you preuent,

Thinke whereto it may bring you in the end ;

And therefore you must first euacuate

All those Colaxicall hote humours which 1210

Disturbe your heart, and then refrigerate

Your blood by some Menalchian Cordials,

Which you must take, & you shal straight find ease :

And in the morning I will visit you.

*Dap.* I pray Sir, let me take of that you gaue,

To *Phillis* th'other day ; for that she said,

Did comfort wonderfully, and cheere her heart.

*Alc.* Faire nimph, you must, if you wil vse my art,

Let me alone, to giue vwhat I thinke good ;

I knew what fitted *Phillis* maladie, 1220

And so, I thinke, I know what will fit you. *Exit.*

*Daphne sola.*

O what a wondrous skil[lfu]l man is this ?

Why he knowes all ? O God, who euer thought

Any man liuing, could haue told so right

A womans grieve in all points as he hath ?

Why, this is strange that by my very pulse

He should know all I ayle, as well as I.

Beside I feare he sees too much in mee,

More then I would that any man should see. 1230

Me thought (although I could not well conceiue

His words, he spake so learned and so strange)

He said I had misruled my body much ;  
 As if he meant that in some wanton sort, 1230  
 I had abused my body with some man :  
 O how should he know that ? what is my pulse  
 Become the intelligencer of my shame ?  
 Or are my looks the index of my heart ?  
 Sure so he said, and me thought too, he nam'd  
*Menalcas*, or else something very like ;  
 And likewise nam'd that cunning treacherous wretch  
 That hath undone me, *Colax*, that vile Diuell ;  
 Who is indeed the cause of all my griefe,  
 For which I now seeke Phyficke ; but O what 1240  
 Can Phyficke doe to cure that hideous wound  
 My lusts haue giuen my Conscience ? which I see  
 Is that which onely is diseas'd within,  
 And not my body now ; that's it doth so  
 Disquiet all the lodging of my spirits,  
 As keeps me waking ; that is it presents  
 Those onely formes of terror that affright  
 My broken sleepes ; that, layes vpon my heart  
 This heauy load that weighes it downe with griefe ;  
 And no disease beside : for which there is 1250  
 No cure I see at all, nor no redresse.

Didst thou alleadge vile man to my weake youth,  
 How that those vowes I made vnto my loue  
 Were bands of custome, and could not lay on  
 Those manacles on nature, vvhich should keepe  
 Her freedome prisoner by our dome of breath ?  
 O impious wretch now nature giues the lye  
 To thy foule heart and tels my griued foule,  
 I haue done vvrong, to falsifie that vow  
 I first to my deare loue *Menalcas* made. 1260

And sayes th'affurance and the faith is giuen  
By band on earth, the same is seal'd in Heauen.

And therefore now *Menalcas* can these eyes  
That now abhorre to looke vpon my selfe,  
Dare euer view that vvrongèd face of thine,  
Who hast relide on this false heart of mine?

SCEN. III.

*Colax.*      *Techne.*

**I**f possible sweet *Techne*, what you say,  
That *Cloris* is so witty, and so coy? 1270

*Tec.* Tis as I tell you *Colax*, sh'is as coy  
And hath as shrewd a spirit, as quicke conceipt,  
As euer wench I brok'd in all my life.

*Col.* Then there's some glory in attaining her ;  
Here now I shall be sure t'haue something yet  
Besides dull beauty, I shall lie vvith wit ;  
For these faire creatures, haue such feeble spirits,  
And are so languishing, as giue no edge  
To appetite, and loue, but stufes delight.

*Tec.* Well if you get her, then you shall be sure 1280  
To haue your vvish ; and yet perhaps that store  
You find in her, may checke your longing more  
Then all their wants, whom you haue tride before.

*Col.* How ? if I get her ; what doe you suppose,  
I shall not get her ? that were very strange.

*Tec.* Yes sir, she may be got, but yet I know  
Sh'will put you to the triall of your wit.

*Col.* Let me alone, could I find season fit  
To talke with her in priuate, she vvere mine.

*Tec.* That season may you now haue very well ; 1290  
For *Colax*, she hath promis'd faithfully



This euening late to meete me at the caue  
 Of *Erycina*, vnderneath the hill ;  
 Where I muſt fit her vvith a new attyre  
 Where vvith ſh's farre in loue ; and th'other day  
 Thinking to try it at her fathers houſe,  
 (Whether I went vvith her to deale for you)  
 The old *Acryſius* was himſelfe at home,  
 VVhich did enforce vs to deferre our worke  
 Vntill this euening, that we might alone 1300  
 There out of fight, more cloſely do the fame :  
 Where while ſhe ſtayes (for I will make her ſtay  
 For me a while) you at your pleaſure may  
 Haue th'oppportunity vvhich you deſire.

*Col.* O *Techne*, thou haſt bleſt me ; if I now  
 On this aduantage conquer not her mind,  
 Let me be loathèd of all vvoman-kind.  
 And preſently will I go ſute my ſelfe  
 As brauely as I can, go ſet my lookes,  
 Arme my diſcourſe, frame ſpeeches paſſionate, 1310  
 And action both, fit for ſo great a worke :  
*Techne* a thouſand thanks, and ſo adieu. *Ex.*

*Tec.* Well *Colax*, ſhe may yet deceiue thy hopes,  
 And I perſwade my ſelfe ſhe is as like  
 As any ſubtile vvench was euer borne,  
 To giue as wiſe a man as you the ſkorne :  
 But ſee, where one whoſe faith hath better right  
 Vnto her loue then you, comes here forlorne  
 Like fortunes out-caſt, full of heauines. 1319

Ah poore *Amyntas*, vvould thou knewſt how much  
 Thou art eſteem'd, although not vvhere thou wouldeſt,  
 Yet vvhere thou ſhould haue loue in that degree,  
 As neuer liuing man had like to thee.

Ah fee how I, who fets for others loue,  
 Am tooke my felfe, and intricated here  
 With one, that hath his heart another where?  
 But I vvill labour to diuert the ftream  
 Of his affections, and to turne his thoughts  
 From that coy *Cloris*, to the liberty  
 Of his owne heart, vvith hope to make him mine. 1330

## SCEN. IIII.

*Techne. Amyntas.*

**N**OW fie *Amyntas*, why should you thus grieue  
 For a moſt fooliſh vvay-ward girle, that ſcornes  
 Your honeſt loue, and laughs at all you doe;  
 For ſhame *Amyntas* let her go as ſh'is.  
 You ſee her vaine, and how peruerſly ſet;  
 Tis fond to follow vvhat we cannot get.

*Am.* O *Techne*, *Techne*, though I neuer get,  
 Yet will I euer follow vvhiſt I breath, 1340  
 And if I periſh by the vvay, yet ſhall  
 My death be pleaſing that for her I die.  
 And one day ſhe may hap to come that way,  
 (And be it, O her way) where I ſhall lye;  
 And with her proud diſdaineſfull foote ſhe may  
 Tread on my tombe, and ſay, loe where he lies,  
 The tryumph, and the conqueſt of mine eyes.  
 And though I looſe my felfe, and looſe my teares,  
 It ſhall be glory yet that I was hers.  
 VVhat haue I done of late, ſhould make her thus 1350  
 My preſence with that ſtrange diſdaine to flye,  
 As if ſhe did abhorre my company?  
*Cloris* God knowes, thou haſt no cauſe therefore,  
 Vnleſſe it be for louing more, and more.

Why, thou wert vvont to lend me yet an eare, [heare.  
And though thou wouldst not helpe, yet wouldst thou

*Tec.* Perhaps she thinkes thy heat will be allayd,  
The fire being gone, and therefore doth she well  
Not to be seene there vvhere she vvill not aide.

*Am.* Alas she knowes no hand but hers can quench  
That heat in me, and therefore doth she vvrong 1361  
To fire my heart, and then to runne away ;  
And if she would not aide, yet might she ease  
My carefull soule, if she vvould but stand by  
And only looke vpon me while I die.

*Tec.* Well well *Amyntas*, little doest thou know  
With vvhom that cunning vvanton forts her selfe.  
Whil't thus thou mourn'st, and vvith what secret wiles  
She vvorkes, to meet her loue in the vvoods ;  
With whom in groues, and caues she dallying fits, 1370  
And mockes thy passions and thy dolefull fits.

*Am.* No *Techné*, no, I know that cannot be,  
And therefore do not vvrong her modesty ;  
For *Cloris* loues no man, and that's some ease  
Vnto my grieffe, and giues a hope that yet  
If euer soft affection touch her heart,  
She will looke backe, and thinke on my desert.

*Tec.* If that be all, that hope is at an end ;  
For if thou wilt this euening but attend  
And walke downe vnder *Erycinas* groue, 1380  
And place thy selfe in some close secret bush,  
Right opposite vnto the hollow caue  
That lookes into the vally, thou shalt see  
That honesty, and that great modesty.

*Am.* If I see *Cloris* there, I know I shall  
See nothing else vvith her, but modesty.

*Tec.* Yes something els will grieue your heart to see:  
 But you must be content, and thinke your selfe  
 Are not the first that thus haue bin deceiu'd,  
 With faire appearing out-fides, and mistooke 1390  
 A wanton heart, by a chaste seeming looke.  
 But I coniure you by the loue you beare  
 Vnto those eyes which make you (as you are  
 Th'exemple of compassion to the world)  
 Sit close and be not seene in any case.

*Am.* Well *Teckne*, if I shall see *Cloris* there  
 It is enough, then thither will I goe  
 Who will go any where to looke on her.  
 And *Cloris* know, I do not go to see,  
 Any thing else of thee, but only thee. 1400

*Tec.* Well go and thinke yet of her honest care,  
 VVho giues the note of such a shamefull deed;  
 And iudge *Amyntas*, when thou shalt be free,  
 VVho more deserues thy loue, or I or she.

# SCEN. V.

*Melibæus. Ergastus.*

**N**OW what infernall proiects are here laid,  
 T'afflict an honest heart, t'expose a maide,  
 Vnto the danger of a lone assault,  
 To make her to offend, without her fault. 1410

*Er.* And see what other new appearing spirits  
 Would raise the tempests of disturbances  
 Vpon our rest, and labour to bring in  
 All the whole Ocean of vnquietnesse,  
 To ouerwhelme the poore peace we liue in?  
 How one would faine instruct, and teach vs how  
 To cut our throates with forme, and to contend

VVith artificiall knowledge, to vndoo  
 Each other, and to brabble without end.  
 As if that nature had not tooke more care 1420  
 For vs, then we for our owne selues can take ;  
 And makes vs better lawes then those we make.  
 And as if all that science ought could giue  
 Vnto our blisse, but only shewes vs how  
 The better to contend, but not to liue.  
 And euermore we see how vice doth grow  
 With knowledge, and brings forth a more increase,  
 When skilfull men begin, how good men cease.  
 And therefore how much better do vve liue,  
 With quiet ignorance, then vve should do 1430  
 With turbulent and euer vvorking skill,  
 Which makes vs not to liue, but labour still.

*Mel.* And see that other vaine fantasticke spirit,  
 Who vvould corrupt our bodies too likewise,  
 As this our mindes, and make our health to be,  
 As troublefome as sicknesse, to deuise,  
 That no part of vs euer should be free ;  
 Both forraging on our credulity,  
 Take still th'aduantage of our weakenesses ;  
 Both cloath their friuolous vncertainties 1440  
 In strange attires, to make it seeme the lesse.

## ACTVS. IV. SCENA. I.

*Techne. Amyntas.*

**A** *Myntas* must come backe I know this vvay,  
 And here it will be best for me to stay ;  
 And here, indeed he comes, poore man I see  
 All quite dismay'd : and now ile worke on him.

Come, vvho tels troth *Amyntas*, vvho deceiues  
Your expectation now, *Cloris*, or I ?

*Am.* Peace *Techne* peace, and do not interrupt 1450  
The grieve that hath no leasure to attend  
Ought but it selfe, and hath shut vp vvith it  
All other sence in priuate close within,  
From doing any thing, but onely thinke.

*Tec.* Thinke? whereon should you think? y'haue  
thought enough

And too too much, on such a one as she,  
Whom now you see y'haue tride her honesty :  
And let her goe proud girle accordingly ;  
There's none of these young vvanton things that know  
How t'vse a man, or how to make their choyse, 1460  
Or answere mens affections as they ought ;  
And if y'll thinke, thinke sh'is not worth a thought.

*Am.* Good *Techne*, leaue me ; for thy speech and fight  
Beare both that disproportion to my grieve,  
As that they trouble trouble, and confound  
Confusion in my sorrowes, vvhich doth loath  
That sound of words, that answeres not the tone  
Of my disprayers in th'accents of like mone.  
And now hath sorrow no vvorse plague I see  
Then free and vnpartaking company ; 1470  
Who are not in the fashion of our vvoes,  
And whose affection do not looke likewise  
Of that complection as our miseries :  
And therefore pray thee leaue me, or else leaue  
To speake, or if thou speake let it not be  
To me, or else let me, not answere thee.

*Tec.* Well I fay nothing, you know vvhat y'haue  
feene.

*Am.* Tis true, I do confesse that I haue seene  
The vvorst the world can shew me, and the worst  
That can be euer seene vvith mortall eye. 1480  
I haue beheld the whole of all wherein  
My heart had any interest in this life ;  
To be difrent and torne from of my hopes,  
That nothing now is leaft, why I should liue :  
That ostage I had giuen the world, which was  
The hope of her, that held me to hold truce  
With it, and with this life is gone ; and now  
Well may I breake with them, and breake I will  
And rend that pact of nature, and dissolue  
That league of blood that ties me to my selfe. 1490  
For *Cloris*, now hath thy immodesty  
Infranchiz'd me, and made me free to dye :  
VVhich otherwise I could not lest it might  
Haue beene some staine and some disgrace to thee.

Ah was it not enough for this poore heart  
T'indure the burden of her proud disdaine,  
That weigh'd it to the earth, but it must  
Be crusht thus vvith th'oppression of her staine ?  
The first vvound yet though it were huge and wide,  
Yet was it cleanly made, it festred not ; 1500  
But this now giuen, comes by a poysoned shot,  
Against all lawes of honor that are pure,  
And rankles deadly, is vvithout all cure.

Ah how she blusht vvhen as she issued forth  
VVith her inamor'd mate out of the caue !  
And well then might she blush at such a deed,  
And with how vvild a looke she casts about  
Her fearefull eyes ! as if her loathsome sinne  
Now comming thus into the open sight,

VVith terror did her guiltineffe affright ; 1510  
 And vp she treads the hill vvith such a pace,  
 As if she gladly would haue out gone shame,  
 Which yet for all her hasting, after came.

And at their comming forth, me thought I heard  
 The villaine vse my name, and she returne  
 The same againe in very earnest fort ;  
 Which could be for no good I know to me,  
 But onely that perhaps it pleas'd her then  
 To cast me vp by this way of her mouth  
 From off her heart, lest it might stuffe the same. ' 1520

But *Cloris* know thou shalt not need to feare,  
 I neuer more shall interrupt thy ioyes  
 With my complaints, nor more obserue thy waies ;  
 And O I would thy heart could be as free  
 From finne and shame, as thou shalt be from me.  
 I could (and I haue reason so to do)  
 Reuenge my wrong vpon that wicked wretch,  
 Who hath surpriz'd my loue, and robb'd thy shame ;  
 And make his blood th'oblation of my wrath  
 Euen at thy feete, that thou might'ft see the same 1530  
 To expiate, for this vniustice done,  
 But that the fact examin'd would display  
 Thy infamy abroad vnto the world,  
 Which I had rather die then once bewray.  
 And *Techne* pray-thee, tell her thus from me,—  
 But yet, ah tell it softly in her eare,  
 And be thou sure no liuing creature heare.—  
 That her immodesty hath lost this day ;  
 Two the most honest guardians of her good  
 She had in life, her honour, and my blood. 1540

*Tec.* Now I may speake, I trust, you speake to me.



*Am.* No not yet *Techne*, pray-thee stay a while,—  
And tell her too, though she spares not her shame,  
My death shall shew, that I respect her fame.

*Tec.* Then now I may.

*Am.* O *Techne* no not yet.—  
And bid her not forget *Amyntas* faith,  
Though she despised him ; and one day yet  
She may be toucht with griefe, and that ere long,  
To thinke on her dishonour, and his wrong : 1550  
Now *Techne* I haue done, and so farewell.

*Tec.* But stay *Amyntas*, now must I begin.

*Am.* I cannot stay *Techne*, let goe your hold ;  
It is in vaine I say, I must be gone.

*Tec.* Now deare *Amyntas*, heare me but one word.—  
Ah he is gone, and in that fury gone,  
As sure he vvill in this extremity  
Of his dispaire, do violence to himselfe :  
And therefore now vvhat helpe shall I deuise  
To stay his ruine ? sure there is no meanes 1560  
But to call *Cloris*, and perswade with her  
To follovv him, and to preuent his death ;  
For though this practife vvas for mine owne good,  
Yet my deceipts vse not to stretch to blood.  
But now I know not vvhere I should finde out  
That cruell mayde ; but I must cast about.

## SCEN. II.

*Amarillis. Dorinda.*

**D***Orinda*, you are yet in happy case,  
You are belou'd, you need not to complaine; 1570  
'Tis I haue reason onely to bewaile

My fortunes, who am cast vpon disdaine,  
 And on his rockey heart that wrackes my youth  
 With stormes of sorrowes and contemnes my truth ;  
 'Tis I that am shut out from all delight  
 This vworld can yeeld a mayd, that am remou'd  
 From th'onely ioy on earth, to be belou'd :  
 Cruell *Carinus* skornes this faith of mine,  
 And lets poore *Amarillis* grieve and pine.

*Do.* Tis true indeed you say, I am belou'd, 1580  
 Sweete *Amarillis*, and perhaps much more  
 Then I vould be : plenty doth make me poore ;  
 For now my heart, as if deuided stands  
 Betwixt two passions, loue and pittie both,  
 That draw it either way vvith that maine force,  
 As that I know not vvich to yeeld vnto :  
 And then feare in the midd'ft, holds m'in suspense,  
 Left I lose both by mine improuidence.

*Ama.* How may that be *Dorinda* ? you know this,  
 You can enioy but one, and one there is 1590  
 Ought to possesse your heart, and loue a lone :  
 Who hunts two Hares at one time, catches none.

*Do.* I must tell you deare friend the whole discourse  
 From vvhom I cannot any thing conceale ;  
*Arcadia* knowes, and euery Shepheard knowes  
 How much *Mirtillus* hath deferu'd of me,  
 And how long time his woefull fute hath laine,  
 Depending on the mercie of mine eyes ;  
 For whom I doe confesse, pittie hath beene  
 Th'Atturney euermore that stands and pleades 1600  
 Before my heart the iustice of his cause,  
 And saies he ought haue loue, by loues owne lawes.  
 But now the maister fou'raigne Lord of hearts,

That great commander, and that tyrant Loue,  
 Who must haue all according to his will,—  
 Whom pittie onely vñers, goes before,  
 As lightning doth the thunder,—he sayes no,  
 And vñll that *Colax* onely haue my heart ;  
 That gallant heardsman full of skill and arte,  
 And all experience of Loues mysteries ; 1610  
 To whom I must confesse me to haue giuen  
 The earnest of my loue ; but since that time  
 I neuer saw the man ; vvhich makes me much  
 To wonder that his dealing should be such :  
 For either Loue, hath (in respect that I  
 Despis'd haue the true and honest faith,  
 Of one that lou'd me with sincerity),  
 Made me the spoyle of falshood and contempt,  
 Or else perhaps the same is done to trye  
 My resolution, and my constancy. 1620

But yet I feare the worst, and feare I may,  
 Lest he now hauing got the victory,  
 Cares for no more : and seeing he knowes my loue  
 Turnes towards him, he turnes his backe to me.  
 So that I know not vvhath vvere best resolue,  
 Either to stand vnto the doubtfull faith  
 Of one that hath so dangerously begun,  
 Or else returne t'accept *Mirtillus* loue,  
 Who vñll perhaps when mine begins, haue done :  
 So that inwrapt in this distracted toyle 1630  
 I vexe, and know not vvhath to do the vvhile.  
 And therefore *Amarillis* I thinke sure  
 (Se'ing now how others loue in me hath prou'd)  
 You are most happy not to be belou'd.

## SCEN. III.

*Cloris. Amarillis. Dorinda.*

**N**OW here betweene you two, kind louing foules,  
 I know there can be no talke but of loue ;  
 Loue must be all the scope of your discourse.  
 Alas poore hearts, I vvonder how you can 1640  
 In this deceptfull vvorld thinke of a man.  
 For they doe nothing but make fooles of you,  
 And laugh vvhen they haue done, and prooue vntrue.

*Am.* Well *Cloris* vvell, reioyce that you are free ;  
 You may be toucht one day as vvell as we.

*Clo.* Indeed and I had like to this last night,  
 Had I not lookt vvith such an angry eye,  
 And frown'd so fowre, that I made loue afeard.  
 There vvvas a fellow needes forfooth would haue  
 My heart from me vvwhether I would or not, 1650  
 And had as great aduantage one could haue ;  
 I tell you that he had me in a Caue.

*Do.* What, in a Caue ? *Cloris* how came you there ?

*Clo.* Truely *Dorinda* I vvill tell you how :  
 By no arte magique, but a plaine deuise  
 Of *Techné*, vvho would trie her wit on me ;  
 For she had promis'd me, to meete me there  
 At such an houre, and thither bring vvith her  
 A new strange dressing she had made for me,  
 Which there close out of sight, I should trie on : 1660  
 Thither vvvent I poore foole, at th'houre decreed,  
 And there expecting *Technes* company,  
 In rushes fleeing *Colax* after me ;  
 Whom sure she sent of purpose to the place.  
 And there with his affected apish grace

And strained speech, offering to seaze on me,  
 Out rusht I from him, as indeed amaz'd  
 At his so sodaine and vnexpected fight.  
 And after followes he, vowes, sweares, protests  
 By all the gods, he neuer lou'd before 1670  
 Any one liuing in the world but me ;  
 And for me onely, would he spend his life.

*Do.* Alas, and what am I forgotten then ?

Why these were euen the words he spake to me.

*Clo.* And then inueighes against *Amyntas* loue,  
 Vantes his owne parts, and his great knowledges ;  
 And all so idle, as, in troth me thought  
 I neuer heard a man (more vainely talke,  
 For so much as I heard) for vp the hill  
 I went with such a pace, and neuer stayd 1680  
 To giue regard to anything he sayd :  
 As at the last I scarce had left him breath  
 Sufficient to forswear himselfe withall.

*Do.* Ah what hath then my silly ignorance done  
 To be deceiu'd, and mockt by such a one ?

*Clo.* And when I had recouered vp the hill,  
 I fairely ran away and left my man  
 In midd'ft of his coniuring periuries ;  
 All empty to returne with mighty losse  
 Of breath and labour, hauing cast away 1690  
 Much foolish paines in tricking vp himselfe  
 For this exploit, and goes without his game ;  
 Which he in hope deuour'd before he came ;  
 I, I, too, mist my dressing by this meanes.

But I admire how any woman can  
 Be so vnwise to like of such a man !  
 For I protest I see nought else but froth,

And shallow impudence, affected grace,  
 And some few idle practise complement :  
 And all the thing he is without he is, 1700  
 For affection striues but to appeare,  
 And neuer is of Substance, or Sincere.  
 And yet this dare of falshood hath beguil'd  
 A thousand foolish vvenches in his dayes. [theirs.

*Do.* The more vvretch he, and more hard hap was

*Clo.* Why do you figh *Dorinda*? are you toucht  
 VVith any of these passages of mine?

*Do.* No truly not of yours, but I haue cause  
 In my particular that makes me figh.

*Clo.* Well, vvell, come one to put vs from this talke ;  
 Let vs deuise some sport to passe the time. 1711

*Am.* Faith I haue no great list to any sport.

*Do.* Nor I in troth, tis farthest from my minde.

*Clo.* Then let vs tell old tales, repeate our dreames,  
 Or any thing rather then thinke of loue.

*Am.* And now you speake of dreames, in troth last  
 I vvvas much troubled with a fearefull dreame. [night

*Do.* And truly *Amarillis* so was I.

*Clo.* And now I do remember too, I had  
 A foolish idle dreame, and this it was : 1720

Me thought the fairest of *Montanus* lambs,  
 And one he lou'd the best of all his flocke,  
 VVas fingled out, and chac'd b'a cruell curre,  
 And in his hot pursuit makes towards me,  
 (Me thought) for succour, and about me ran,  
 As if it beg'd my ayde to haue his life ;  
 Which I long time deferr'd, and still lookt on,  
 And would not rescue it, vntill at length  
 I saw it euen quite wourried out of breath.

And panting at my feete, and could no more : 1730  
 And then me thought, I tooke it vp from death,  
 And cherisht it with me, and brought it backe  
 Home to *Montanus*, who vvas glad to see  
 The poore recouer'd creature thus restor'd ;  
 And I my felfe was greatly pleas'd, me thought,  
 That by my hand so good a deed vvas wrought ;  
 And *Amarillis* now tell vs your dreame ?

*Am.* Me thought as I in *Eremathus* walkt,  
 A fearefull vwoolfe rusht forth from out a brake,  
 And towards me makes with open hideous iawes. 1740  
 From whom I ranne with all the speed I could,  
 T'escape my danger, and t'ouertake  
 One vvhom I saw before, that might lend ayde  
 To me distrest ; but he me thought did runne  
 As fast from me, as I did from the beast.  
 I cride to him (but all in vaine) to stay ;  
 The more I cride, the more he ranne away ;  
 And after I, and after me the wolfe,  
 So long, as I began to faint in minde ;  
 Seeing my despaire before, my death behind : 1750  
 Yet ranne I still, and loe, me thought, at length  
 A little he began to slacke his pace ;  
 Which I perceiuing, put to all my strength  
 And ranne, as if desire had wing'd my heeles ;  
 And in the end me thought recouer'd him.  
 But neuer woman felt more ioy,—it seem'd,—  
 To ouertake a man, then did I him,  
 By whom I scape the danger I was in ;  
 That when I wak'd, as presently I awak'd,  
 Tought with that sudaine ioy, which my poore heart  
 God knowes, had not beene vi'd vnto of late : 1761

I found my felfe all in a moyft faint fweate,  
 V Which that affrighting horroure did beget ;  
 And though I were deliu'ed of my feare,  
 And felt this ioy, yet did the trembling laft  
 Vpon my heart, when now the feare was paft.

*Clo.* This *Amarillis* may your good portend,  
 That yet you fhall haue comfort in the end.

*Am.* God grant I may, it is the thing I want. 1769

*Clo.* And now *Dorinda* tell vs what you dream't.

*Do.* I dream't, that hauing gone to gather flowers,  
 And weary of my worke, repofing me  
 Vpon a banke neere to a Riuers fide,  
 A fubtile Serpent lurking in the graffe,  
 Came fecretly, and feizèd on my breaft ;  
 Which, though I faw, I had no power to ftirre,  
 But lay me ftill, till he had eate away  
 Into my bofome, whence he tooke my heart ;  
 And in his mouth carrying the fame away,  
 Returnes me thought againe, from whence he came ;  
 Which I perceiuing prefently arofe, 1781  
 And after it moft wofully I went,  
 To fee if I could finde my heart againe :  
 And vp and downe, I fought but all in vaine.

*Clo.* In troth 'tis no good lucke to dreame of Snakes ;  
 One fhall be fure t'heare anger after it.

*Do.* And fo it may be I haue done to day.

*Clo.* Indeed, and I haue heard it neuer failes.



## SCEN. IIII.

*Techne. Cloris. Amarillis. Dorinda.* 1790

Come, you are talking here in iollity,  
 Whilst I haue sought you *Cloris* all about :  
 Come, come, good *Cloris* quickly come away.

*Clo.* What is the newes ? what haue we now to doo ;  
 Haue you another Caue to fend me too ?

*Tec.* Ah talke no more of that, but come away,  
 As euer you will faue the wofull life  
 Of a distrested man that dies for you.

*Clo.* Why what doth *Colax* whom you sent to me  
 Into the Caue, faint now vvith his repulse ? 1800

*Tec.* I sent him not, you would so wisely goe,  
 In open sight, as men might see you goe,  
 And trace you thither all the way you went.  
 But come, ah t'is not he, it is the man  
 You ought to faue : *Amyntas* is the man  
 Your cruelty, and rigor hath vndone :  
 O quickly come, or it vvill be too late ;  
 For 'twas his chance, and most vnluckely,  
 To see both you and *Colax*, as you came  
 Out of the Caue, and he thinkes verily 1810  
 You are possesst by him ; which so confounds  
 His spirits, and sinkes his heart, that sure h'is runne  
 T'vndoe himselfe ; and O I feare 'tis done.

*Clo.* If it be done, my help will come too late ;  
 And I may stay, and faue that labour here.

*Am.* Ah *Cloris* haste away if it be so,  
 And doe not if thou hast a heart of flesh,  
 And of a woman, stay and trifle time ;  
 Goe runne, and faue thine owne ; for if he die,

'Tis thine that dies, his blood is shed for thee ; 1820  
 And what a horror this will euer be  
 Hereafter to thy guilty conscience, when  
 Yeares shall haue taught thee wit, and thou shalt find  
 This deed instampt in bloody Characters,  
 Within the blacke records of thine owne thoughts ;  
 Which neuer will be raz'd whilst thou hast breath,  
 Nor yet will be forgotten by thy death.  
 Besides, wide Fame will trumpet forth thy wrong,  
 And thou shalt be with all posterity,  
 Amongst th'examples held of cruelty, 1830  
 And haue this sauage deed of thine be made  
 A fullen subiect for a Tragedy,  
 Intitled *Cloris* ; that thereby thy name  
 May serue to be an euerlasting shame ;  
 And therefore go preuent so foule a staine.

*Do.* Ah go, go *Cloris*, haste away with speede.

*Clo.* Why, whether should I go ? I know not where  
 To finde him now, and if he do this deed,  
 It is his error, and no fault of mine ;  
 Yet pray thee *Techne*, which way went the man ? 1840

*Tec.* Come *Cloris*, I will shew which way he went,  
 In most strange fury, and most desperate speed ;  
 Still crying, *Cloris*, hast thou done this deed ?

*Clo.* Why had not you staid, and perswaded him ?

*Tec.* I could not stay him by no meanes I vs'd,  
 Though all the meanes I could deuise I vs'd.

*Clo.* VVell, I will go, poore man to seeke him out  
 Though I can do him else no other good.  
 I know indeed he hath deseru'd my loue,  
 And if I would like any, should be him, 1850  
 So that I thought he would be true to me.

But thus my dreame may now chance come to passe,  
 And I may happen to bring home indeed  
*Montanus* sonne, *Amyntas* that deere Lambe  
 He loues so well, and by my gracious deed,  
 He may escape the danger he was in.  
 VVhich if I do, and thereby do intrall  
 My selfe, to free anothers misery,  
 Then will I fit and figh, and talke of loue  
 As well as you, and haue your company. 1860  
 For something I do feele begin to moue ;  
 And yet I hope 'tis nothing else but feare ;  
 Yet what know I that feare may hap to loue ?  
 VVell *Techne*, come, I would not haue him yet  
 To perish, poore *Amyntas*, in this fit.

*Ama.* VVell *Cloris* yet he may, for ought I see  
 Before you come, vnlesse you make more haft.  
 Ah cruell maide, she little knowes the grieve  
 Of such a heart that's desperate of reliefe ;  
 Nor vnderstands she her owne happinesse, 1870  
 To haue so true a loue as he is.  
 And yet I see sh'is toucht, if not too late,  
 For I perceiu'd her colour come and goe ;  
 And though in pride she would haue hid her woe,  
 Yet I saw sorrow looke out at her eyes.  
 And poore *Amyntas* if thou now be gone,  
 Thou hast (like to the Bee that stinging dies,  
 And in anothers wound left his owne life)  
 Transpierced by the death, that marble heart,  
 Which liuing thou couldst touch by no desert. 1880  
 And if thou shalt escape, thou hast furui'd  
 Her cruelty, which now repents her wrong,  
 And thou shalt by her fauours be reuiu'd.

After the affliction thou hast suffred long ;  
 Which makes me thinke, that time, and patience may  
 Intenerat at length the hardest heart,  
 And that I may yet after all my woe,  
 Liue t'ouertake *Carinus* mercy too.

*Do.* And here this sad distresse of such a true  
 And constant louer ouercome with grieve 1890  
 Presents vnto my guilty memory  
 The wrongs *Mirtillus* hath indur'd of me.  
 And O I would I knew now how he doth :  
 I feare he is not vvell ; I saw him not  
 Scarfe these three dayes ; I meruaile vvhere he is :  
 And yet vvhat need I meruaile, vvho haue thus  
 Chac'd him from me vvith frownes and vsage vile,  
 And fondly left the substance of his faith,  
 To catch the shadow of deceit and guile?

Was *Colax* he I thought the onely man, 1900  
 And is he now prou'd to be such a one ?  
 O that I euer lent an easie eare,  
 Vnto so false a wretches flatteries,  
 Whose very name I now abhorre to heare ;  
 And loath my selfe, for being so vnwife.  
 What shall I doe sweet *Amarillis* now ?  
 Which way shall I betake me to recouer  
 The losse of shame, and losse of such a louer ?

*Am.* Indeed *Dorinda* you haue done him wrong,  
 But your repentance, and compassion now 1910  
 May make amends, and you must learne to do  
 As I long time haue done, indure and hope,  
 And on that turne of Fortunes Scene depend,  
 VVhen all extremities must mend, or end.

## SCEN. V.

*Melibæus. Ergastus.*

WELL, come *Ergastus*, we haue seene ynow,  
 And it is more then time, that we prepare  
 Against this Hydra of confusion now,  
 Which still presents new hideous heads of feare: 1920  
 And euery houre we see begets new broyles,  
 And intricates our youth in desperate toyles.

And therefore let th'aduantage of this day,  
 Which is the great and generall hunting day  
 In *Eremanthus*, serue for this good deed:  
 And when we meete (as all of vs shall meet  
 Here in this place anone, as is decreed)  
 We will aduise our Shepheards to intermit  
 That worke, and fall to this imports vs more;  
 To chase out these wilde mischiefes that do lurke, 1930  
 And worfe infect, then th'*Erimanthian* Boare,  
 Or all Beasts else; which onely spoile our fields,  
 Whilst these which are of more prodigious kinds,  
 Bend all their forces to destroy our mindes.

*Erg.* And this occasion will be very fit  
 Now to be tooke; for one day lost may lose  
 More by example, then we shall reget  
 In thousands; for when men shall once disclose  
 The way of ill that lay vnknowne before,  
 Scarce all our paines will euer stop it more. 1940  
 Man is a creature of a wilfull head,  
 And hardly is driuen, but easily is lead.

## ACT. V. SCEN. I.

*Amarillis. Carinus.*

A H gentle *Lelaps*, pretty louing dogge,  
 Where hast thou left thy maister? where is he,  
 That great commander ouer thee and me?  
 Thou wert not wont be farre off from his feete,  
 And O no more would I, were he so pleas'd;  
 But would as well as thou goe follow him, 1950  
 Through brakes and thicketts, ouer cliffes and rocks  
 So long as I had life to follow him,  
 Would he but looke vpon me with that eye  
 Of fauour, as h'is w'd to looke on thee.  
 Thou canst be clapt and strookt with that faire hand  
 That thrusts away my heart, and beates it backe  
 From following him, which yet it euer will;  
 And though he flye me, yet I must after still:  
 But here he comes, me thought he was not farre.

*Car.* What meane you *Amarillis* in this fort 1960  
 By taking vp my dogge to marre my sport?

*Am.* My deare *Carinus* thou doest much mistake,  
 I do not marre thy sport, tis thou marrst mine,  
 And kilst my ioyes with that hard heart of thine.  
 Thy dogge perhaps by some instinct doth know  
 How that I am his maisters creature too,  
 And kindly comes himselfe and fawnes on me  
 To shew what you in nature ought to doe?

*Car.* Fie *Amarillis*, you that know my minde  
 Should not me thinke thus euer trouble me. 1970

*Am.* What, it is troublesome to be belou'd?  
 How is it then *Carinus* to be loath'd?  
 If I had done like *Cloris*, skorn'd your sute,

And spurn'd your passions, in disdainefull fort,  
 I had beene woo'd and fought, and highly priz'd,  
 But hauing n'other arte to winne thy loue,  
 Saue by discouering mine, I am despi'd  
 As if you would not haue the thing you fought,  
 Vnlesse you knew it were not to be got.  
 And now because I lie here at thy feete, 1980  
 The humble booty of thy conquering eyes,  
 And lay my heart all open in thy sight,  
 And tell thee I am thine, and tell thee right ;  
 And doe not fute my lookes, nor clothe my words  
 In other colours, then my thoughts do vveare,  
 But doe thee right in all ; thou skorneft me  
 As if thou didst not loue sincerity ;  
 Neuer did Cryftall more apparantly  
 Present the colour it contain'd within 1989  
 Then haue these eyes, these teares, this tongue of mine  
 Bewray'd my heart, and told how much I am thine.

*Car.* Tis true I know you haue too much bewrayd,  
 And more then fits the honour of a mayd.

*Am.* O if that nature hath not arm'd my breast  
 With that stronge temper of resisting prooffe,  
 But that by treason of my weake complection, I  
 Am made thus easie to the violent shot  
 Of passion, and th'affection I should not :  
 Me thinkes yet you out of your strength and power,  
 Should not disdaine that weakenes, but should thinke  
 It rather is your vertue, as indeed 2001  
 It is, that makes me thus against my kinde,  
 T'vnlocke my thoughts, and to let out my minde ;  
 When I should rather die and burst with loue,  
 Then once to let my tongue to say, I loue.

And if your worthy parts be of that power  
 To vanquish nature, and I must be wonne,  
 Do not disdain the worke vwhen you haue done ;  
 For in contemning me you do dispise  
 That power of yours which makes me to be thus. 2010

*Car.* Now vvhat adoe is here with idle talke ?  
 And to no purpose ; for you know I haue  
 Ingag'd long since my heart, my loue and all  
 To *Cloris*, vvho must haue the same and shall.

*Am.* Why there is no such oddes twixt her and me ;  
 I am a Nymph, tis knowne, as well as she.  
 There is no other difference betwixt vs twaine  
 But that I loue, and she doth thee disdain.  
 No other reason can induce thy minde,  
 But onely that which should diuert thy minde. 2020  
 I will attend thy flockes better then she,  
 And dresse thy Bower more sweet, more daintily,  
 And cheerish thee with Salets, and with Fruites,  
 And all fresh dainties that the season sutes,  
 I haue more skill in hearbes, then she, by farre,  
 I know which nourish, which restoring are :  
 And I will finde Dictamnus for thy Goates,  
 And seeke out Clouer for thy little Lambes,  
 And Tetrifoll to cheerish vp their Dammes ;  
 And this I know, I haue a better voyce 2030  
 Then she, though she perhaps may haue more arte ;  
 But, which is best, I haue the faithfull'st heart :  
 Besides *Amyntas* hath her loue, I know,  
 And she begins to manifest it now.

*Car.* *Amyntas* haue her loue ? that were most  
 strange,  
 When he hath gotten that, you shall haue mine.



*Am.* O deere *Carinus*, let me rest vpon  
That blessed word of thine, and I haue done.

## SCEN. II.

*Mirtillus. Carinus. Amarillis.* 2040

WELL met *Carinus*, I can tell you newes,  
Your riual, poore *Amyntas*, hath vndone  
And spoild him selfe, and lies in that weake case,  
As we thinke neuer more to see his face.

*Car. Mirtillus*, I am forry t'heare so much :  
Although *Amyntas* be competitor  
In th'Empire of her heart, vvherein my life  
Hath chiefeft claime, I doe not wish his death :  
But by vvhat chance, *Mirtillus* pray thee tell ?

*Mir.* I will *Carinus*, though I grieue to tell. 2050  
As *Tytirus*, *Menalcas*, and my selfe  
Were placing of our toyles (against anon  
That we shall hunt) below, within the streight,  
Twixt *Erimanthus*, and *Lycæus* mount,  
We might perceeue vnder a ragged clife,  
In that most vncouth defart, all alone  
Distress'd *Amyntas* lying on the ground.  
With his sad face, turn'd close vnto the rock,  
As if he loathed to see more of the world,  
Then that poore space, which was twixt him and it :  
His right hand stretcht along vpon his side, 2060  
His left he makes the pillar to support  
His carefull head ; his Pipe he had hung vp  
Vpon a Beach tree by, vvhere he likewise  
Had plac'd his Sheep hooke, and his Knife, wherewith  
He had incaru'd an wofull Elegy,

To shew th'occasion of his misery.  
 His dogge *Melampus* fitting by his fide,  
 As if he were partaker of his vvoe :  
 By vvhich we knew t'was he, and to him went ; 2070  
 And after vve had call'd and shooke him vp,  
 And found him not to answere, nor to stirre,  
 And yet his eyes abroad, his body warme ;  
 We took him vp, and held him from the ground.  
 But could not make him stand by any meanes ;  
 And fincking downe againe, we searcht to see  
 If he had any vvound, or blow, or wrinch ;  
 But none could finde : at last by chance we spide  
 A little horne which he had flung aside,  
 Whereby we gest he had some poyson tooke. 2080  
 And thereupon vve sent out presently  
 To fetch *Vrania* ; vvwhose great skill in hearbes  
 Is such, as if there any meanes will be,—  
 As I feare none will be,—her onely arte  
 Must serue to bring him to himselfe againe.

*Car.* Indeed *Vrania* hath bin knowne t'haue done  
 Most desperate cures, and peraduenture may  
 Restore him yet ; and I doe wish she may.

*Mir.* But hauing there vf'd all the helpe we could,  
 And all in vaine, and standing by with grieve, 2090  
 (As we might well, to see so sad a sight :  
 And such an worthy Shepheard in that plight)  
 We might perceiue come running downe the hill,  
*Cloris* and *Techné*, with what speed they could :  
 But *Cloris* had got ground, and was before,  
 And made more hast, as it concernd her more.  
 And nearer as she came, she faster went,  
 As if she did desire to haue beene there

Before her feete, too flow for her swift feare.  
 Aud comming to the place, she suddenly 2100  
 Stopt, starts, and shrikt, and hauing made such  
 haft

T'haue something done, now could she nothing do :  
 Perhaps our presence might perplex her too,  
 As being asham'd that any eye should see  
 The new appearing of her naked heart,  
 That neuer yet before was seene till now.

*Car.* And 'tis ill hap for me it was seene now.

*Mir.* For we perceiu'd how *Loue* and *Modestie*  
 With seu'rall Ensignes, stroue within her cheekes  
 Which should be Lord that day, and chargèd hard  
 Vpon each other, with their fresh supplies 2111  
 Of different colours, that still came, and went,  
 And much disturb'd her ; but at length dissolu'd  
 Into affection, downe she casts her selfe  
 Vpon his senselesse body, where she saw  
 The mercy she had brought was come too late :  
 And to him calles, O deare *Amyntas*, speake,  
 Looke on me, sweete *Amyntas*, it is I  
 That calles thee, I it is, that holds thee here,  
 Within those armes thou hast esteem'd so deare. 2120

And though that loue were yet so young in her  
 As that it knew not how to speake, or what,  
 And that she neuer had that passion prou'd,  
 Being first a louer ere she knew she lou'd ;  
 Yet what she could not vtter, she supplide,  
 With her poore busie hands that rubb'd his face,  
 Chafd his pale temples, wrung his fingers ends,  
 Held vp his head, and puld him by the hands,  
 And neuer left her worke, nor euer ceast.

*Ama.* Alas, the least of this regard before, 2130  
 Might haue holpe all then, when 'twas in her power  
 T'haue sau'd his heart, and to reuiue his minde.  
 Now for all this, her mercy is vnkinde ;  
 The good that's out of season is not good.  
 There is no difference now twixt cruelty,  
 And the compassion that's not vnderstood.

*Mir.* But yet at length, as if those dainty hands,  
 Had had a power to haue awakened Death,  
 We might perceiue him moue his heauy eyes ;  
 Which had stood fixt all the whole time before : 2140  
 And fastens them directly vpon her.  
 Which when she saw, it strook her with that force,  
 As that it pierc'd through all the spirits she had,  
 Made all the powers and parts of her shrink vp,  
 With that convulsion of remorse and griefe,  
 As out she shriek'd, O deare, O my deare heart ;  
 Then strikes againe, and then againe cries out,  
 For now that looke of his did shake her more,  
 Then Death or any thing had done before ;  
 That looke did read t'her new conceiuing heart, 2150  
 All the whole tragicke Lecture of his loue ;  
 And his sad sufferings ; all his griefes and feare ;  
 And now in th'end what he had done for her,  
 And with that powerfull force of mouing too,  
 As all the world of words could neuer doe.

Ah what a filly messenger is Speech  
 To be imploi'd in that great Embassie  
 Of our affections, in respect of th'eye ?  
 Ah 'tis the silent rhetoricke of a looke,  
 That works the league betwixt the States of hearts ;  
 Not words I see, nor knowledge of the booke, 2161

Nor incantations made by hidden artes ;  
For now this looke so melts her into teares,  
As that she powr'd them down like thunder drops ;  
Or else did Nature taking pittie now  
Of her distresse, imploy them in that store,  
To serue as vailes, and to be interposde  
Betwixt her grieve and her, t'impeach her sight,  
From that full view of sorrow thus disclosde,

And now with this came in *Vrania* there, 2170  
With other vvomen, to imploy their best  
To saue his life, if b'any meanes they can.  
And so vve came our vvay, being sent for now  
About some conference for our hunting sports ;  
And with vs *Techne* comes, vvho is supposde,  
T'haue beene a speciall cause of much of this.

*Car.* Alas this sad report doth grieue me much,  
And I did neuer thinke, that *Cloris* had  
So dearely lou'd him as I finde she doth ;  
For by this act of hers I plainly see, 2180  
There will be neuer any hope for me.

*Ama.* There may for me, if now *Carinus* thou  
VVilt stand but to thy vvord, as thou hast said.

*Mir.* Ah would to God *Dorinda* had bene there,  
T'haue seene but *Cloris* act this vvofull part ;  
It may be, it might haue deterr'd her heart  
From crueltie, so long as she had liu'd.

*Am.* And I am glad *Carinus* hath but heard  
So much this day ; for he may hap thereby  
To haue some feeling of my misery ; 2190  
But for *Dorinda*, neuer doubt at all,  
She is more yours *Mirtillus* then you thinke.

*Mir.* Ah *Amarillis*, I would that were true.

But loe where come our chiefeft heardsmen now,  
Of all *Arcadia*, we fhall know more newes.

## SCEN. III.

*Melibæus, Ergastus, Montanus, Acrisius with other Arcadians, bringing with them Alcon, Lincus, Colar, Techne, Piftophœnax.*

YOU gentle Shepheards and Inhabitors 2200  
Of thefe remote, and folitary parts  
Of montaynous *Arcadia*, fhut vp here  
Within thefe Rockes, thefe vnfrequented Clifts,—  
The walles and bulwarkes of our libertie,—  
From out the noyfe of tumult, and the throng  
Of sweating toyle, ratling concurrencie ;  
And haue continued ftill the fame and one  
In all fucceffions from antiquitie ;  
Whil'ft all the ftates on earth befides haue made  
A thoufand reuolutions, and haue rowl'd 2210  
From change to change, and neuer yet found reft,  
Nor euer bettered their eftates by change.  
You, I inuoke this day in generall,  
To doe a worke that now concernes vs all :  
Left that we leaue not to pofteritie,  
Th'*Arcadia* that we found continued thus  
By our fore-fathers care who left it vs.  
For none of you I know, whose iudgements graue  
Can ought difcerne, but fees how much we are  
Transformd of late, and changd from what we were ;  
And vvhat diftempers daily doe arife 2221  
Amongft our people, neuer felt before ;  
At which I know you maruell, as indeed  
You well may maruel, whence they fhould proceed ;

And so did good *Ergastus* here, and I,  
 Vntill we set our felues more vvarily  
 To search it out ; vvhich by good hap vve haue,  
 And found the authors of this vvickednesse.  
 Which diuels attyr'd here in the shape of men,  
 We haue produc'd before you, to the end 2230  
 You may take speedy order to suppressse  
 Our growing follies, and their impioufnesse.

*Erg.* Indeed these odious wretches which you  
 fee,

Are they who haue brought in vpon our rest,  
 These new and vnknowne mischiefes of debate,  
 Of wanton pride, of scandulous reportes,  
 Of vile deluding, chaste and honest loues,  
 Of vnderferu'd suspitious desperate griefes,  
 And all the sadnesse we haue seene of late. 1

And first this man, this *Lincus* here you see, 2240  
*Montanus* you, and you *Acrysius* know,  
 With what deceit, and with what cunning arte,  
 He entertaind your strifes, abusd you both ;  
 By first perfwading you that you had right  
 In your demands, and then the right was yours ;  
 And would haue made as many rights as men  
 Had meanes, or power, or will to purchase them ;  
 Could he haue once attain'd to his desires.

*Mon.* We doe confesse our errour, that we were  
 Too easily perfwaded by his craft, 2250  
 To wrangle for imagin'd titles ; which  
 We here renounce, and quit for euermore.

*Acry.* And we desire the memory thereof  
 May die with vs, that it be neuer knowne  
 Our feeble age hath such example showne.

*Erg.* And now this other strange impostor here,  
 This *Alcon*, who like *Lincus* hath put on,  
 The habite too of emptie grauitie,  
 To catch opinion, and conceit withall,  
 Seekes how to set vs all at variance here 2260  
 With nature, as this other with our selues ;  
 And would confound her, working with his arte ;  
 And labours how to make our mindes first sicke,  
 Before our bodies, and perswade our health  
 It is not well ; that he may haue thereby  
 Both it and sicknesse euer vnder cure.  
 And forraine drugs brings to distemper's here  
 And make vs like the wanton world abroad.

*Mel.* But here are two the most pernicious spirits  
 The world I thinke did euer yet produce ; 2270  
*Colax* and *Techne* ; two such instruments  
 Of Wantonneffe, of Lust and treachery,  
 As are of power t'intice and to debaush  
 The vniuerfall state of honesty.

*Erg.* But *Techne*, who is that stands there by you ?  
 What, is your company increast of late ?

*Tec.* Truely it is a very honest man,  
 A friend of mine that comes to see me here.

*Erg.* He cannot then but be an honest man,  
 If he be one of your acquaintance sure. 2280

*Mel.* This man I found with them now since you  
 Maintaining hote dispute with *Titerus* [went,  
 About the rites and misteries of *Pan*.

*Erg.* H's like to be of their associats then :

*Techne*, what is this secret friend of yours ?

*Tec.* For-sooth he is a very holy man.

*Erg.* A very holy man ? what is his name ?



*Tec.* Truly his name Sir is *Pistophænax*.

*Erg.* What, is he maskt, or is that face his owne?

*Tec.* He is not maskt, tis his complexion fure. 2290

*Erg.* *Techné* we cannot credite thy report.

Let one trie whether it be fo or not :

O see a most deformèd ougly face,

Wherewith if openly he should appeare,

He would deterre all men from comming neere.

And therefore hath that cunning wretch put on

This pleasing visor of apparency,

T'intice and to delude the world withall ;

So that you see with what strange inginiars,

The proiect of our ruine is forecast,

2300

How they implanted haue their battery here,

Against all the maine pillors of our state,

Our Rites, our Custome, Nature, Honesty.

T'imbroyle, and to confound vs vtterly,

Reckning vs barbarous ; but if thus their skill

Doth ciuilize, let vs be barbarous still.

*Mel.* But now to shew the horrible effects

Of *Colax*, and of *Technes* practises,

(Besides this last exploit they vvrought vpon

*Amyntas*, vvho, poore youth, lies now full weake: 2310

Vnder *Vranias* cure, vvhose skill we heare

Hath yet recall'd him to himselfe againe)

We haue sent out abroad into the vvoods,

For *Silvia* and *Palæmon*, two chaste soules

Whom they haue tortur'd so vvith iealousie

Of each the other, as they made them runne

A part, to languish seuerally alone ;

And we haue sent for diuers others too,

Whose hearts haue felt what impious craft can do :  
And here they come, and now you shall know all. 2320

## SCEN. IV.

*Palæmon. Mirtillus. Carinus. Siluia. Dorinda,  
Amarillis. Daphne. Cloris. Amyntas.*

Come good *Palæmon*, and good *Siluia* come,  
You haue indur'd too much, and too too long.

*Sil.* Ah vvhy *Ergastus* doe you set our names  
So neere together, when our hearts so farre,  
Are distant from each other as they are ?  
Indeed, whilst vve were one as once vve were,  
And as we ought to be vvhere faith obseru'd, 2330  
*Palæmon* should not haue beene nam'd without  
A *Siluia*, nor yet *Siluia* vvithout him ;  
But now vve may *Ergastus*, vve are two.

*Pal.* *Siluia*, therein the greater wrong you doe.

*Sil.* *Palæmon*, nay the greater vvrong you doe.

*Erg.* Alas we know well where the wrong doth lie.

*Sil.* I know you doe, and all the world may know.

*Pal.* *Siluia*, you see your fault cannot be hid.

*Sil.* It is no fault of mine *Palæmon*, that  
Your shame doth come to be reueal'd here ; 2340  
I neuer told it, you your selfe haue not  
Conceal'd your worke so closely as you should.

*Pal.* But there stands one can tell what you haue beene.

*Sil.* Nay, there he stands can tell what you haue beene ;  
And sure is now in publicke here produc'd  
To testifie your shame, but not set on  
By me, I doe protest ; who rather would

Haue di'd alone in secret with my griefe  
 Then had your infamy discouered here,  
 Wherein my shame must haue so great a share. 2350

*Pal.* I haue not sought to manifest your shame,  
 Which *Silvia*, rather then haue done I would  
 Haue beene content t'indure the worst of deaths,  
 I hauing such an intrest in the same.

*Col.* No *Silvia*, no *Palæmon*, I stand here  
 Not t'accuse you, but t'accuse my selfe  
 Of wrong ; you both, God knowes, are cleare ;  
 I haue abus'd your apt credulitie,  
 With false reports of things that neuer were :  
 And therefore here craue pardon for the same. 2360

*Pal.* Why *Colax*, did not *Silvia* entertaine  
 The loue of *Thyrsis* then as you told me ?

*Col.* *Palæmon* no, she neuer entertain'd  
 His loue, nor wrong'd you as I euer knew.

*Sil.* But *Colax* you saw how *Palæmon* did  
 With *Nisa* falsifie his vow to me.

*Col.* *Silvia*, by heauen and earth I sweare not I,  
 But onely fain'd it out of subtiltie ;  
 For some vngodly ends I had decreed.

*Pal.* O let not this be made some cunning baite 2370  
 To take my griefes with false beliefe, for I  
 Had rather liue vvith sorrow then deceit,  
 And still t'be vndone, then to haue such reliefe.

*Sil.* Ah let not this deuise be wrought to guilde  
 My bitternesse, to make me swallow't now  
 That I might be another time beguilde  
 With confidence, and not trust vvhat I know.

*Pal.* Ah *Silvia* now, how vvere I cleer'd of griefe,  
 Had I the power to vnbeleue beliefe.

But ah my heart hath dwelt so long in house 2380  
 With that first tale, as this vvhich is come new,  
 Cannot be put in trust with my desire  
 So soone ; besides 'tis too good to be true.

*Sil.* Could I *Palæmon* but vnthinke the thought  
 Of th'ill first heard, and that it vvere not so,  
 How blest were I ? but loe I see how doubt  
 Comes in farre easier then it can get out.  
 And in these miseries of ieaousie,  
 Our eare hath greater credit then our eye.

*Mel.* Stand not confus'd, deare louers, any more, 2390  
 For this is now the certaine truth you heare,  
 And this vile vvretch hath done you both this vvrong.

*Pal.* Ist possible, and is this true you say,  
 And do I liue, and doe I see the day ?  
 Ah then come *Silvia*, for I finde this wound  
 That pierc'd into the center of my heart,  
 Hath let in loue farre deeper then it vvas.

*Sil.* If this be so, vvhy then *Palæmon* know,  
 I likewise feele the loue that vvas before  
 Most in my heart, is now become farre more : 2400  
 And now O pardon me you worthy race  
 Of men, if I in passion vttred ought  
 In preiudice of your most noble sexe ;  
 And thinke it vvas m'agriued errorr spake  
 It knew not vvhat, transported so, not I.

*Pal.* And pardon me you glorious company,  
 You starres of vvomen, if m'inraged heate  
 Haue ought profan'd your reuerent dignity ;  
 And thou bright *Pallas*, sou'raigne of all Nymphes,  
 The royall Mistresse of our Pastorall Muse, 2410  
 And thou *Diana* honour of the woods,

To whom I vow my songs, and vow my selfe,  
 Forgiue me mine offence, and be you pleas'd  
 T'accept of my repentance now therefore,  
 And grace me still ; and I desire no more.

*Sil.* And now I would that *Cloris* knew thus much,  
 That so she might be vndeceiuèd too,  
 Whom I haue made beleeeue so ill of men :  
 But loe see where she comes, and as it seemes  
 Brings her beliefe already in her hand, 2420  
 Preuents my act, and is confirm'd before.  
 Looke *Cloris* looke, my feares haue idle beene,  
*Palæmon* loues me, there is trust in men.

*Clo.* And *Silvia* I must now beleeeue so too,  
 Or else God helpe, I know not what to doe.

*Pal.* Looke here *Mirtillus* looke, what I told you  
 Is now prou'd false, and women they are true.

*Mil.* So I perceiue *Palæmon*, and it seemes  
 But vaine concept that other wise esteemes.

*Mon.* Alas here comes my deare restored sonne, 2430  
 My louely child *Amyntas* here is come.

*Acry.* And here is *Cloris* my deare daughter come,  
 And lookes as if she were affrighted still,  
 Poore soule, with feare, and with her sudaine grieve.

*Clo.* Loe here *Montanus* I haue brought you home  
 Although with much a doe, your sonne againe ;  
 And sorry am with all my heart that I,  
 Haue beene the cause he hath indur'd so much.

*Mon.* And I restore him backe again to you  
 Deare *Cloris*, and doe wish you to forget 2440  
 Your sorrowes past, and pray the Gods you may  
 From henceforth lead your life with happy ioy.

*Acry.* Doe *Cloris* take him, and I wish as much.

*Erg.* Well then to make our ioyfull festiuals  
The more complet, *Dorinda*, we intreate  
You also to accept *Mirtillus* loue ;  
Who we are sure hath well deseruèd yours.

*Do.* Although this be vpon short warning, yet  
For that I haue beene sommonèd before  
By mine owne heart and his deserts to me, 2450  
To yeeld to such a motion, I am now  
Content t'accept his loue, and wilbe his.

*Mir.* *Dorinda*, then I likewise haue my blisse,  
And reckon all the sufferings I haue past,  
Worthy of thee to haue this ioy at last.

*Mel.* And you *Carinus*, looke on that good Nymph  
Whose eye is still on you, as if she thought  
Her suffering too, deseru'd some time of ioy,  
And now expects her turne, hath brought her lap  
For comfort too whil'st Fortune deales good hap ; 2460  
And therefore let her haue it now poore soule,  
For she is worthy to possesse your loue.

*Car.* I know she is, and she shall haue my loue,  
Though *Colar* had perswaded me before  
Neuer t'accept or to beleue the loue  
Of any Nymph, and oft to me hath sworne  
How he had tri'd them all, and that none were  
As men, beguild by shewes, suppos'd they were ;  
But now I do perceiue his treachery,  
And that they haue both loue and constancy. 2470

*Ama.* O deare *Carinus* blest be this good houre,  
That I haue liu'd to ouertake at last  
That heart of thine which fled from me so fast.

*Erg.* And *Daphne* too me thinkes your heauy looks  
Shew how that something is amisse with you.

*Dab.* Nothing amisse with me, but that of late  
I tooke a fall, which somewhat grieues me yet.

*Erg.* That must aduise you *Daphne* from henceforth  
To looke more warily vnto your feete ;  
Which if you do, no doubt but all this will be well. 2480

*Mel.* Then thus we see the fadnesse of this day  
Is ended with the euening of our ioy :  
And now you impious spirits, who thus haue raif'd  
The hideous tempests of these miseries,  
And thus abus'd our simple innocence ;  
We charge you all here present t'auoyd,  
From out our confines ; vnder paine to be  
Cast downe and dasht in pieces from these rockes,  
And t'haue your odious carkases deuour'd  
By beasts, being worse yourseluesthen beasts to men. 2490

*Col.* Well then come *Techné*, for I see we two  
Must euen be forc'd to make a marriage too,  
And goe to *Corinth*, or some City neere,  
And by our practise get our liuing there :  
Which both together ioyn'd, perhaps we may :  
And this is now the worst of miseries  
Could come vnto me, and yet vvorthily,  
For hauing thus abus'd so many Nymphes,  
And vvrong'd the honour most vnreuerently  
Of vvomen, in that sort as I haue done, 2500  
That now I am forst to vndergoe therefore,  
The vvorst of Plagues : to marry vvith a W.

*Alc.* But *Lincus*, let not this discourage vs,  
That this poore people iealous of their rest,  
Exile vs thus ; for vve no doubt shall finde  
Nations enough, that vvill most ready be  
To entertaine our skill, and cherish vs.

And worthier people too, of subtler spirits,  
Then these vnfashion'd and vncomb'd rude fwaines.

*Lin.* Yea and those Nations are farre sooner drawne  
T'all friuolous distractions then are these ; 2511  
For oft vve see, the grosse doe manage things,  
Farre better then the subtile ; cunning brings  
Confusion sooner then doth ignorance.

*Alc.* Yea, and I doubt not whil'ft there shall be  
found

Fantasticke puling wenches in the world,  
But I shall florish, and liue iollily,  
For such as I by vvomen must begin  
To gaine a name, and reputation winne :  
Which, vvhen we haue attain'd to, you know then 2520  
How easily the vvomen draw on men.

*Lin.* Nor doe I doubt but I shall likewise liue,  
And thriue, where euer I shall plant my selfe ;  
For I haue all those helps my skill requires,  
A wrangling nature, a contesting grace,  
A clamorous voyce, and an audacious face.  
And I can cite the law t'oppugne the law,  
And make the glosse to ouerthrow the text ;  
I can alledge and vouch authority,  
T'imbroyle th'intent, and sence of equity ; 2530  
Besides, by hauing beene a Notary,  
And vs'd to frame litigious instruments  
And leaue aduantages for subtilty  
And strife to worke on, I can so deuise  
That there shall be no writing made so sure  
But it shall yeeld occasion to contest  
At any time when men shall thinke it best ;  
Nor be thou checkt vvith this *Pistophænax*,



That at thy first appearing thou art thus  
 Discou'red here ; thou shalt along with vs, 2540  
 And take thy fortune too, as vvell as we.

*Pist.* Tush *Lincus*, this cannot discourage me,  
 For we that traffique with credulity  
 And with opinion, still shall cherisht be ;  
 But here your errour was to enter first  
 And be before me, for you should haue let  
 Me make the way, that I might haue dislinkt  
 That chaine of Zeale that holds in amity,  
 And call'd vp doubt in their establisht rites ;  
 Which would haue made you such an easie way, 2550  
 As that you might haue brought in what you would,  
 Vpon their shaken and discattered mindes ;  
 For our profession any thing refutes,  
 And all's vnsetled whereas faith disputes.

*Mel.* Now what a muttring keepe you there, away,  
 Begone I say, and best doe, whilst you may.  
 And since we haue redeem'd our selues so well  
 Out of the bonds of mischiefe, let vs all  
 Exile with them their ill example too ;  
 Which neuer more remaines, as it begun, 2560  
 But is a wicked fire t' a farre worse sonne,  
 And stayes not till it makes vs slaues vnto  
 That vniuerfall Tyrant of the earth  
 Custome, who takes from vs our priuiledge  
 To be our selues, rendes that great charter too  
 Of nature, and would likewise cancell man :  
 And so inchaines our iudgements and discourse  
 Vnto the present vfances, that we  
 Must all our senses thereunto refer.  
 Be as we finde our selues, not as we are, 2570

As if we had no other touch of truth  
And reason, then the nations of the times,  
And place wherein we liue ; and being our selues  
Corrupted, and abastardizèd thus,  
Thinke all lookes ill, that doth not looke like vs.  
And therefore let vs recollect our selues  
Disperfd into these strange confusèd ill,  
And be againe *Arcadians*, as we were  
In manners, and in habits as we were;  
And so solemnize this our happie day  
Of restauration, with other feasts of ioy.

2580

FINIS.

v.

TETHYS FESTIVALL.

1610.

NOTE.

For my exemplar of 'Tethys Festivall,' I am indebted to the Bodleian. That in the British Museum, though a dirty and stained copy, has the advantage over it of having prefixed a striking account of the great Ceremonial of which Daniel's 'Mask' formed only a slight part. Its title-page is as follows:—

The Order and Solemnitie of the  
Creation of the High and mightie Prince  
HENRIE, *Eldest Sonne to our sacred*  
Soueraigne, Prince of Wales, Duke of  
Cornewall, Earle of Chester, &c. As it was  
celebrated in the Parliament Houfe, on  
Munday the fourth of Iuune  
last past.

Together with the Ceremonies of the  
*Knights of the Bath, and other*  
matters of speciall regard, in-  
cident to the same.

Wherunto is annexed the Royall Maske, presented  
*by the Queene and her Ladies, on Wednesday*  
*at night following.*



Printed at Britaines Burffe for *John Budge*, and are  
there to be sold. 1610. [4to.]

By some inadvertence 'Tethys Festivall' was not given in the 4to of 1623, and has fetched as high as £9 at book-sales. Opposite is the title-page.  
G.



TETHYS  
FESTIVAL:  
OR,  
THE QVEENES  
WAKE.

Celebrated at Whitehall, the fifth  
*day of June, 1610.*

Deuifed by SAMVEL DANIEL, one of  
*the Groomes of her Maiesties Honourable*  
priuie CHAMBER.



LONDON  
Printed for *Iohn Budge.* 1610.





## THE PREFACE TO THE READER.



OR so much as shewes and spectacles  
 of this nature, are vsually registred  
 among the memorable acts of the  
 time, beeing Complements of State,  
 both to shew magnificence and to  
 celebrate the feasts to our greatest  
 respects: it is expected (according  
 now to the custome) that I, beeing 10  
 imployed in the busines, should publish a description  
 and forme of the late Mask, wherewithall it pleased  
 the Queenes most excellent Maiestie to solemnize the  
 creation of the high and mightie Prince Henry, Prince  
 of Wales, in regard to preferue the memorie thereof,  
 and to satisfie their desires, who could haue no other  
 notice, but by others report of what was done. Which  
 I doe not out of a desire to be seene in pamphlets, or of  
 forwardness to shew my inuētion therin: for I thank  
 God, I labour not with that disease of ostentation, nor 20  
 affect to be known to be the man *digitoque monstrarier*

*hic est*, hauing my name already wider in this kind then I desire, and more in the winde then I would. Neither doe I seeke in the divulging hereof, to giue it other colours then those it wore, or to make an Apologie of what I haue done : knowing, howsoever, it must passe the way of censure where / unto I see all publications (of what nature soever) are liable. And my long experience of the world, hath taught me this, that neuer Remonstrances nor Apologies could euer get ouer the 30 streame of opinion, to doe good on the other side, where contrarie affection and conceipt had to doe : but onely serued to entertaine their owne partialnesse, who were fore-perswaded ; and so was a labour in vaine. And it is oftentimes an argument of pusillanimitie, and may make *ut iudicium nostrum, metus videatur*, and render a good cause suspected, by too much labouring to defend it ; which might be the reason that some of the late greatest Princes of Christendome would neuer haue their vndertakings made good by such courses, 40 but with silence indured (and in a most wittie age) the greatest batterie of paper that could possibly be made, & neuer once recharged the least ordinance of a pen against it, counting it their glorie to do whilest others talked. And shall we who are the poore In-giners for shadowes, & frame onely images of no result, thinke to oppresse the rough censures of those, who notwithstanding all our labour will like according to their taste, or seeke to auoid them by flying to an Army of Authors, as idle as our selues ? Seeing there 50 is nothing done or written, but incounters with detraction and opposition ; which is an excellent argument of all our imbecillities & might allay our presumption,



when we shall see our greatest knowledges not to be fixt, but rowle according to the vncertaine motion of opinion, and controwleable by any furly shew of reason ; which we find is double edged and strikes euey way alike. And therefore I do not see why any man should rate his owne at that valew, and/ fet so low prizes vpon other men's abilities. *L'homme vaut l'homme*, a man is 60 worth a man, and none hath gotten so high a station of vnderstanding, but he shall find others that are built on an equall floore with him, and haue as far a prospect as he ; which when al is done, is but in a region subiect to al passiōs and imperfections.

And for these figures of mine, if they come not drawn in all proportions to the life of antiquity (from whose tyrannie, I see no reason why we may not emancipate our inuentions, and be as free as they, to vse our owne images) yet I know them such as were 70 proper to the busines, and discharged those parts for which they serued, with as good correspondencie, as our appointed limitations would permit.

But in these things wherein the onely life consists in shew ; the arte and inuention of the Architect giues the greatest grace, and is of most importance : ours, the least part and of least note in the time of the performance thereof ; and therefore haue I intersered the description of the artificiall part, which only speakes *M. Inago Iones.* ~



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## TETHYS FESTIVALL.

Wherein Tethys Queene of the Ocean, and wife of  
Neptune, attended with thirteene Nymphs of  
feuerall Riuers, is represented in this manner.



FIRST the Queenes Maieftie in the  
figure of *Tethys*. The Ladies in the  
shape of Nymphes, prefiding feuerall  
/ Riuers appropriate either to their  
dignitie, Signiories, or places of 10  
birth.

1. *Whereof the first was the Ladie  
Elizabeths grace, representing the Nymph of  
Thames.*
2. *The Ladie Arbella, the Nymph of Trent.*
3. *The Countesse of Arundell, the Nymph of Arun.*

1. 5, In margin 'Tethys mater Nympharum & fluuiorum': 1. 9, Mis-  
printed 'appropriately': 1. 16, In margin 'Arun, a Riuer that runs by  
Arundell Castle.'

4. *The Countesse of Darbie, the Nymph of Darwent.*
5. *The Countesse of Effex, the Nymph of Lee.*
6. *The Countesse of Dorcet, the Nymph of Ayr.*
7. *The Countesse of Mongommerie, the Nymph of 20  
Severn.*
8. *The Vicountesse of Haddington, the Nymph of  
Rother.*
9. *The Ladie Elizabeth Gray, the Nymph of  
Medway.*

These foure Riuers are in Monmouthshire.

*The Ladie Elizabeth Guilford, the Nymph of Dulesse.*

*The Ladie Katherine Peeter, the Nymph of Olwy.*

*The Ladie Winter, the Nymph of Wy.*

*The Ladie Winfor, the Nymph of Vjke.*

30

The discription of the first Scene.

ON the Trauers which serued as a curtaine for the first Scene, was figured a darke cloude, interior with certaine sparkling starres, which, at the sound of a loud mufick, being instantly drawne, the scene was discouered with these adornements : First, on eyther side stood a great statue of twelue foot high, representing *Neptune* and *Nereus*. *Neptune* holding a Trident, with an Anchor made to it, and this Mot, *His artibus* : that is, *Regendo, & retinendo*, alluding to this / verse of 40  
*Virgill, He tibi erunt artes, &c. Nereus* holding out a golden fish in a net, with this word *Industria* : The reason whereof is deliuered after, in the speech vttered

In margin—l. 17, 'Darwent, a riuer that runs through Darbie': l. 18, 'Lee, the riuer that bounds Effex': l. 19, 'Ayr, a Riuer that runs nere Skipton, where this Lady was borne': l. 20, 'Seuerne, rises in Mongomery shire': l. 22, 'Rother, a riuer in Suffex': l. 24, 'Medway, a riuer in Kent': l. 33, Misprinted 'interfer.'

by *Triton*. These Sea-gods stood on pedestals, and were all of gold. Behind them were two pillars, on which hung compartments, with other devices: and these bore up a rich Freeze, wherein were figures of tenne foote long, of floods, and Nymphes, with a number of naked children, dallying with a draperie, which they seemed to holde up, that the Scene might 50 be seene, and the ends thereof fell downe in foldes by the pillars. In the midst was a compartment, with this inscription, *Tethyos Epinicia*, TETHYS feasts of triumph. This was supported with two winged boyes, and all the worke was done with that force and boldnesse on the gold and siluer, as the figures seemed round and not painted.

The Scene it selfe was a Port or Hauen, with Bul-workes at the entrance, and the figure of a Castle commanding a fortified towne: within this Port were 60 many Ships, small and great, seeming to be at Anchor, some neerer, and some further off, according to perspective: beyond all appeared the Horizon, or termination of the Sea; which seemed to mooue with a gentle gale, and many Sayles, lying some to come into the Port, and others passing out. From this Scene issued *Zephirus*, with eight Naydes, Nymphs of fountaines, and two *Tritons* sent from *Tethys* to giue notice of intendement, which was the Ante-maske or first shew. The Duke of Yorke presented *Zephirus*, in a 70 short robe of greene satin imbrodered with golden flowers, with / a round wing made of lawnes on wyers,

1. 69, In margin—'The figure of *Zephirus* might aptly discharge this representation in respect that messages are of winde, and verba dicuntur alara, winged wordes: besides it is a character of youth, and of the Spring.'

and hung down in labels. Behind his shoulders two filuer wings. On his head a Garland of flowers consisting of all colours, and on one Arme which was out bare, he wore a bracelet of gold fet with rich stones. Eight little Ladies neere of his Stature, represented the Naydes, and were attired in light robes adorned with flowers, their haire hanging down, and wauing with Garlands of water ornaments on their heads.

80

The Tritons wore skin-coates of watchet Taffata (lightned with filuer) to shew the Muscles of their bodies. From the waste almost to the knee were finnes of filuer in the manner of bafes: a mantle of Sea-greene, laced and fringed with golde, tyed with a knot vppon one shoulder, and falling down in foldes behinde, was fastened to the contrary side: on their heads garlands of Sedge, with trumpets of writen shels in their hand: Buskins of sea-greene laid with filuer lace. These persons thus attired, entred with this song of 90 foure parts, and a musicke of twelue Lutes.

*Youth of the Spring, milde Zephirus blow faire,  
And breath the ioyfull ayre,  
Which Tethys wishes may attend this day;  
Who comes her selfe to pay  
The vowes her heart presents,  
To these faire complements.*

*Breath out new flowers, which yet were neuer knowne  
Vnto the Spring, nor blown  
Before this time, to bewtifie the earth;  
And | as this day giues birth  
Vnto new types of State,  
So let it blisse create.*

100

*Beare Tethys message to the Ocean King,  
 Say how she ioyes to bring  
 Delight vnto his Ilands and his Seas ;  
 And tell Meliades  
 The of-spring of his b[l]ood,  
 How she applaudes his good.*

The song ended, Triton, on the behalfe of Zephirus, 110  
 deliueurs Tethys message with her Presents (which was  
 a Trident to the King, and a rich sword and skarfe to  
 the Prince of Wales) in these wordes :—

*From that intelligence which moues the Sphere  
 Of circling waues (the mightie Tethys, Queene  
 Of Nymphes and riuers, who will straight appeare,  
 And in a humane Character be seene)  
 We haue in charge to say, that euen as Seas  
 And lands, are grac'd by men of worth and might,  
 So they returne their fauours ; and in these 120  
 Exalting of the good seeme to delight.  
 Which she, in glory, lately visiting  
 The sweete, and pleasant Shores of Cambria, found  
 By an vnusuall, and most forward Spring  
 Of comfort, wherewith all things did abound,  
 For ioy of the Inuestiture at hand  
 Of their new Prince ; whose Rites, with acts renownd,  
 Were here to be solemniz'd on this Strand :  
 And therefore streight resolues t'adorne the day  
 With her al-gracing presence, and the traine 130  
 Of | some choice Nymphs, she pleas'd to call away  
 From seuerall Riuers which they entertaine.  
 And first the louely Nymphe of stately Thames*

*(The darling of the Ocean) summond is :  
 Then those of Trent and Aruns gracefull streames,  
 Then Darwent next with cleare-wau'd worthinesse.  
 The beauteous Nymph of Chrystall-streaming Lee  
 Giues next attendance : then the Nymph of Ayr  
 With modest motion makes her sweete repaire.  
 The Nymph of Seuerne follows in degree,  
 With ample streames of grace : and next to her  
 The cheerefull Nymph of Rother doth appeare  
 With comely Medway, th'ornament of Kent :  
 And then foure goodly Nymphes that beautifie  
 Cambers faire shores, and all that Continent  
 The graces of cleere Vske, Olwy, Duleffe, Wy.*

140

*All these within the goodly spacious Bay  
 Of manifold inharboring Milford meete ;  
 The happy Port of Vnion, which gaue way  
 To that great Hero HENRY, and his fleete,  
 To make the blest coniunction that begat  
 O greater, and more glorious far then that.*

150

*From hence she sends her deare lou'd Zephirus,  
 To breath out her affection and her zeale  
 To you great Monarch of Oceanus,  
 And to present this Trident as the seale  
 And ensigne of her loue and of your right.*

*And therewithall she wils him, greete the Lord  
 And Prince of th'Iles (the hope and the delight,  
 Of all the Northerne Nations) with this sword  
 That she vnto Astræa sacred found,  
 And not to be vnsheath'd but on iust ground.  
 Herewith, sayes she, deliuer him from mee  
 This skarffe, the zone of Loue and Amitie,  
 T'ingird the same ; wherein he may suruay,*

160



*Infigur'd all the spacious Emperie  
 That he is borne vnto another day.  
 Which, tell him, will be world enough to yeeld  
 All | workes of glory euer can be wrought.  
 Let him not passe the circle of that field,  
 But thinke Alcides pillars are the knot ;  
 For there will be within the large extent  
 Of these my waues, and watry Gouvernement  
 More treasure, and more certaine riches got  
 Then all the Indies to Iberus brought ;  
 For Nereus will by industry vnfold  
 A Chimicke secret, and turne fish to gold,  
 This charge she gaue, and lookes with such a cheere  
 As did her comfort and delight bewray,  
 Like cleere Aurora when she doth appeare  
 In brightest robes to make a glorious day.*

170

180

The Speech ended, the Naydes daunce about *Zephirus* and then withdraw them aside ; when suddenly, at the sound of a loud and fuller musique, *Tethys* with her Nymphes appeares, with another Scene, which I will likewise describe in the language of their Architector who contriued it, and speakes in his owne mestier to such as are vnderftaders & louers of that design. First at the opening of the heauens appeared 3 circles of lights and glassees, one with[in] another, and came 190  
 downe in a straight motion fūe foote, and then began to mooue circularly : which lights and motion so occupied the eyes of the spectators, that the manner of altering the Scene was scarcely discerned : for in a moment the whole face of it was changed, the Port vanished, and *Tethys* with her Nymphes appeared in

their feuerall Cauerns gloriously adorned. This Scene was comparted into 5 Neees, whereof that in the middest had some slender pillowes of whole round, and were made of moderne architecture in regard of roome : 200 these were of burnisht gold, and bare vp the returnes of an Architraue, Freeze, and Cornish of the same worke : on/ which, vpon eyther side was a Plinth, directly ouer the pillers, & on them were placed for finishings, two Dolphins of siluer, with their tailes wreathed together, which supported ouall vases of gold.

Betweene the two pillers on eyther side were great ornaments of relieuo : the Basement were two huge Whales of siluer. Aboue in an action mounting were two Sea-horses, and aboue them, on each side of *Tethys* 210 feat was placed a great Trident. The feate or Throne it selfe was raised fixe steps, and all couered with such an artificiall stuffe, as seemed richer by candle, then any cloth of gold. The rests for her armes were two Cherubines of gold : ouer her head was a great skallop of siluer, from which hung the foldes of this rich drapery.

Aboue the Skallop, and round about the sides was a resplendent freeze of iewell glasse or lights, which shewed like Diamonds, Rubies, Saphires, Emeralds, and such like.

220

The part which returned from the two Plinthes that bare vp the Dolphines, was circular, and made a hollownesse ouer *Tethys* head, and on this circle were 4 great Chartuses of gold, which bore vp a round bowle of siluer, in manner of a fountaine, with mask-heads of gold, out of which ran an artificiall water. On the middest of this was a triangular basement

l. 199, = Niches.

l. 200, = Pillars.

formed of scrowles & leaues, and then a rich Vayle adorned with flutings, and inchasd worke, with a freeze of filhes, and a battaile of Tritons, out of whose 230 mouthes, sprang water into the Bowle vnderneath. On the top of this was a round globe of gold full of holes, out of which issued abundance of water, some falling into the receipt below, some into the Ovall vase, borne vp by the Dolphines; and indeed there was no place in this great Aqua / tick throne, that was not filled with the sprinckling of these two naturall seeming waters. The Neece wherein the Ladies fate, were foure, with Pillasters of gold, mingled with rustick stones shewing like a minerall to make it more rocke, and Cauern-like, 240 varying from that of *Tethys* throne. Equally with the heads of the Pillars was an Architraue of the same work: aboue was a circular frontispiece, which rose equall with the Bowle of the fountaine fore-discribed. On the rustick frontispice lay two great figures in Rileue, which seemed to beare vp a Garland of Sea-weeds: to which from two antick Candlestickes which stood ouer the Pillasters, were hanging Sibells of gold. And these were the finishings of the top of the two Neece next to that of *Tethys*. 250

In the space betweene the frontispice and the Architraue, stood a great Concaue shel, wherein was the head of a Sea-god, and on either side the shel to fill vp the roome, two great mask heads in perfile. The other two Neece which were outermost, were likewise borne vp with Pillasters of gold, and for variation had square frontispices, and against the streight Architraue of the other was an Arch. All these were mingled with rustick, as before.

In the middle betweene the frontispice & the Arch, 260  
 was a bowle or fountaine made of foure great skallops,  
 borne vp by a great maske head, which had likewise  
 foure aspects, and lying vpon this Arch (to fill vp the  
 Concaues) were two figures turned halfe into fishes:  
 these with their heads held vp the sides of the  
 Bowle: aboue this were three great Cherubines heads,  
 spouting water into the Bowle. On the middest of the  
 square frontispice stood a great vase adorned. The /  
 rest of the ornaments consisted of maske-heads, spout-  
 ing water, swannes, festons of maritime weedes, great 270  
 shels, and such like; and all this whole Scene was  
 filled with the splendor of gold and siluer: onely some  
 beautifull colours behinde to distinguish them, and to  
 set off the rest.

The whole worke came into the forme of a halfe  
 round: there sate three Ladies in each Neece, which  
 made fixe of a side: the Queene in middest, and the  
 Lady *Elizabeth* at her feete.

Now concerning their habite: first their head-tire  
 was composed of shels and corral, and from a great 280  
 Muriake shell in forme of the crest of an helme,  
 hung a thin wauing vaile. Their vpper garments  
 had the bodies of sky-colored taffataes for lightnes, all  
 embroidered with maritime inuention: then had they a  
 kinde of halfe skirts of cloth of siluer imbrodered with  
 golde, all the ground work cut out for lightnes, which  
 hung down ful, & cut in points: vnderneath that, came  
 bases (of the same as their bodies) beneath their knee.  
 The long skirt was wrought with lace, waued round  
 about like a Riuer, and on the bankes sedge and Sea- 290  
 weedes, all of gold. Their shouders were all imbrodered

with the worke of the short skirt of cloth of siluer, and had cypresse spangled, ruffed out, and fell in a ruffe aboue the Elbow. The vnder sleeues were all imbrodered as the bodies: their shoes were of Satin, richly imbrodered, with the worke of the short skirt.

In this habite they descended out of their Cauernes one after another, and so marched vp with winding meanders like a Riuer, till they came to the Tree of victory; which was a Bay erected at the right side of 300 the state, vpon a little mount there raised; where they offer their / seuerall flowers in golden urnes which they bare in their hands: whilst a soft musique of twelue Lutes and twelue voyces, which entertained the tune, exprest as a Chorus, their action in this manner.

*Was euer howre brought more delight*

*To mortall sight,*

*Then this, wherein faire Tethys daignes to shew*

*Her, and her Nymphes arow*

*In glory bright?*

310

*See how they bring their flowers,*

*From out their watry bowers,*

*To decke Apollos Tree,*

*The tree of victory.*

*About whose verdant bowes,*

*They Sacrifice their vows,*

*And wish an euerlasting spring*

*Of glory, to the Ocean King.*

This sounge and ceremony ended, they fall into their first daunce, after which *Tethys* withdrawes and repofes 320 her vpon the Mount vnder the tree of victory, entertain'd with Musique and this Song.

*If ioy had other figure  
 Then foundes, and wordes, and motion,  
 To intimate the measure,  
 And height of our deuotion ;  
 This day it had beene show'd.  
 But what it can, it doth performe,  
 Since nature hath bestowd  
 No other letter, 330  
 To expresse it better,  
 Then in this forme ;  
 Our motions, foundes, and wordes,  
 Tun'd to accordes ;  
 Must shew the well-set partes,  
 Of our affections and our harts.*

After / this *Tethys* rises, and with her Nymphes  
 performes her second daunce, and then reposes her  
 againe vpon the Mount, entertaind with another  
 songe. 340

*Are they shadowes that we see ?  
 And can shadowes pleasure giue ?  
 Pleasures onely shadowes bee  
 Cast by bodies we conceiue,  
 And are made the thinges we deeme,  
 In those figures which they seeme.  
 But these pleasures vanish fast,  
 Which by shadowes are exprest :  
 Pleasures are not, if they last,  
 In their passing, is their best. 350  
 Glory is most bright and gay  
 In a flash, and so away.*

*Feed apace then greedy eyes  
 On the wonder you behold.  
 Take it sodaine as it flies  
 Though you take it not to hold :  
 When your eyes haue done their part,  
 Thought must length it in the hart.*

After this Songe *Tethys* againe rises, and with her Nymphes, taketh out the Lordes to daunce their 360 Measures, Corantos and Galliardes ; which done, they fall into their third and retyring daunce, wherewith they returne againe into their feuerall Cauernes, and sodainely vanish. When to auoid the confusion which vsually attendeth the desolue of these shewes ; and when all was thought to be finisht, followed another entertainment, and was a third shew no lesse delightfull then the rest, whose introduction was thus.

*Zephirus* marching a certaine space after *Tethys* and her Nymphes, attended with his Tritons, a sodaine 370 flash of lightning causes them to stay, and *Triton* deliuereth this speech.

*Behold, | the Post of heauen, bright Mercury  
 Is sent to sommon and recall againe,  
 Imperiall Tethys with her company,  
 Vnto her watry Mansion in the maine :  
 And shift these formes, wherein her power did daigne  
 T'inuest her selfe and hers, and to restore  
 Them to themselues, whose beauteous shapes they wore.*

And then bowing himselfe towards the State, 380 craueth their stay, and prepareth them, to the expecta-

tion of a returne of the Queene and her Ladies in their formes, with these wordes.

*And now bright Starre the Guidon of this state,  
And you great Peeres the ornaments of power,  
With all these glittering troupes that haue the fate,  
To be spectators of this blessed houre.  
Be pleased to sit a while, and you shall see  
A transformation of farre more delight,  
And apter drawne to nature, then can be  
Discrib'd in an imaginary sight.*

390

Triton hauing ended his speech, Mercury most artificially, and in an exquisite posture descends, and fommons the Duke of Yorke, and fix yong Noblemen to attend him, and bring backe the Queene and her Ladies in their owne forme, directing him to the place where to finde them ; with this speech.

*Faire branch of power, in whose sweete feature here  
Milde Zephirus a figure did present  
Of youth and of the spring-time of the yeare ;  
I sommon you, and six of high descent  
T'attend on you (as hopefull worthyes borne  
To shield the Honour and the cleare Renowne  
Of Ladies) that you presently returne  
And bring backe those, in whose faire shapes were showne  
The late-seene Nymphes in figures of their owne ;  
Whom you shall finde hard by within a groue  
And Garden of the spring addrest to Ioue.*

400

Hereupon the Duke of Yorke with his attendants departing to performe this seruice, the lowde Musique 410



foundes, and sodainely appeares the Queenes Maiefty in a most pleasant and artificiall Groue ; which was the third Scene, and from thence they march vp to the King conducted by the Duke of Yorke, and the Noblemen, in a very stately manner.

And in all these shewes, this is to be noted, that there were none of inferiour sort, mixed amongst these great Personages of State and Honour (as vsually there haue beene) but all was performed by themselues with a due referuation of their dignity. And for those two 420 which did Personate the Tritons, they were Gentlemen knowne of good worth and respect. The introducing of Pages with torches, might haue added more splendor, but yet they would haue pestred the roome ; which the season would not well permit.

And thus haue I deliuered the whole forme of this shew, and expose it to the censure of those who make it their best shew, to seeme to know : with this Postscript.

*Prætulerim scriptor delirus inersque videri  
Dum mea delectant mala me, vel denique fallant,  
Quam sapere & ringi.*

430

S. D./



VI.

HYMENS TRIUMPH.

1615

NOTE.

The original edition of 'Hymens Triumph' was published in 1615. The title-page is as follows:—

HYMENS TRI-  
VMPH.

✓ A Pastorall Tragicomædie.

Presented at the Queenes Court in the Strand at  
her Maiesties magnificent entertainment of the  
Kings most excellent Maiestie, being at  
the Nuptials of the Lord  
*Roxborough.*

By Samvel Daniel.

*Hinc . Lucem . Pocula . Sacra.*

LONDON

Imprinted for *Francis Constable*, and are to bee sold  
at his shop in Pauls Church-yard at the signe  
of the white Lyon. 1615 [12°].

A beautiful exemplar is in the British Museum (C. 39. a. 41). Our text (4to, 1623) has only slight variations in orthography. It corrects the 'errata' noted at end of <sup>1</sup> (except one which it mis-corrects by 'lowenefse' for <sup>1</sup> 'louenefse' corrected by the Author into 'lonenefse.' At l. 30 (p. 336) I have altered 'sawe' into 'safe,' and l. 44 (*ibid.*) 'thinks' into 'things'—and so elsewhere obvious misprints are corrected. Opposite is title-page of our exemplar and text.

G.

# HYMENS

## TRIVMPH.

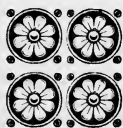
*A Pastorall Tragicomædie.*

Presented at the Queenes Court in the  
*Strand, at her Maiesties magnificent enter-  
tainement of the Kings most excellent  
Maiefty, being at the Nuptials of the  
Lord Roxborough.*

---

*By* SAMVEL DANIEL.

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LONDON,  
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES for  
SIMON WATERSON.

1623.

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TO THE MOST EXCEL-  
lent Maiefty of the Highest-borne  
*Princessse, ANNE of Denmarke, Queene*  
of England, Scotland, France,  
*and Ireland.*



Ere, what your sacred influence begat  
(Most lou'd, and most respected  
Maiefty)  
With humble heart, and hand, I  
consecrate  
Vnto the glory of your memory :  
As being a piece of that solemnity, 10  
Which your Magnificence did cele-  
brate

In hallowing of those rooves (you rear'd of late)  
With fires and chearefull hospitality ;  
Whereby, and by your splendent Worthines,  
Your name shall longer liue then shall your walls :  
For, that faire structure goodnesse finishes,  
Beares off all change of times, and neuer falls.  
And that is it hath let you in so farre  
Into the heart of *England* as you are.

And worthily; for neuer yet was Queene 20  
 That more a peoples loue haue merited  
 By all good graces, and by hauing beene  
 The meanes our State stands fast establiſhed  
 And bleſt by your bleſt wombe: who are this day  
 The higheſt-borne Queene of *Europe*, and alone  
 Haue brought this land more bleſſings euery way,  
 Then all the daughters of ſtrange Kings haue done.  
 For, / we by you no claimes, no quarrells haue,  
 No factions, no betraying of affaires:  
 You do not ſpend our blood, nor ſtates, but ſaue: 30  
 You ſtrength vs by alliance, and your haires.  
 Not like thoſe fatall marriages of *France*,  
 For whom this Kingdome hath ſo dearly paid,  
 Which onely our afflictions did aduance:  
 And brought vs farre more miſeries, then aid.  
 Renowned *Denmarke*, that haſt furniſhed  
 The world with Princes, how much do we owe  
 To thee for this great good thou didſt beſtow,  
 Whereby we are both bleſt, and honoured?  
 Thou didſt not ſo much hurt vs heretofore, 40  
 But now thou haſt rewarded vs farre more.  
 But what do I on this high ſubieſt fall  
 Here, in the front of this low Paſtorall?  
 This a more graue, and ſpacious roome requires  
 To ſhew your glory, and my deepe deſires.

*Your Maieſties moſt*

*Humble Seruant,*

SAM. DANIEL. 48





## The Prologue.

*Hymen opposed by Auarice, Enuy, and Iealousie,  
the disturbers of quiet marriage, first enters.*

Hymen.

*I* *N this disguise and Pastorall attire,  
Without my saffron robe, without my torch,  
Or other ensignes of my duty :  
I Hymen am come hither secretly,  
To make Arcadia see a worke of glory,  
That shall deserue an euerlasting story.*

10

*Here, shall I bring you two the most entire  
And constant louers that were euer seene,  
From out the greatest suffrings of anoy  
That fortune could inflict, to their full ioy :  
Wherein no wild, no rude, no antique sport,  
But tender passions, motions soft, and graue,  
The still spectators must expect to haue.*

*For, these are onely Cynthia's recreatiues  
Made vnto Phœbus, and are feminine ;  
And therefore must be gentle like to her,  
Whose sweet affections mildely mooue and stirre.*

20

*And here, with this white wand, will I effect  
As much, as with my flaming torch of Loue :  
And with the power thereof, affections mooue  
In these faire nymphes, and shepheards round about.*

*Enuy. Stay Hymen, stay ; you shall not haue the day  
Of this great glory, as you make account :  
We will herein, as we were euer wont,  
Oppose you in the matches you addresse,  
And vndermine them with disturbances.* 3c

*Hym. Now, do thy worst, base Enuy, thou canst do,  
Thou shalt not disappoint my purposes.*

*Auarice. Then will I, Hymen, in despite of thee,  
I will make Parents crosse desires of loue,  
With those respects of wealth, as shall dissolue  
The strongest knots of kindest faithfulnessse.*

*Hym. Hence, greedy Auarice ; I know thou art  
A hagge, that do'st bewitch the mindes of men :  
Yet shalt thou haue no [part] at all herein.*

*Ieal. Then will I, Hymen, do thou what thou canst ; 40  
I will steale closely into linked hearts ;  
And shake their veines with cold distrustfulnessse ;  
And euer keepe them waking in their feares,  
With spirits, which their imagination reares.*

*Hym. Disquiet Iealousie, vile fury, thou  
That art the ougly monster of the mind,  
Auant, be gone ! thou shalt haue nought to do  
In this faire worke of ours, nor euermore  
Canst enter there, where honour keepes the doore.*

*And therefore hideous furies, get you hence, 50  
This place is sacred to integrity,  
And cleane desires : your sight most loathsome is  
Vnto so well dispos'd a company.*

*Therefore be gone, I charge you by my powre,  
We must haue nothing in Arcadia, sowe.*

*Enuy. Hymen, thou canst not chafe vs so away,  
For, looke how long as thou mak'st marriages,  
So long will we produce incumbrances.  
And we will in the same disguise, as thou,  
Mire vs amongst the shepheards, that we may  
Effect our worke the better, being vnknowne ;  
For, ills shew other faces then their owne.*

60



## The Speakers.

THIRSIS.

PALÆMON, friend to *Thirfis*.

CLARINDO, SILVIA disguised, the beloued of *Thirfis*,  
supposed to be slaine by wild beasts.

CLORIS, a Nymph whom *Clarindo* serued, and in loue  
with *Thirfis*.

PHILLIS, in loue with *Clarindo*.

MONTANUS, in loue with *Phillis*.

LYDIA, Nurse to *Phillis*.

DORCAS. }  
SILUANUS. } Forresters.

MEDORUS, father to *Silvia*.

CHARINUS, father to *Thirfis*.

*Chorus of Shepheards.*



ACTVS. I. SCENA. I.

*Thirsis. Palæmon.*



O to be reft of all the ioyes of life,  
How is it poffible *Palæmon*, I  
Should euer more a thought retaine  
Of the leaft comfort vpon earth  
again?

No, I would hate this heart, that  
hath receiu'd [come

So deepe a wound, if it fhould euer

To be recur'd, or would permit a roome

To let in any other thing then grieve.

10

*Pal.* But *Thirsis* you muft tell me what is the caufe?

*Thi.* Thinke but what caufe I haue; when hauing  
paff'd

The heates, the colds, the trembling agonies

Of feares, and hopes, and all the ftrange affaults

Of paffion, that a tender heart could feele

In the attempt, and purfuite of his loue:

And then to be vndone, when all was done;

To perishe in the hauen, after all  
 Those Ocean suffrings, and euen then to haue  
 My hopefull Nuptiall bed, turn'd to a graue. 20

*Pal.* Good *Thirsis* by what meanes, I pray thee tell.

*Thi.* Tell thee? alas *Palæmon*, how can I tell  
 And liue? doest thou not see these fields haue lost  
 Their glory, since that time *Siluia* was lost?  
*Siluia*, that onely deckt, that onely made  
*Arcadia* fhine; *Siluia* who was (ah woe the while)  
 So miserable rent from off the world,  
 So rapt away, as that no figne of her,  
 No peece was left to tell vs by what meanes:  
 Save onely this poore remnant of her vaile, 30  
 All torne, and this deere locke of her rent haire;  
 Which holy reliques here I keepe with me,  
 The sad memorialls of her dismall fate.  
 Who sure deuoured was vpon the shore  
 By rauenous beafts, as she was walking there  
 Alone, it seemes; perhaps in seeking me,  
 Or els retir'd to meditate apart  
 The story of our loues, and heauy smart.

*Pal.* This is no newes, you tell, of *Siluias* death.  
 That was long since: why should you waile her now? 40

*Thi.* Long since *Palæmon*? thinke you any length  
 Of time can euer haue a powre to make  
 A heart of flesh not mourne, not grieue, not pine?  
 That knows, that feels, that thinks as much as mine.

*Pal.* But *Thirsis*, you know how her father meant  
 To match her with *Alexis*, and a day  
 To celebrate the nuptials was prefixt.

*Thi.* True, he had such a purpose, but in vaine,  
 As oh it was best knowne vnto vs twaine.

And hence it grew that gaue vs both our feares, 50  
 That made our meeting stealth, our parting teares.  
 Hence was it, that with many a secret wile,  
 We rob'd our lookes th'onlookers to beguile.  
 This was the cause, oh miserable cause,  
 That made her by her selfe to stray alone,  
 Which els God knows, she neuer should haue done.  
 For had our liberty as open beene,  
 As was our loues, *Silvia* had not beene seene  
 VVithout her *Thirsis*, neuer had we gone  
 But hand in hand, nor euer had mischance 60  
 Tooke vs afunder ; she had alwayes had  
 My body interpos'd betwixt all harmes  
 And her. But ah we had our liberty  
 Layd fast in prison when our loues were free.

*Pal.* But how knowst thou her loue was such to thee ?

*Thi.* How do I know the Sun, the day from night ?

*Pal.* Womens affections do like flashes proue,  
 They oft shew passion when they feele small loue.

*Thi.* Ah do not so prophane that precious sexe,  
 Which I must euer reuerence for her sake, 70  
 Who was the glory of her kind ; whose heart  
 In all her actions so transparant was  
 As I might see it cleere and wholly mine,  
 Alwayes obseruing truth in one right line.

How oft hath she beene vrg'd by fathers threats,  
 By friends perswasions, and *Alexis* sighs,  
 And teares and prayers, to admit his loue,  
 Yet neuer could be wonne ! how oft haue I  
 Beheld the brauest heardsmen of these plaines,  
 (As what braue heardsman was there in the plaines 80

Of all *Arcadia*, that had not his heart  
Warm'd with her beames) to feeke to win her loue !

Ah I remember well (and how can I  
But euer more remember well) when first  
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was  
The flame we felt, when as we fate and figh'd  
And look'd vpon each other, and conceiu'd  
Not what we ayld ; yet something we did ayle,  
And yet were well, and yet we were not well ;  
And what was our difeafe we could not tell. 90  
Then would we kiffe, then figh, then looke : and thus  
In that first garden of our fimpleneffe  
We spent our child-hood : but when yeeres began  
To reape the fruite of knowledge ; ah how then  
Would she with grauer looks, with sweet stern brow  
Check my presumption and my forwardnes ;  
Yet still would giue me flowers, stil would me shew  
What she would haue me, yet not haue me know.

*Pal.* Alas with what poore Coyne are louers paid,  
And taken with the smallest bayte is laid ? 100

*Thi.* And when in sport with other company,  
Of Nimphes and shepheards we haue met abroad  
How would she steale a looke : and watch mine eye  
Which way it went ? and when at Barley breake  
It came vnto my turne to rescue her,  
With what an earnest, swift, and nimble pace  
Would her affection make her feet to run,  
Nor farther run then to my hand ? her race  
Had no stop but my bosome, where no end.  
And when we were to breake againe, how late 110  
And loath her trembling hand wold part with mine,  
And with how slow a pace would she set forth



To meet the 'ncountring party, who contends  
T'attaine her, scarce affording him her fingers ends ?

*Pal.* Fie *Thirfis*, with what fond remembrances  
Doeft thou these idle passions entertaine ?  
For shame, leaue off to waft your youth in vaine,  
And feede on shadowes : make your choice anew.  
You other Nimphes shall find, no doubt will be  
As louely, and as faire, and sweete as she. 120

*Thi.* As faire and sweete as she ? *Palæmon* peace :  
Ah what can pictures be vnto the life ?  
What sweetnes can be found in Images ?  
Which all Nimphes els besides her seemes to me.  
She only was a reall creature, she,  
VVhose memory must take vp all of me.  
Should I another loue, then must I haue,  
Another heart, for this is full of her,  
And euermore shall be : here is she drawne  
At length, and whole, and more, this table is 130  
A story, and is all of her ; and all  
Wrought in the liueliest colours of my blood ;  
And can there be a roome for others heere ?  
Should I disfigure such a peece, and blot  
The perfectt workmanship that loue euer wrought ?  
*Palæmon* no, ah no, it cost too deere,  
It must remaine intire whilst life remaines,  
The monument of her and of my paines.

*Pal.* Thou maiest be such a fond Idolater  
To die for loue ; though that were very strange. 140  
Loue hath few Saints, but many confessors.  
And time no doubt will raze out all these notes,  
And leaue a roome at length for other thoughts.

*Thi.* Yes, when there is no spring, no tree, no groue

In all *Arcadia* to record our loue :  
 And tell me where we were (the time we were)  
 How we did meete together, what we said,  
 Where we did ioy, and where we sat difmai'd ;  
 And then I may forget her, not before.  
 Till then I must remember one so deere, 150  
 When euery thing I see tells me of her.  
 And you deere Reliques of that martred Saint,  
 My heart adores, you the perpetuall bookes  
 Whereon when teares permit, mine eyes still looks :  
 Ah you were with her last, and till my last  
 You must remaine with me ; you were referu'd  
 To tell me she was left, but yet alas,  
 You cannot tell me how : I would you could :

White spotlesse vaile, cleane, like her womanhood,  
 Which whilome couerdst the most louely face 160  
 That euer eye beheld. VWas there no message sent  
 From her by thee ? Ah yes, there seemes it was ;  
 Here is a *T* made with her blood, as if  
 Shee would haue written, *Thirfis*, I am flaine  
 In seeking thee ; fure so it should haue beene,  
 And so I reade it, and shall euer so.

And thou sweet remnant of the fairest haire,  
 That euer wau'd with winde ! Ah thee I found  
 When her I hop'd to finde, wrapt in a round,  
 Like to an *O*, the character of woe ; 170  
 As if to say, *O Thirfis*, I die thine.  
 This much you tell me yet, dumbe messengers,  
 Of her last minde ; and what you cannot tell  
 That I must thinke, which is the most extreame  
 Of wofulnesse, that any heart can thinke.

*Pal.* There is no dealing with this man, I see,

This humour must be let to spend it selfe  
 Vnto a leffer substance, ere that we  
 Can any way apply a remedy.  
 But I lament his case, and so I know 180  
 Do all that see him in this wofull plight :  
 And therefore will I leaue him to himselfe,  
 For sorrow that is full, hates others fight.

*Thir.* Come boy, whilst I contemplate these remaines  
 Of my lost loue, vnder this myrtle tree,  
 Record the dolefull'st song, the fighting'st notes,  
 That musicke hath to entertaine bad thoughts.  
 Let it be all at flats my boy, all graue,  
 The tone that best befits the grieve I haue.

The Song. 190

*Had sorrow euer fitter place  
 To act his part,  
 Then is my heart,  
 Where it takes vp all the space ?  
 Where is no veine  
 To entertaine  
 A thought that weares another face.  
 Nor will I sorrow euer haue,  
 Therein to be,  
 But onely thee, 200  
 To whom I full possession gaue :  
 Thou in thy name  
 Must holde the same,  
 Vntill thou bring it to the graue.*

*Thir.* So boy, now leaue me to my selfe, that I  
 May be alone to grieve, entire to misery.

## SCEN. II.

*Cloris.*                      *Clarindo.*

**N**OW gentle boy *Clarindo*, haft thou brought  
My flockes into the field? 210

*Cla.* Mistris I haue.

*Clo.* And haft thou told them?

*Cla.* Yes.

*Clo.* And are there all?

*Cla.* All.

*Clo.* And haft thou left them safe my boy?

*Cla.* Safe.

*Clo.* Then whilst they feede, *Clarindo*, I must vse  
Thy seruice in a serious businesse;

But thou must doe it well my boy. 220

*Cla.* The best I can.

*Clo.* Do'st thou know *Thirsis*?

*Cla.* Yes.

*Clo.* But know'st him well?

*Cla.* I haue good reason to know *Thirsis* well.

*Clo.* What reason boy?

*Cla.* I oft haue seene the man.

*Clo.* Why then he knowes thee too?

*Cla.* Yes I suppose, vnlesse he hath forgotten me  
of late.

*Clo.* But hath he heard thee sing my boy? 230

*Cla.* He hath.

*Clo.* Then doubtles he doth well remember thee.  
Well, vnto him thou must a message do  
From thy sad mistres *Cloris*; but thou must  
Doe it exactly well, with thy best grace,  
Best choice of language, and best countenance.

I know thou canst doe well, and hast a speech  
 And fashion pleasing to performe the same.  
 Nor can I haue a fitter messenger  
 In this imployment then thy selfe my boy. 240  
 For sure me thinkes, noting thy forme and grace,  
 That thou hast much of *Silvia* in thy face :  
 Which if he shall perceiue as well as I,  
 Sure, he will giue thee audience willingly.  
 And for her sake, if not for mine, heare out  
 Thy message ; for he still (though she be dead)  
 Holds sparkles of her vnextinguishèd.  
 And that is death to me : for though sometimes  
*Silvia* and I most deere companions were,  
 Yet when I saw he did so much preferre 250  
 Her before me, I deadly hated her ;  
 And was not sorry for her death, and yet  
 Was sorry she should come to such a death.

But to the purpose : goe to *Thirsis*, boy :  
 Say, thou art *Cloris* seruant, sent to be  
 The messenger of her distressed teares :  
 Who languishes for him, and neuer shall  
 Haue comfort more, vnlesse he giue it her.

*Cla.* I will.

*Clo.* Nay but stay boy, ther's something else : 260  
 Tell him, his cruelty makes me vndoe  
 My modesty, and to put on that part  
 Which appertaines to him, that is to wooe :  
 And to disgrace my Sexe, to shew my heart,  
 Which no man else could haue had powre to doe.  
 And that vnlesse he doe restore me backe  
 Vnto my selfe, by his like loue to me,  
 I cannot liue.

*Cla.* All this I'll tell him too.

*Clo.* Nay but stay boy, there is yet more : 270  
Tell him, it will no honour be to him,  
When euer it shall come to be made knowne,  
That he hath beene her death that was his owne.  
And how his loue hath fatall beene to two  
Distress'd Nymphes.

*Cla.* This will I tell him too.

*Clo.* Nay but stay boy, wilt thou say nothing else ?  
As of thy selfe, to waken vp his loue ?  
Thou mayst say something which I may not say,  
And tell him how thou holdst me full as faire, 280  
Yea and more faire, more louely, more compleate  
Then euer *Silvia* was ; more wife, more staid :  
How shee was but a light and wauering maid.

*Cla.* Nay there I leaue you, that I cannot say.

*Clo.* What sayst thou boy ?

*Cla.* Nothing, but that I will  
Endeavour all I can to worke his loue.

*Clo.* Doe good my boy : but thou must yet adde more,  
As from thy selfe, and say, what an vnkind  
And barbarous part it is to suffer thus 290  
So beauteous and so rare a Nymph to pine  
And perish for his loue ; and such a one,  
As if shee would haue stoop'd to others flame,  
Hath had the gallantst heardsmen of these fields  
Fall at her feete : all which she hath despis'd,  
Hauing her heart before by thee surpris'd ;  
And now doth nothing else, but sit and mourne,  
Speake *Thirsis*, weepe *Thirsis*, sigh *Thirsis*, and  
Sleepe *Thirsis* when she sleeps, which is but rare.  
Besides, good boy thou must not sticke to sweare, 300

Thou oft hast seene me sowne, and finke to ground  
 In these deepe passions, wherein I abound.  
 For something thou maist say beyond the truth,  
 By reason of my loue, and of thy youth :

Doe, good *Clarindo* sweare, and vow thus much.

But do'st thou now remember all I say,  
 Do'st thou forget no parcell of my speech,  
 Shall I repeate the same againe to thee ?  
 Or els wilt thou rehearse it vnto mee ?

That I may know thou hast it perfect, boy. 310

*Cla.* It shall not need : be sure I will report,  
 What you enioyne me, in most earnest fort.

*Clo.* Ah doe good boy. Although I feare it will,  
 Auaile me little : for I doubt his heart  
 Is repossessed with another loue.

*Cla.* Another loue ? Who may that be, I pray ?

*Clo.* With *Amarillis*, I haue heard : for they  
 'Tis thought, will in the end make vp a match.

*Cla.* With *Amarillis* ? Well, yet will I goe,  
 And try his humour whether it be so ? 320

*Clo.* Goe good *Clarindo*, but thou must not faile  
 To worke effectually for my auaile.

And doe not stay, returne with speed good boy,  
 My passions are to great, t'indure delay.

### ACT. I. SCEN. III.

*Clarindo solus.*

*T* *Hirsis* in loue with *Amarillis* ? then

In what a case am I ? what doth auaile,  
 This altred habite, that belies my Sexe ?

What boots it t'haue escap'd from Pirats hands 330

And with such wiles to haue deceiu'd their wills,  
 If I returne to fall on worfer ills?  
 In loue with *Amarillis*? is that so?  
 Is *Silvia* then forgot? that hath endur'd  
 So much for him? doe all these miseries  
 (Caus'd by his meanes) deferue no better hire?  
 VVas it the greatest comfort of my life,  
 To haue return'd, that I might comfort him?  
 And am I welcom'd thus? ah did mine eyes  
 Take neuer rest, after I was arriu'd 340  
 Till I had seene him, though vnknowne to him?  
 Being hidden thus, and couer'd with disguise  
 Of masculine attire, to temporize  
 Vntill *Alexis* mariage day be past,  
 VVhich shortly as I heare will be: and which  
 VVould free me wholly from my fathers feare:  
 VVho if he knew I were return'd, would yet  
 Vndoe I doubt that match, to match me there;  
 Which would be more then all my sufferings were.

Indeed me thought when I beheld the face 350  
 Of my deere *Thirsis*, I beheld a face  
 Confounded all with passion, which did much  
 Afflict my heart: but yet I little thought  
 It could haue beene for any others loue.  
 I did suppose the memory of me,  
 And of my rapture, had possesst him so,  
 As made him shew that countenance of woe.  
 And much adoe had I then to forbear  
 From casting me into his armes, and yeild  
 What comfort my poore selfe could yeild, but that 360  
 I thought our ioyes would not haue bin complete,  
 But might haue yeilded vs anoyes as great,



Vnlesse I could come wholly his, and cleer'd  
 From all those former dangers which we fear'd :  
 Which now a little stay (though any stay  
 Be death to me) would wholly take away.

And therefore I resolu'd my selfe to beare  
 This burthen of our sufferings yet a while,  
 And to become a seruant in this guise,  
 To her I would haue scornèd otherwise : 370  
 And be at all commands, to goe, and come,  
 To trudge into the fields, early, and late ;  
 Which though I know, it misbecomes my state,  
 Yet it becomes my fortune, which is that,  
 Not *Phillis*, whom I serue : but since I serue,  
 I will doe what I doe most faithfully.

But *Thirsis*, is it possible that thou  
 Shouldst so forget me, and forgoe thy vow ?  
 Or is it but a flying vaine report,  
 That slanders thine affection in this fort ? 380  
 It may be so, and God grant it be so :  
 I shall soone finde if thou be false or no :  
 But ah here comes my Fury, I must flie.

## ACT. I. SCEN. IIII.

*Phillis.*      *Clarindo.*

AH cruell youth, whither away so fast ?  
*Cla.* Good *Phillis* do not stay me, I haue hast.

*Phi.* What hast shoudst thou haue but to comfort me,  
 Who hath no other comfort but in thee ?

*Cla.* Alas thou do'st but trouble me in vaine, 390  
 I cannot helpe thee : t'is not in my powre.

*Phil.* Not in thy powre *Clarindo*? ah if thou  
Hadst any thing of manlines, thou wouldst.

*Cla.* But if I haue not, what doth it auaille  
In this sort to torment thy felfe and me?  
And therefore pre-thee *Phillis*, let me goe.

*Phil.* Ah whither canst thou go, where thou shalt be  
More deerely lou'd and cherisht then with me?

*Cla.* But that my purpose cannot satisfie,  
I must be gone, there is no remedie. 400

*Phi.* O cruell youth, will thy heart nothing moue?  
Shew me yet pittie, if thou shew not loue.

*Cla.* Beleeue me *Phillis* I doe pittie thee;  
And more, lament thy error, so farewell.

*Phi.* And art thou gone hard-hearted youth? haft thou  
Thus disappointed my desires, and let  
My shame t'afflict me worser then my loue?  
Now in what case am I, that neither can  
Recall my modestie, nor thee againe?

Ah were it now to do againe, my passions should 410  
Haue smothered me to death, before I would  
Haue shew'd the smallest sparkle of my flame:  
But it is done, and I am now vndone.

Ah hadst thou beene a man, and had that part  
Of vnderstanding of a womans heart,  
My words had beene vnborne, onely mine eies  
Had beene a tongue enough to one were wife.  
But this it is, to loue a boy, whose yeares  
Conceiues not his owne good, nor weighes my teares:  
But this disgrace I iustly haue deseru'd. 420

## SCEN. V.

*Lidia. Phillis.*

SO *Phillis* haue you, and y'are rightly seru'd.  
 Haue you disdain'd the gallant Forrefters,  
 And braueft heardsmen all *Arcadia* hath,  
 And now in loue with one is not a man?  
 Affure your felfe this is a iuft reuenge  
 Loue takes, for your misprifion of his powre.  
 I told you often there would come a time,  
 When you would fure be plagu'd for fuch a crime: 430  
 But you would laugh at me, as one you thought  
 Conceiu'd not of what mettall you were wrought.

Is this you, who would wonder any nimphes  
 Could euer be fo foolifh as to loue?  
 Who is fo foolifh now?

*Phil.* Peace *Lidia*, peace,  
 Adde not more grieve t'a heart that hath too much:  
 Do not insult vpon her misery,  
 VVhose flame, God wot, needs water, and not oyle.  
 Thou feeft I am vndone, caught in the toyle  
 Of an intangling mifchiefe: tell me how 440  
 I may recouer, and vnwinde me now.

*Lid.* That doth require more time; we wil apart  
 Consult thereof, be you but rul'd by me,  
 And you fhall finde, I, yet, will fet you free. *Exeunt.*

The fong of the firft Chorus.

*Loue is a fickneffe full of woes,  
 All remedies refusing:  
 A plant that with moft cutting growes,  
 Moft barren with beft vsing.*

*Why fo?*

450

*More we enioy it, more it dyes,  
If not enioy'd, it sighing cries,  
Hey ho.*

*Loue is a torment of the minde,  
A tempest euerlasting ;  
And Ioue hath made it of a kinde,  
Not well, nor full nor fasting.  
Why so ?*

*More we enioy it, more it dies  
If not enioyd, it sighing cries,  
Hey ho.*

460

## ACT. II. SCEN. I.

*Siluanus. Dorcas. Montanus.*

**I**N what a meane regard are we now held,  
We actiue and laborious forresters ?  
Who though our liuing rurall be and rough,  
Yet heretofore were we for valour priz'd,  
And well esteem'd in all good companies :  
Nor would the daintiest nymphs that vallyes haunt  
Or fields inhabite, euer haue despis'd  
Our filuane songs, nor yet our plaine discourse ;  
But gracefully accepted of our skill,  
And often of our loues, when they haue seene  
How faithfull and how constant we haue beene.

470

*Dor.* It's true *Siluanus*, but you see the times  
Are altred now, and they so dainty growne,  
By being ador'd, and woo'd, and followed so  
Of those vnfinowed amorous heardsmen, who  
By reason of their rich and mighty flockes,  
Supply their pleasures with that plenteousnesse,

480

As they difdaine our plainneffe, and do fcorne  
Our company, as men rude and ill borne.

*Sil.* Well, fo they doe ; but *Dorcas* if you marke  
How oft they doe mifcarry in their loue,  
And how difloyall thefe fine heardsmen prooue ;  
You fhall perceiue how their abundant ftore  
Payes not their expectation, nor defires.  
Witneffe thefe groues wherein they oft deplore  
The miserable paffions they fultaine ;  
And how perfidious, wayward, and vnkinde, 490  
They finde their loues to be ; which we, who are  
The eyes, and eares of woods, oft fee and heare.  
For hither to thefe groues they muft refort,  
And here one wayles apart the vfage hard  
Of her difordred, wilde, and wilfull mate :  
There mournes another her vnhappy ftate,  
Held euer in reftreint, and in fufpect :  
Another to her truftie confident,  
Laments how ſhe is matcht to fuch a one  
As cannot giue a woman her content. 500  
Another grieues how ſhee hath got a foole,  
Whofe bed, although ſhe loath, ſhe muft endure.  
And thus they all vnhappy by that meanes  
Which they accompt would bring all happineffe ;  
Moſt wealthely are plagu'd, with rich diftreffe.

*Dor.* And fo they are, but yet this was not wont  
To be the fafhion here ; there was a time  
Before *Arcadia* came to be difeaf'd  
With thefe corrupted humours reigning now,  
That choife was made of vertue and defert, 510  
Without refpect of any other endes :  
When loue was onely maſter of their hearts,

And rul'd alone : when fimple thoughts produc'd  
 Plaine honeft deedes, and euery one contends  
 To haue his fame to follow his deferts,  
 And not his fhewes ; to be the fame he was,  
 Not seem'd to be : and then were no fuch parts  
 Of falfe deceiuings plaid, as now we fee.

But after that accurfèd greedineffe  
 Of wealth began to enter and poffeffe 520  
 The hearts of men, integritie was loft,  
 And with it they themfelues, for neuer more  
 Came they to be in their owne powre againe.  
 That Tyrant vanquifht them, made them all flauers,  
 That brought bafe feruitude into the world,  
 Which elfe had neuer bin ; that onely made  
 Them to endure all whatfoeuer weights  
 Powre could deuife to lay vpon their necke.  
 For rather then they would not haue, they would not be  
 But miserable. So that no deice 530  
 Needes elfe to keepe them vnder, they themfelues  
 Will beare farre more then they are made ; themfelues  
 VVill adde vnto their fetters, rather then  
 They would not be, or held to be great men.

*Sil.* Then *Dorcas*, how much more are we to prize  
 Our meane eftate, which they fo much defpife ?  
 Confidering that we doe enioy thereby,  
 The deareft thing in nature, *Liberty*.  
 And are not tortur'd with thofe hopes and feares,—  
 Th'affliction layd on fuperfluities,— 540  
 VVhich make them to obfcure, and ferue the times :  
 But are content with what the earth, the woods  
 And riuers neere doe readily afforde  
 And therewithall furnifh our homely borde.

Those vn Bought cates please our vnlearned throats  
 That vnderstand not dainties, euen as well  
 As all their delicates, which doe but stuffe  
 And not sustaine the stomacke : and indeede  
 A wel obseruing belly doth make much  
 For liberty ; for hee that can but liue, 550  
 Although with rootes, and haue no hopes, is free  
 Without the verge of any fou'rainty ;  
 And is a Lord at home, commands the day  
 As his till night, and then repofes him  
 At his owne houres ; thinkes on no stratagem  
 But how to take his game, hath no designe  
 To crosse next day ; no plots to vndermine.

*Dor.* But why *Montanus* do you looke so fad ?  
 What is the cause your minde is not as free  
 As your estate ? what, haue you had of late 560  
 Some coy repulse of your difdainfull nymph,  
 To whom loue hath subdu'd you ? who indeede  
 Our onely master is, and no Lord else  
 But he, hath any power to vexe vs here ;  
 Which had he not, we too too happy were.

*Mon.* In troth I must confesse, when now you two  
 Found me in yonder thicket, I had lost  
 My selfe, by hauing seene that which I would  
 I had not had these eyes to see ; and iudge  
 If I great reason haue not to complaine : 570  
 You see I am a man, though not so gay  
 And delicate clad, as are your fine  
 And amorous dainty heardsmen, yet a man ;  
 And that not base, not vn-allyde to *Pan* ;  
 And of a spirit doth not degenerate  
 From my robustious manly ancestours,

Being neuer foild in any wraſtling game,  
 But ſtill haue borne away the chiefeſt prize  
 In euery braue and actiue exerciſe.  
 Yet notwithstanding that diſdainfull mayd, 580  
 Prowd *Phillis*, doth deſpiſe me and my loue,  
 And will not daigne ſo much as heare me ſpeake,  
 But doth abiure, forfooth, the thought of loue.

Yet ſhall I tell you (yet aſham'd to tell ;)   
 This coy vnlouing foule, I ſaw ere while  
 Soliciting a youth, a ſmooth ſac'd boy,  
 Whom in her armes ſhe held (as ſeem'd to me,  
 Being cloſely buſht a pretty diſtance off.)  
 Againſt his will ; and with ſtrange paſſion vrg'd  
 His ſtay, who ſeem'd, ſtruggled to get away ; 590  
 And yet ſhe ſtaid him, yet intreates his ſtay.

At which ſtrange ſight, imagine I that ſtood  
 Spectatour, how confoundedly I ſtood,  
 And hardly could forbear from running in  
 To claime for mine, if euer loue had right,  
 Thoſe her imbraces caſt away in fight :  
 But ſtaying to behold the end, I ſtaid  
 Too long ; the boy gets looſe, her ſelfe retires,  
 And you came in ; but if I liue, that boy  
 Shall dearely pay for his miſfortune, that 600  
 He was beloued of her, of whom I would  
 Haue none on earth beloued, but my ſelfe.

*Dor.* That were to bite the ſtone, a thing vniuſt,  
 To puniſh him for her conceiued luſt.

*Mon.* Tuſh, many in this world we ſee are  
 caught,  
 And ſuffer for miſfortune, not their fault.

*Sil.* But that would not become your manlines,



*Montanus*, it were shame for valiant men  
To doe vnworthily.

*Mon.* Speake not of that, *Siluanus*, if my rage 610  
Irregular be made, it must worke like effects.

*Dor.* These are but billowes, tumbling after stormes,  
They last not long ; come let some exercise  
Diuert that humour, and conuert your thoughts  
To know your selfe ; scorne her who scorneth you ;  
Idolatrize not so that Sexe, but hold  
A man of strawe more then a wife of gold. *Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

*Lidia. Phillis.*

**Y**OU must not *Phillis*, be so sensible 620  
Of these small touches which your passion makes.

*Phi.* Small touches *Lidia*, do you count them small ?  
Can there vnto a woman worse befall  
Then hath to me ? what ? haue not I lost all  
That is most deare to vs, loue and my fame ?  
Is there a third thing *Lidia* you can name  
That is so precious as to match with these ?

*Lid.* Now filly girle, how fondly do you talke ?  
How haue you lost your fame ; what for a few  
Ill fauour'd louing words, vttered in ieast 630  
Vnto a foolish youth ? Cannot you say  
You did but to make triall how you could,  
If such a peeuish qualme of passion should  
(As neuer shall) oppresse your tender heart,  
Frame your conceit to speake, to looke, to sigh  
Like to a heart-strooke louer ; and that you  
Perceiuing him to be a bashfull youth,  
Thought to put spirit in him, and make you sport.

*Phi.* Ah *Lidia*, but he saw I did not sport,  
 He saw my teares, and more : what shall I say ? 640  
 He saw too much, and that which neuer man  
 Shall euer see againe whil't I haue breath.

*Lid.* Are you so simple as you make your selfe ?  
 What did he see ? a counterfeited shew  
 Of passion, which you may, if you were wise,  
 Make him as easily to vnbeleue,  
 As what he neuer saw ; and thinke his eyes  
 Conspir'd his vnderstanding to deceiue.

How many women, thinke you, being espide  
 In neerer-touching cases by mischance, 650  
 Haue yet not onely fac'd their louers downe  
 For what they saw, but brought them to beleue  
 They had not seene the thing which they had seene,  
 Yea and t' sweare it too ; and to condemne  
 Themselues ? such meanes can wit deuise  
 To make mens mindes vncredit their owne eies.

And therefore let not such a toy as this  
 Disease your thoughts : and for your losse of loue,  
 It is as much as nothing. I would turne  
 A passion vpon that should ouerturne 660  
 It cleane, and that is wrath ; one heate  
 Expels another. I would make my thoughts of  
 skorne

To be in height so much aboue my loue,  
 As they should ease and please me more by farre.  
 I would disdaine to cast a looke that way  
 Where he should stand, vnlesse it were in skorne,  
 Or thinke a thought of him, but how to worke  
 Him all disgrace that possibly I could.

*Phi.* That *Lidia* can I neuer doe, let him

Do what he will to me : report my shame, 670  
And vaunt his fortune, and my weaknesse blame.

*Lid.* Nay as for that, he shall be so well charmd  
Ere I haue done, as you shall feare no tales.

*Phi.* Ah *Lidia*, could that be without his harme,  
How blessed should I be : But see where comes  
My great tormentor, that rude Forrester.  
Good *Lidia* let vs flie, I hate his sight  
Next to the ill I suffer : let vs flie,  
We shall be troubled with him wofully.

*Lid.* Content you *Phillis*, stay and heare him 680  
speake :

We may make vse of him more then you thinke.

*Phil.* What vse can of so grosse a peece be made ?

*Lid.* The better vse be sure, for being grosse :  
Your subtler spirits full of their finesses,  
Serue their owne turnes in others businessees.

### ACT. II. SCEN. III.

*Montanus.*      *Lidia.*      *Phillis.*

**V**What pleasure can I take to chafe wild beasts,  
When I my selfe am chac'd more egarly  
By mine owne passions, and can finde no rest ? 690  
Let them who haue their heart at libertie,  
Attend those sports. I cannot be from hence,  
Where I receiu'd my hurt ; here must I tread  
The maze of my perplexed miserie.

And here see where shee is the cause of all !  
And now, what shall I doe ? what shall I say ?  
How shall I looke ? how stand ? which vtter first ?  
My loue or wrath ? Alas I know not which.

Now were it not as good haue beene away,  
As thus to come, and not tell what to fay? 700

*Phil.* See *Lidia* fee, how sauagely hee lookes !  
Good let vs goe, I neuer shall endure  
To heare him bellow.

*Lid.* Prethee *Phillis* stay  
And giue him yet the hearing, in respect  
Hee loues you ; otherwise you shew your selfe  
A sauage more then hee.

*Phil.* Well, if I heare,  
I will not answere him a word, you shall reply :  
And prethee *Lidia* doe, reply for mee.

*Lid.* For that we shall, *Phillis*, doe well enough  
When he begins, who seemes is very long 710  
To giue the onfet ; sure the man is much  
Perplexed, or he studies what to fay.

*Phil.* Good *Lidia* see how he hath trickt himselfe !  
Now sure this gay fresh suite as seemes to mee  
Hangs like green Iuy on a rotten tree. [goates :

*Lid.* Some beafts do weare gray beards beside your  
And beare with him, this suit bewraies yong thoughts.

*Mon.* Ah was it not enough to be opprest  
With that confounding passion of my loue  
And her disdaine, but that I must be torne 720  
With wrath and enuy too, and haue no veine  
Free from the racke of sufferings, that I can  
Nor speake nor thinke but most distractedly ?

How shall I now begin, that haue no way  
To let out any passion by it selfe,  
But that they all will thrust together so  
As none will be exprest as they ought ?  
But something I must say now I am here.

And be it what it will, loue, enuie, wrath,  
 Or all together in a comberment, 730  
 My words must be like me, perplext and rent ;  
 And so I'le to her.

*Phi.* *Lidia*, see he comes !

*Lid.* He comes indeed, and as me thinkes doth shew  
 More trouble in his face by farre, then loue.

*Mon.* Faire *Phillis*, and too faire for such a one,  
 Vnlesse you kinder were, or better then  
 I know you are : how much I haue endur'd  
 For you, although you scorne to know, I feele,  
 And did imagine, that in being a man  
 Who might deserue regard, I should haue bin 740  
 Prefer'd before a boy. But well, I see  
 Your seeming and your being disagree [thus

*Phil.* What *Lidia*, doth he brawle ? what meanes he  
 To speake and looke in this strange fort on me ?

*Mon.* Well modest *Phillis*, neuer looke so coy,  
 These eyes beheld you dallying with a boy.

*Phil.* Me with a boy, *Montanus* ? when ? where ? how ?

*Mon.* To day, here, in most lasciuious fort

*Lid.* Ah, ha, he sawe you *Phillis*, when  
 This morning you did striue with *Cloris* boy 750  
 To haue your Garland, which he snatcht away,  
 And kept it from you by strong force and might :  
 And you againe laid hold vpon the same,  
 And held it fast vntill with much adoe,  
 He wrung it from your hands, and got away :  
 And this is that great matter which he saw.

Now fye *Montanus* fye, are you so grosse,  
 T' imagine such a worthy Nymph as shee  
 Would be in loue with such a youth as he ?

Why now you haue vndone your credit quite ; 760  
 You neuer can make her amends for this  
 So impious a furmife, nor euer can  
 Shee, as shee reason hath, but must despise  
 Your grossenesse ; who should rather haue come in  
 And righted her, then suffer such a one  
 To offer an indignity so vile,  
 And you stand prying in a bush the while.

*Mon.* What do I heare? what, am I not my selfe?  
 How? haue mine eyes double vndone me then?  
 First seeing *Phillis* face, and now her fact, 770  
 Or else the fact I saw, I did not see?  
 And since thou hast my vnderstanding wrong'd,  
 And traytour-like giuen false intelligence,  
 Whereby my iudgement comes to passe amisse.  
 And yet I thinke my sence was in the right:  
 And yet in this amaze I cannot tell,  
 But howsoere, I in an errour am,  
 In louing, or beleeuing, or in both.  
 And therefore *Phillis*, at thy feet I fall,  
 And pardon craue for this my grosse furmise. 780

*Lid.* But this, *Montanus*, will not now suffice,  
 You quite haue lost her, and your hopes and all.

*Mon.* Good *Lidia* yet intreate her to relent,  
 And let her but command me any thing  
 That is within the power of man to do,  
 And you shall finde *Montanus* will performe  
 More then a Gyant, and will stead her more  
 Then all the Heardsmen in *Arcadia* can.

*Lid.* Shee will command you nothing; but I wish  
 You would a little terrifie that boy 790  
 As he may neuer dare to vse her name

But in all reuerence as is fit for her.  
 But doe not you examine him a word ;  
 For that were neither for your dignity,  
 Nor hers, that such a boy as he should stand  
 And iustifie himselfe in such a case,  
 Who would but faine vntruths vnto your face.  
 And herein you some seruice shall performe,  
 As may perhaps make her to thinke on you.

*Mon.* Alas, this is a worke so farre, so low 800  
 Beneath my worth, as I account it none ;  
 Were it t'incounter some fierce mountaine beast  
 Or Monster, it were something fitting mee.  
 But yet this will I doe, and doe it home,  
 Affure you *Lidia* : as I liue I will.

*Phil.* But yet I would not haue you hurt the youth,  
 For that were neither grace for you nor mee.

*Mon.* That as my rage will tollerate must be.

## ACT II. SCEN. IV.

*Cloris. Clarindo.* 810

**H**Eere comes my long expected messenger,  
 God grant the newes hee bring may make  
 amends

For his long stay ; and sure, I hope it will.  
 Me thinkes his face bewraies more iollytie  
 In his returning then in going hence.

*Cla.* Well, all is well ; no *Amarillis* hath  
 Supplanted *Siluias* loue in *Thirfis* heart,  
 Nor any shall : but see where *Cloris* looks  
 For what I shall not bring her at this time.

*Clo. Clarindo* though my longing would be faine 820  
 Dispatch'd at once, and heare my doome pronounc'd  
 All in a word of either life or death,  
 Yet doe not tell it but by circumstance.  
 Tell me the manner vvhether, and how thou foundst  
 My *Thirfis*, what hee said, how look'd, how far'd,  
 How he receiu'd my message, vsed thee;  
 And all in briefe, but yet be sure tell all.

*Cla.* All will I tell, as neere as I can tell.  
 First after tedious searching vp and downe,  
 I found him all alone, like a hurt Deare, 830  
 Got vnder couer in a shadie groue,  
 Hard by a little cristall purling spring,  
 Which but one fullen note of murmur held;  
 And where no Sunne could see him, where no eye  
 Might ouerlooke his lonely privacy;  
 There in a path of his owne making, trode  
 Bare as a common way, yet led no way  
 Beyond the turnes he made (which were but short)  
 With armes a crosse, his hat downe on his eyes  
 (As if those shades yeelded not shade ynough, 840  
 To darken them) he walkes with often stops,  
 Vneuen pace, like motions to his thoughts.

And when he heard me comming, for his eares  
 Were quicker watches then his eyes, it seem'd;  
 Hee suddenly lookes vp, staies suddenly,  
 And with a brow that told how much the fight  
 Of any interrupter troubled him,  
 Beheld me, without speaking any word,  
 As if expecting what I had to say.  
 I finding him in this confus'd dismay, 850  
 Who heretofore had seene him otherwise:



I muſt confeſſe, (for tell you all I muſt,)  
 A trembling paſſion ouerwhelmd my breſt,  
 So that I likewise ſtood confuſ'd and dumbe  
 And onely lookt on him, as he on me.  
 In this ſtrange poſture like two ſtatues we  
 Remaind a while ; but with this difference ſet :  
 He bluſht, and I look'd pale ; my face did ſhew  
 Joy to ſee him, his trouble to be ſeene.

At length bethinking me for what I came, 860  
 What part I had to aſt, I rowzd my ſpirits,  
 And ſet my ſelfe to ſpeake ; although I wiſht  
 He would haue firſt begun ; and yet before  
 A word would iſſue, twiſe I bowd my knee,  
 Twice kiſt my hand ; my aſtion ſo much was  
 More ready then my tongue : at laſt I told  
 Whoſe meſſenger I was, and how I came  
 To intimate the ſadde diſtreſſed caſe  
 Of an afflicted Nymph, whoſe onely helpe  
 Remaind in him : he when he heard the name 870  
 Of *Cloris*, turnes away his head, and ſhrinkes,  
 As if he griueu'd that you ſhould griue for him.

*Clo.* No, no, it troubled him to heare my name,  
 Which he deſpiſes ; is he ſo peruers  
 And wayward ſtill ? ah then I ſee no hope.  
*Clarindo*, would to God thou hadſt not gone,  
 I could be, but as now, I am vndone.

*Cla.* Haue patience Miſtres, and but heare the reſt.  
 When I perceiu'd his ſuffrings, with the touch  
 And ſodaine ſtop it gaue him, preſently 880  
 I layd on all the waights that motion might  
 Procure, and him beſought, adiur'd, invok'd,  
 By all the rights of Nature, pietie,

And manlines, to heare my meſſage out.  
Told him how much the matter did import  
Your ſafety and his fame. How he was bound  
In all humanity to right the fame.

*Clo.* That vvas vvell done my boy, vvhat ſaid he then?

*Cla.* Hee turnes about, and fixt his eyes on mee,  
Content to giue his eares a quiet leaue, 890  
To heare me ; vvhen I ſaid not to relate  
All vvhat I had in charge ; and all he heares,  
And lookes directly on me all the vvhile.

*Clo.* I doubt he noted thee more then thy vvords ;  
But now *Clarindo*, vvhat vvas his reply ?

*Cla.* Thus. Tell faire *Cloris*, my good boy, how that  
I am not ſo diſnaturèd a man,  
Or ſo ill borne, to diſteeme her loue,  
Or not to grieve, (as I proteſt I doe)  
That ſhe ſhould ſo afflict her ſelfe for mee. 900  
But——

*Clo.* Ah now comes that bitter vvord of But  
Which makes all nothing, that vvas ſaid before.  
That ſmooths and vvounds, that ſtroakes and daſhes  
Then flat denyals, or a plaine diſgrace. [more  
But tell me yet vvhat followed on that *But* ?

*Cla.* Tell her (ſaid hee) that I deſire ſhee would  
Redeeme her ſelfe at any price ſhee could,  
And neuer let her thinke on mee ; vvho am  
But euen the barke, and outſide of a man,  
That trades not vvith the liuing, neither can 910  
Nor euer vvill keepe other company  
Then vvith the dead. My *Siluias* memory  
Is all that I muſt euer liue vvithall.  
With that his teares, vvchik likewise forced mine,

Set me againe vpon another racke  
 Of passion so, that of my selfe I fought  
 To comfort him the best I could deuise.  
 And I besought him that he vvould not be  
 Transported thus ; but know that vvith the dead  
 He should no more conuerse : and how his loue 920  
 Was liuing, that vvould giue him all content,  
 And vvas all his intire, and pure, and vvisht  
 To liue no longer then shee should be so.  
 When more I vvould haue said, he shooke his head  
 And vvild me speake no further at that time,  
 But leaue him to himselfe, and to returne  
 Againe anone, and he vvould tell me more ;  
 Commending me for hauing done the part  
 Both of a true and mouing messenger.  
 And so I tooke my leaue, and came my vvay. 930

*Clo.* Returne againe ? no, to what end,  
 If hee be [thus] conceited, and so fond  
 To entertaine a shadow ; I haue done,  
 And vvish that I had neuer done so much.  
 Shall I descend below my selfe, to fend  
 To one is not himselfe ? Let him alone  
 With his dead Image: you shall goe no more.  
 Haue I here fram'd vvith all the art I could  
 This Garland deckt vvith all the various flowres  
*Arcadia* yeelds, in hope hee vvould send backe  
 Some comfort, that I might therwith haue crown'd 940  
 His loue, and vvitness'd mine, in th'endles round  
 Of this faire ring, the Character of faith ?

But now he shall haue none of it, I rather vvill  
 Rend it in peeces, and dishatter all  
 Into a Chaos, like his formeles thoughts.

But yet thou faist hee vvild thee to returne,  
And he vvould tell thee more.

*Cla.* Yes so hee faide.

*Clo.* Perhaps thy vvords might yet so vvorke vvith  
him 950

As that hee takes this time to thinke on them,  
And then I should doe vvrong to keepe thee backe.  
Well thou shalt goe, and carry him from mee  
This Garland, vvorke it vvhat effect it vvill.

But yet I know it vvill doe nothing. Stay  
Thou shalt not goe, for sure hee faid but that  
To put thee off, that he might be alone  
At his idolatrie, in vvorshipping  
A nothing, but his selfe made images.

But yet he may be vvearied with those thoughts 960  
As hauing worne them long, and end they must :  
And this my message comming in fit time,  
And moouingly deliuered, may take hold :  
He faid thou wert a moouing messenger.

*Clarindo*, did he not ?

*Cla.* Yes so he sayd.

*Clo.* Well, thou shalt goe ; and yet if any thought  
Of me should moue him, he knowes well my minde  
(If not too well,) and where he may me finde.

Thou shalt not goe *Clarindo*, nor will I

Disgrace me more with importunity :

And yet if such a motion should take fire, 970

And finde no matter ready, it would out,

And opportunities must not be slackt.

*Clarindo*, thou shalt go, and as thou goest,

Looke to my flocke, and so God speed thee well.

## SCEN. V.

*Clarindo, alias Siluia solus.*

**V**Well, this imployment makes for my auaile,  
 For hereby haue I meanes to see my loue;  
 Who likewise fees me, though he fees me not;  
 Nor do I see him as I would I did. 980  
 But I must by some meanes or other make  
 Him know I liue; and yet not so as he  
 May know that I am I, for feare we might  
 Miscary in our ioyes by ouer haste.  
 But it is more then time his suffrings were  
 Releeu'd in some close fort; and that can I deuise  
 No way to doe, but by relating how  
 I heard of an escape a nymph did make  
 From pirats lately, and was safe return'd.  
 And so to tell some story that containes 990  
 Our fortunes and our loues, in other names;  
 And wish him to expect the like euent;  
 For I perceiue him very well content  
 To heare me speake; and sure he hath some note,  
 Although so darkly drawne, as that his eyes  
 Cannot expresly reade it; yet it shoves  
 Him something, which he rather fees, then knows.

The song of the second Chorus.

*Desire that is of things vngot,*  
*See what trauaile it procureth,* 1000  
*And how much the minde endureth,*  
*To gaine what yet it gaineth not:*  
*For neuer was it paid,*  
*The charge defraide,*  
*According to the price of thought.*

## ACT. III. SCEN. I.

*Charinus*, the father of *Thirsis*. *Palæmon*.

**P** *Alæmon*, you me thinkes might something worke  
 With *Thirsis* my aggriued sonne, and found  
 His humour what it is : and why he thus 1010  
 Afflicts himselfe in solitarineffe.  
 You two were wont to be most inward friends,  
 And glad I was to see it ; knowing you  
 To be a man well tempred, fit to fort  
 With his raw youth ; can you do nothing now,  
 To win him from this vile captiuitie  
 Of passion, that withholdes him from the world ?

*Pal*. In troth, *Charinus*, I haue oftentimes,  
 As one that suffered for his grieuances,  
 Assayd to finde a way into the cause 1020  
 Of his so strange dismay ; and by all meanes  
 Aduis'd him make redemption of himselfe,  
 And come to life againe, and be a man  
 With men : but all serues not, I finde him lockt  
 Fast to his will, alleadge I what I can.

*Char*. But will he not impart to you the cause ?

*Pal*. The cause is loue ; but it is such a loue,  
 As is not to be had.

*Cha*. Not to be had ?

*Palæmon*, if his loue be regular,  
 Is there in all *Arcadia* any she, 1030  
 Whom his ability, his shape, and worth  
 May not attaine, he being my onely sonne ?

*Pal*. She is not in *Arcadia* whom he loues,  
 Nor in the world, and yet he deerely loues.

*Cha*. How may that be, *Palæmon* ? tell me plaine.

*Pal.* Thus plainly ; he's in loue with a dead woman,  
And that so farre, as with the thought of her  
Which hath shut out all other, he alone  
Liues, and abhorres to be, or seene, or knowne.

*Cha.* What was this creature could possesse him so ?

*Pal.* Faire *Silvia*, old *Medorus* daughter, who 1041  
Was two yeares past reported to be slaine  
By sauage beasts vpon our Country shore.

*Cha.* Is that his grieve ? alas, I rather thought  
It appertain'd vnto anothers part  
To wayle her death : *Alexis* should doe that,  
To whom her father had disposed her,  
And she esteemed onely to be his.  
Why should my sonne afflict him more for her,  
Then doth *Alexis*, who this day doth wed 1050  
Faire *Galatea*, and forgets the dead ?  
And here the shepheards come to celebrate  
His ioyfull nuptials with all merriment ;  
Which doth increase my cares, considering  
The comforts other parents do receiue :  
And therefore good *Palæmon* worke all meanes  
You can to win him from his peeuissh will,  
And draw him to these shewes, to companies,  
That others pleasures may inkindle his ;

And tell him what a sinne he doth commit, 1060  
To waste his youth in solitarinesse,  
And take a course to end vs all in him.

*Pal.* Assure your selfe *Charinus*, as I haue  
So will I still imploy my vtmost powre,  
To saue him ; for me thinkes it pittie were,  
So rare a peece of worth should so be lost,  
That ought to be preferued at any cost.

## ACT. III. SCEN. II.

*Charinus. Medorus.*

**M** *Edorus* come, we two must sit, and mourne 1070  
 Whilst others reuell. We are not for sports,  
 Or nuptiall shewes, which will but shew vs more  
 Our miseries, in being both depriu'd  
 The comforts of our issue ; which might haue  
 (And was as like to haue) made our hearts  
 As ioyfull now, as others are in theirs.

*Med.* Indeed *Charinus*, I for my part haue  
 Iust cause to grieue amidst these festiuals,  
 For they should haue beene mine. This day I should  
 Haue seene my daughter *Silvia* how she would 1080  
 Haue womand it ; these rites had beene her grace,  
 And she had sat in *Galateas* place.  
 And now had warm'd my heart to see my blood  
 Preferu'd in her ; had she not beene so rapt  
 And rent from off the liuing as she was.  
 But your case is not paralell with mine ;  
 You haue a sonne, *Charinus*, that doth liue,  
 And may one day to you like comforts giue.

*Cha.* Indeed I haue a sonne ; but yet to say he  
 liues,

I cannot ; for who liues not to the world, 1090  
 Nor to himselfe, cannot be sayd to liue  
 For euer since that you your daughter lost,  
 I lost my sonne : for from that day he hath  
 Imbrak'd in shades and solitarinesse,  
 Shut him selfe vp from light or company  
 Of any liuing : and as now I heard  
 By good *Palæmon*, vows still so to doe.



*Med.* And did your sonne, my daughter loue so deare?  
 Now good *Charinus*, I must grieue the more,  
 If more my heart could suffer then it doth ; 1100  
 For now I feele the horroure of my deede,  
 In hauing crost the worthiest match on earth.  
 Now I perceiue why *Silvia* did refuse  
 To marry with *Alexis*, hauing made  
 A worthier choice ; which oh had I had grace  
 To haue foreseene, perhaps this dismall chance  
 Neuer had beene, and now they both had had  
 Ioy of their loues, and we the like of them.

But ah my greedy eye, viewing the large  
 And spacious sheep-walkes ioyning vnto mine, 1110  
 Whereof *Alexis* was possesse, made me,  
 As worldlings doe, desire to marry grounds,  
 And not affections, which haue other bounds.  
 How oft haue I with threats, with promises,  
 With all perswasions, fought to win her minde  
 To fancy him, yet all would not preuaile !  
 How oft hath she againe vpon her knees  
 With teares besought me ; Oh deare father mine  
 Doe not inforce me to accept a man  
 I cannot fancy : rather take from me, 1120  
 The life you gaue me, then afflict it so.

Yet all this would not alter mine intent,  
 This was the man she must affect or none.  
 But ah what sinne was this to torture so  
 A heart forevow'd vnto a better choice,  
 Where goodnesse met in one the selfe same point,  
 And vertues answer'd in an equall ioynt ?  
 Sure, sure, *Charinus*, for this sinne of mine  
 The gods bereaft me of my child, and would

Not haue her be, to be without her heart, 1130  
Nor me take ioy where I did none impart.

*Cha. Medorus*, thus we see mans wretchednesse  
That learns his errours but by their successe,  
And when there is no remedie ; and now  
VVe can but with it had beene otherwise.

*Med.* And in that with *Charinus* we are rackt ;  
But I remember now I often haue  
Had shadowes in my sleepe that figures bare  
Of some such liking twixt your childe and mine.  
And this last night a pleasing dreame I had 1140  
(Though dreames of ioy makes wakers minds more fad)  
Me thought my daughter *Silvia* was return'd  
In most strange fashion, and vpon her knees  
Craues my good will for *Thirsis*, otherwise  
She would be gone againe and seene no more.

I at the sight of my deare childe, was rapt  
VVith that excesse of ioy, as gaue no time  
Either for me to answere her request,  
Or leaue for sleepe to figure out the rest.

*Cha.* Alas *Medorus*, dreames are vapours, which 1150  
Ingendred with day thoughts, fall in the night  
And vanish with the morning ; are but made  
Afflictions vnto man, to th'end he might  
Not rest in rest, but toile both day and night.

But see here comes my solitarie sonne :  
Let vs stand close *Medorus* out of fight,  
And note how he behaues himselfe in this  
Affliction, and distressed case of his.

## SCEN. III

*Thirfis solus.*

1160

**T**His is the day, the day, the lamentable day  
 Of my destruction, which the Sun hath twice  
 Returnd vnto my griefes, which keepe one course  
 Continually with it in motion like,  
 But that they neuer set : this day doth claime  
 Th'especiall tribute of my fighes and teares ;  
 Though, euery day I duely pay my teares  
 Vnto that foule which this day left the world.

And yet I know not why ? me thought the Sun  
 Arose this day with farre more cheerefull raies, 1170  
 With brighter beames, then vsually it did,  
 As if it would bring something of release  
 Vnto my cares, or else my spirit hath had  
 Some manner of intelligence with hope,  
 Wherewith my heart is vnacquainted yet :  
 And that might cause mine eie with quicker sence,  
 To note th'appearing of the eie of heauen ;  
 But something fure I feele which doth beare vp  
 The weight of sorrow easier then before.

## SCEN. IV.

*Palæmon. Thirfis.*

1180

**V**Vhat *Thirfis* still in passion ? still one man ?  
 For shame shew not your selfe so weakely  
 So feebly ioynted, that you cannot beare [set,  
 The fortunes of the world like other men.  
 Beleeue me *Thirfis* you much wrong your worth :  
 This is to be no man, to haue no powers.

Passions are womens parts, actions ours ;  
I was in hope t'haue found you otherwise.

*Thir.* How ? otherwise *Palæmon* ? do not you  
Hold it to be a most heroicke thing 1190  
To act one man, and do that part exact ?  
Can there be in the world more worthinesse  
Then to be constant ? is there any thing  
Shewes more a man ? What, would you haue me change ?  
That were to haue me base, that were indeed  
To shew a feeble heart, and weakely set.

No no *Palæmon*, I should thinke my selfe  
The most vnworthy man of men, should I  
But let a thought into this heart of mine  
That might disturbe or shake my constancy. 1200

And thinke *Palæmon* I haue combates too,  
To be the man I am, being built of flesh,  
And hauing round about me traytors too  
That seeke to vndermine my powres, and steale  
Into my weakenesses, but that I keepe  
Continuall watch and ward vpon my selfe,  
Least I should be surpriz'd at vnawares  
And taken from my vowes with other snares.

And euen now at this instant I confesse,  
*Palæmon*, I doe feele a certaine touch 1210  
Of comfort, which I feare to entertaine ;  
Least it should be some spie, sent as a traine  
To make discouery of what strength I am.

*Pal.* Ah worthy *Thirsis*, entertaine that spirit  
What euer else thou doe : set all the doores  
Of thine affections open thereunto.

*Thir.* *Palæmon* no. Comfort and I haue beene  
So long time strangers, as that now I feare

To let it in, I know not how t'acquaint  
 My selfe therewith, being vsed to conuerse 1220  
 With other humours, that affect me best.  
 Nor doe I loue to haue mixt company  
 VVhereto I must of force my selfe apply.

*Pal.* But *Thirsis* thinke that this must haue an end,  
 And more it would approoue your worth to make  
 The fame your worke, then time should make it his.

*Thir.* End sure it must *Palæmon*, but with me:  
 For so I by the Oracle was told  
 That very day wherein I lost the day  
 And light of comfort that can neuer rise 1230  
 Againe to me: when I the saddest man  
 That euer breath'd before those Altars fell,  
 And there befought to know what was become  
 Of my deare *Silvia*, whether dead, or how  
 Reaft from the world: but that I could not learne.  
 Yet thus much did that voice diuine returne:  
 Goe youth, referue thy selfe, the day will come  
 Thou shalt be happy, and returne againe.  
 But when shall be the day demanded I:  
 The day thou dyest, replide the Oracle. 1240

So that you see, it will not be in these  
 But in th'Elizian fields, where I shall ioy:  
 The day of death must bring me happinesse.

*Pal.* You may mistake the meaning of those words  
 Which is not knowne before it be fulfill'd.  
 Yeeld you to what the gods command, if not  
 Vnto your friends desires: referue your selfe  
 For better dayes, and thinke the Oracle  
 Is not vntrue, although not vnderstood.

But howsoeuer, let it not be said 1250

That *Thirfis* being a man of so rare parts,  
 So vnderstanding and discreete, should pine in loue  
 And languish for a filly woman thus :  
 To be the fable of the vulgar, made  
 A scorne, and laught at, by inferiour wits.

*Thir.* In loue *Palemon* ? know you what you say ?  
 Doe you esteeme it light to be in loue ?  
 How haue I beene mistaken in the choice  
 Of such a friend, as I held you to be,  
 That seemes not, or else doth not vnderstand 1260  
 The noblest portion of humanity,  
 The worthiest peece of nature set in man ?  
 Ah know that when you mention loue, you name  
 A sacred mistery, a Deity,  
 Not vnderstood of creatures built of mudde,  
 But of the purest and refined clay  
 Whereto th'eternall fires their spirits conuey.  
 And for a woman, which you prize so low,  
 Like men that doe forget whence they are men ;  
 Know her to be th'especiall creature, made 1270  
 By the Creator as the complement  
 Of this great Architect the world ; to hold  
 The same together, which would otherwise  
 Fall all afunder : and is natures chiefe  
 Vicegerent vpon earth, supplies her state.

And doe you hold it weakenesse then to loue ?  
 And loue so excellent a miracle  
 As is a woman ! ah then let mee  
 Still be so weake, still let me loue and pine  
 In contemplation of that cleane, cleare soule, 1280  
 That made mine see that nothing in the world  
 Is so supremely beautifull as it.

Thinke not it was those colours white and red  
 Laid but on flesh, that could affect me so.  
 But something else, which thought holds vnder  
 locke

And hath no key of words to open it.  
 They are the smallest peeces of the minde  
 That passe this narrow organ of the voyce.  
 The great remaine behinde in that vast orbe  
 Of th'apprehension, and are neuer borne. 1290

And therefore if your iudgement cannot reach  
 Vnto the vnderstanding of my Case,  
 You doe not well to put your selfe into  
 My Iury, to condemne me as you doe.  
 Let th'ignorant out of their dulnesse laugh  
 At these my sufferings, I will pittie them  
 To haue beene so ill borne, so miscompof'd  
 As not to know vvhat thing it is to loue.

And I to great *Apollo* here appeale  
 The foueraigne of the Muses, and of all 1300  
 Well tun'd affections, and to *Cynthia* bright,  
 And glorious Lady of cleere faithfulnessse ;  
 Who from aboue looke down with blisfull beames  
 Vpon our humble groues, and ioy the hearts  
 Of all the world, to see their mutuall loues ;  
 They can iudge what worthinesse there is  
 In worthy loue. Therefore *Palemon* peace,  
 Vnlesse you did know better what it were.

And this be sure, when as that fire goes out  
 In man, he is the miserablest thing 1310  
 On earth, his day-light sets, and is all darke  
 And dull within ; no motions of delight,  
 But all opprest, lies struggling with the weight

Of worldly cares : and this olde *Damon* faies,  
Who well had felt what loue was in his daies.

*Pal.* Well *Thirfis*, well, how euer you do guilde  
Your passions, to indeere them to your selfe,  
You neuer shall induce me to beleeeue,  
That sicknesse can be of such effect:  
And so farewell, vntill you shall be well.

1320

## SCEN. V.

*Medorus. Charinus.*

O Gods, *Charinus*, what a man is this ?  
Who euer heard of such a constancy ?  
Had I but knowne him in enioying him,  
As now I doe, too late in loosing him,  
How blest had beene mine age ! but ah I was  
Vnworthy of so great a blessednesse.

*Cha.* You see, *Medorus*, how no counsell can  
Preuaile to turne the current of his will,  
To make it run in any other course  
Then what it doth ; so that I see I must  
Esteeme him irreuocably lost.

1330

But harke, the shepheards festiuals begin,  
Let vs from hence, where fadnesse were a fin.

Here was presented a rurall marriage, con-  
ducted with this Song.

*From the Temple to the Boord,  
From the Boord vnto the Bed,  
We conduct your maidenhead :  
Wishing Hymen to affoord  
All the pleasures that he can,  
Twixt a woman and a man.*

1340



## ACT. IIII. SCEN. I.

*Thirfis solus.*

I Thought these fimple woods, these gentle trees  
 Would, in regard I am their daily gueft,  
 And harbour vnderneath their fhady roofes,  
 Not haue confented to delude my griefes,  
 And mocke my miferies with false reports : 1350  
 But now I fee they will afflict me too.

For as I came by yonder fpreading Beech  
 Which often hath the Secretary beene  
 To my fad thoughts, while I haue refted me  
 (If loue had euer reft) vnder his gentle fhade,  
 I found incaru'd, and faire incaru'd, these words :  
*Thy Siluia, Thirfis, liues ; and is return'd.*  
 Ah me, that any hand would thus adde fcorne  
 Vnto affliction ; and a hand fo faire  
 As this may feeme to be ; which were more fit, 1360  
 Me thinks, for good, then to doe iniurie ;  
 For fure no vertue should be ill imploy'd.

And which is more ; the name of *Silvia* was  
 Caru'd in the felfe fame kind of Character  
 Which fhe aliue did vse, and wherewithall  
 Subfcrib'd her vowes to me, who knowes it beft ;  
 Which fhewes the fraud the more, and more the wrong.  
 Therefore you Stars of that high Court of Heauen,  
 Which doe reueale deceits, and punish them,  
 Let not this crime, to counterfeit a hand 1370  
 To couzin my defires, efcape the doome.  
 Nor let these riots of intrusion, made  
 Vpon my loneneffe, by ftrange company  
 Afflict me thus, but let me haue fome reft.

Come then, refresher of all liuing things,  
 Soft sleepe, come gently, and take truce with these  
 Oppreffours, but come fimple and alone.  
 Without these Images of fantasie,  
 Which hurt me more then thou canst do me good :  
 Let me not sleepe, vnlesse I could sleepe all. 1380

## SCEN. III.

*Palæmon. Thirfis.*

**A** Las, he here hath laid him downe to rest,  
 It were now finne his quiet to molest ;  
 And God forbid I should ; I will retire  
 And leaue him, for I know his griefs require  
 This poore relieuement of a little sleepe. [free ?

*Thir.* What spirit here haunts me? What no time  
 Ah, is it you *Palæmon* ? would to God  
 You would forbear me but a little while : 1390  
 You shew your care of me too much in this,  
 Vnseasonable loue skarce kindnesse is.

*Pal.* Good *Thirfis*, I am forry I should giue  
 The least occasion of diseafe to you ;  
 I will be gone and leaue you to your rest.

*Thir.* Doe good *Palæmon*, go your way, farewell ;  
 And yet *Palæmon* stay, perhaps you may  
 By charmes you haue, cause sleepe to close mine eyes ;  
 For you were wont, I doe remember well,  
 To sing me Sonnets, which in passion I 1400  
 Composed in my happier dayes, when as  
 Her beames inflam'd my spirits, which now are set.  
 And if you can remember it, I pray  
 Sing me the song, which thus begins: Eyes hide my loue,

Which I did write vpon the earnest charge  
 Shee gaue vnto me, to conceale our loue.

The Song.

*Eyes hide my loue, and doe not shew  
 To any but to her my notes,  
 Who onely doth that cipher know, 1410  
 Wherewith we passe our secret thoughts :  
 Belie your lookes in others sight ;  
 And wrong your selues to doe her right.*

*Pal.* So now hee sleepe, or else doth feeme to sleepe ;  
 But howsoeuer, I will not trouble him.

SCEN. III.

*Clarindo. Thirsis.*

**S**EE where he lies, whom I so long to see ;  
 Ah my deare *Thirsis*, take thy quiet rest,  
 I know thou needst it ; sleepe thy fill, sweet loue, 1420  
 Let nothing trouble thee ; be calme oh windes,  
 Be still you heards, chirp not so loud sweet birds,  
 Lest you should wake my loue : thou gentle banke  
 That thus are blest to beare so deare a weight,  
 Be soft vnto those dainty lymmes of his ;  
 Plie tender grasse, and render sweet refresh  
 Vnto his weary senses, whilst he rests.

Oh could I now but put off[f] this disguise,  
 With those respects that fetter my desire,  
 How closely would I neighbour that sweet fide ! 1430  
 But stay, he stirres ; I feare my heart hath brought  
 My feete too neare, and I haue wakened him.

*Thir.* It will not be, sleepe is no friend of mine,  
 Or such a friend, as leaues a man, vvhen most  
 He needes him. See a new assault : vvho now?  
 Ah tis the boy that vvere vvith me erewhiles,  
 That gentle boy ; I am content to speake  
 With him, he speakes so pretily, so sweet,  
 And vvith so good respectiue modesty :  
 And much resemles one I knew once vell : 1440  
 Come hither gentle boy, vvhat hast thou there ?

*Cla.* A token sent you from the Nymph I serue.

*Thi.* Keepe it my boy, and weare it on thy  
 head.

*Cla.* The gods forbid, that I, a seruant, should  
 Weare on my head, that vvhich my Mistresse hath  
 Prepar'd for yours : Sir, I beseech you vrge  
 No more a thing so ill becomming me.

*Thi.* Nay sure I thinke, it better vvill become  
 Thy head then mine ; and therefore boy, thou must  
 Needes put it on. 1450

*Cla.* I trust your lonenesse hath not so  
 Vnciuil'd you, to force a messenger  
 To doe against good manners, and his vvill.

*Thi.* No, good my boy, but I intreate thee now  
 Let me but put it on, hold still thy head,  
 It shall not be thy act, but onely mine :  
 Let it alone good boy, for if thou saw'st  
 How vell it did become thee, sure thou vvouldst.  
 Now, canst thou sing my boy some gentle song ?

*Cla.* I cannot sing, but I could vveepe. 1460

*Thi.* Weepe, why ?

*Cla.* Because I am not as I wish to be.

*Thi.* Why so are none ; be not displea'd for this ;

And if you cannot finge, tell me some tale  
To passe the time.

*Cla.* That can I doe, did I but know what kinde  
Of tale you lik't.

*Thi.* No merry tale my boy, nor yet too sad,  
But mixed, like the tragicke Comedies.

*Cla.* Then such a tale I haue, and a true tale, 1470  
Beleeue me Sir, although not written yet  
In any booke; but sure it will, I know :  
Some gentle shepheard, moou'd with passion, must  
Record it to the vvorlde, and vvell it vwill  
Become the vvorlde to vnderstand the same.  
And this it is : There vvas sometimes a Nymph,  
*Ifulia* nam'd, and an *Arcadian* borne ;  
Faيرة can I not auouch shee vvas, but chaste,  
And honest sure, as the euent vwill prooue ;  
Whose mother dying, left her very young 1480  
Vnto her fathers charge, vwho carefully  
Did breed her vp, vntill shee came to yeares  
Of vvomanhood, and then prouides a match  
Both rich, and young, and fit enough for her.

But shee, vwho to another shepheard had  
Call'd *Sirthis*, vow'd her loue, as vnto one  
Her heart esteem'd more vvorthy of her loue,  
Could not by all her fathers meanes be vvrought  
To leaue her choice ; and to forget her vow. 1489

*Thi.* No more could my deare *Silvia* be from me.

*Cla.* Which caused much affliction to them both,

*Thi.* And so the selfe same cause did vnto vs.

*Cla.* This Nymph one day, furcharg'd vvith loue & grieffe,  
Which commonly (the more the pittie) dwell  
As Inmates both together, vvalking forth,

With other Maydes to fish vpon the shoare ;  
 Estrayes apart, and leaues her company ;  
 To entertaine her selfe vvith her owne thoughts :  
 And vvanders on so farre, and out of sight,  
 As shee at length vvas suddenly surpriz'd 1500  
 By Pyrats, vvho lay lurking vnderneath  
 Those hollow rocks, expecting there some prize.  
 And notwithstanding all her pitious cryes,  
 Intreaty, teares, and prayers, those fierce men  
 Rent haire, and vaile, and carried her by force  
 Into their ship, vvwhich in a little Creeke  
 Hard by, at Anckor lay, and presently hoyf'd faile,  
 And so away.

*Thi.* Rent haire and vaile? and so  
 Both haire and vaile of *Silvia*, I found rent,  
 Which heere I keepe with mee. But now alas 1510  
 What did shee? what became of her my boy?

*Cla.* When shee was thus inshipp'd, and woefully  
 Had cast her eyes about to view that hell  
 Of horreur, whereunto shee was so suddenly  
 Implung'd, shee spies a woman fitting with a child  
 Sucking her breast; which was the Captaines wife.  
 To her shee creepes, downe at her feet shee lyes;  
 O woman, if that name of woman may  
 Moue you to pittie, pittie a poore maid,  
 The most distressed soule that euer breath'd; 1520  
 And saue me from the hands of these fierce men,  
 Let me not be defil'd, and made vncleane,  
 Deare woman now: and I will be to you  
 The faithfull'st slaue that euer Mistresse seru'd;  
 Neuer poore soule shall be more dutifull,  
 To doe what euer you command, then I.

No toile will I refuse ; so that I may  
 Keepe this poore body cleane and vndeflowr'd,  
 Which is all I will euer seeke. For know  
 It is not feare of death layes me thus low, 1530  
 But of that staine will make my death to blush.

*Thi.* What, would not all this moue a womans heart?

*Cla.* All this would nothing moouue the womans heart,  
 Whom yet shee would not leaue, but still besought ;  
 Oh woman, by that Infant at your breast,  
 And by the paines it cost you in the birth,  
 Saue me, as euer you desire to haue  
 Your babe to ioy and prosper in the world ;  
 Which will the better prosper sure, if you  
 Shall mercy shew, which is with mercy paid. 1540

Then kisses shee her feet, then kisses too  
 The Infants feet : and oh sweet babe (said shee)  
 Could'st thou but to thy mother speake for me,  
 And craue her to haue pittie on my case ;  
 Thou might'st perhaps preuaile with her so much,  
 Although I cannot ; child, ah could'st thou speake !

The Infant, whether by her touching it  
 Or by instinct of nature, seeing her weepe,  
 Lookes earnestly vpon her, and then lookes  
 Vpon the mother, then on her againe, 1550  
 And then it cries, and then on either lookes :  
 Which shee perceiuing, blessed child, said shee,  
 Although thou canst not speake, yet do'st thou cry  
 Vnto thy mother for me. Heare thy child  
 Deare mother, it's for me it cries,  
 It's all the speech it hath : accept those cries,  
 Saue me at his request from being defilde ;  
 Let pittie moouue thee, that thus mooues thy childe.

The woman, though by birth and custome rude,—  
 Yet hauing veynes of nature, could not bee 1560  
 But peircible,—did feele at length the point  
 Of pittie, enter so, as out gusht teares,  
 (Not vsuall to sterne eyes) and shee besought  
 Her husband to bestow on her that prize,  
 With safegard of her body at her will.

The Captaine seeing his wife, the childe, the nymph,  
 All crying to him in this pitious fort ;  
 Felt his rough nature shaken too, and grants  
 His wiues request, and seales his grant with teares ;  
 And so they wept all foure for company : 1570  
 And some beholders stood not with dry eyes ;  
 Such passion wrought the passion of their prize.

*Thi.* In troth my boy, and euen thy telling it  
 Moues me likewise, thou doost so feelingly  
 Report the same, as if thou hadst beene by.  
 But I imagine now how this poore nymph  
 When shee receiu'd that doome, was comforted ?

*Cla.* Sir, neuer was there pardon, that did take  
 Condemned from the blocke, more ioyfull then  
 This graunt to her. For all her misery 1580  
 Seem'd nothing to the comfort shee receiu'd,  
 By being thus saued from impurity :  
 And from the womans feet shee would not part,  
 Nor trust her hand to be without some hold  
 Of her, or of the child, so long as shee remain'd  
 Within the ship ; which in few dayes arriues  
 At *Alexandria*, whence these Pirats were ;  
 And there this woefull maide for two yeares space  
 Did serue, and truly serue this Captaines wife,  
 Who would not loose the benefit of her 1590



Attendance for her profit otherwife.  
 But daring not in fuch a place as that  
 To trust her felfe in womans habite, crau'd  
 That ſhe might be appareld like a boy :  
 And ſo ſhee was, and as a boy ſhee feru'd.

*Thi.* And two yeares tis, ſince I my *Silvia* loſt.

*Cla.* At two yeares end, her Miſtreſſe ſends her forth  
 Vnto the Port for ſome commodities,  
 Which whilſt ſhee fought for, going vp and down  
 Shee heard ſome Merchant men of *Corinth* talke, 1600  
 Who ſpake that language the *Arcadians* did,  
 And were next neighbours of one continent.

To them all wrapt with paſſion, down ſhe kneeles,  
 Tels them ſhee was a poore diſtreſſed boy,  
 Borne in *Arcadia*, and by Pirats tooke  
 And made a ſlaue in *Egypt*, and beſought  
 Them, as they fathers were of children, or  
 Did hold their natiue countrey deare, they would  
 Take pittie on her, and relieue her youth  
 From that ſad ſeruitude wherein ſhee liu'd : 1610  
 For vvch ſhee hop'd that ſhee had friends aliue  
 VVould thanke them one day, and reward them too ;  
 If not, yet that ſhee knew the Heauens vvould doe.  
 The Merchants moou'd with pittie of her caſe,  
 Being ready to depart, tooke her vvith them,  
 And landed her vpon her countrey coaſt.  
 Where vvhen ſhee found her ſelfe, ſhee proſtrate falls,  
 Kiſſes the ground, thanks giues vnto the gods ;  
 Thanks them vvho had beene her deliuerers.

And on ſhee trudges through the deſart woods, 1620  
 Climes ouer craggy rockes, and mountaines ſteepe,  
 Wades thorough riuers, ſtruggles thorough bogs,

Sustained onely by the force of loue ;  
 Vntill shee came vnto the natiue plaines,  
 Vnto the fields, vvhether first shee drew her breath.

There lifts shee vp her eyes, salutes the ayre,  
 Salutes the trees, the bushes, flowres, and all :  
 And oh deare *Sirthis*, heere I am, said shee,  
 Heere, notwithstanding all my miseries :  
 I am the same I was to thee ; a pure, 1630  
 A chaste, and spotlesse maide : oh that I may  
 Finde thee the man, thou didst professe to be.

*Thi.* Or else no man, for boy who truly loues,  
 Must euer so ; that dye will neuer out :  
 And who but would loue truly such a soule ?

*Cla.* But now, the better to haue notice how  
 The state of things then stood, and not in haste  
 To cast her selfe on new incumbrances,  
 Shee kept her habite still, and put her selfe  
 To serue a nymph, of whom shee had made choice 1640  
 Till time vvere fitting to reueale her selfe.

*Thi.* This may be *Siluias* case ; this may be shee ;  
 But it is not : let mee consider vvell :  
 The teller, and the circumstance agree.

### SCEN. III.

*Montanus. Thirsis. Chorus.*

**A** H firrha, haue I found you ? are you heere .  
 You princcock boy ? & with your garland on ?  
 Doth this attire become your peeuishe head ;  
 Come, I must teach you better manners, boy. 1650  
*He slabs Clarindo and dashes off his garland.*

So *Phillis*, I haue done my taske, and heere  
I bring the Trophey to confirme the same.

*Thi.* Ah monsterman, vile wretch, what hast thou done?  
Alas, in what a strait am I ingaged heere?  
If I pursue reuenge, I leaue to saue.

Helpe, helpe, you gentle swaines, if any now be neare,  
Helpe, helpe: ah harke, euen *Eccho* helpes me cry helpe.

*Cho.* What meanes this outcry? sure some sauage beast  
Disturbs our heards, or else some Wolfe hath seiz'd 1660  
Vpon a Lambe.

*Thi.* A worse thing then a Wolfe  
More bloody then a beast, hath murthered here  
A gentler creature then a Lambe: therefore  
Good swaines pursue, pursue the homicide.  
That ougly wretch, *Montanus*, who hath stab'd  
This filly creature heere, at vnawares.

*Cho.* *Montanus*? why, we met him but euen now,  
Deckt with a garland, grumbling to himselfe;  
We will attach that villaine presently:  
Come firs, make haste, and let vs after him. 1670

## SCEN. II II.

*Palæmon.*      *Thirsis.*

**A** Las, what accident is here false out?  
My deare friend *Thirsis*, how comes this to passe?

*Thi.* That monster man *Montanus*, heere hath stab'd  
A harmlesse youth, in message sent to me.  
Now good *Palæmon* helpe me hold him vp,  
And see if that we can recouer him.

*Pal.* It may be *Thirsis*, more his feare then hurt:  
Stay him a while, and I will haste and send 1680

For *Lamia*, who with oyntments, oyles and herbes  
If any helpe remaine, will helpe him sure.

*Thi.* Do good *Palæmon*, make what hast you may,  
Seeke out for helpe, and be not long away.  
Alas sweet boy, that thou should'st euer haue  
So hard misfortune, comming vnto me,  
And end thy tale with this sad tragedy ;  
That tale which well resembled *Siluias* case,  
Which thou resemblest ; for such browes had she,  
Such a proportion'd face, and such a necke. 1690

What haue we here, the mole of *Siluia* too ?  
What and her breasts ? what ? and her haire ? what all ?  
All *Siluia* ? yes, all *Siluia*, and all dead.  
And art thou thus return'd againe to me ?  
Art thou thy selfe, that strange deliuered nymph ?  
And didst thou come to tell me thine escape  
From death to die before me ? had I not  
Enough to doe, to wayle reported harmes  
But thou must come to bleed within my armes ?  
Was not one death sufficient for my griefes 1700  
But that thou must die twice ? why thou wert dead  
To me before. Why ? must thou dye againe ?  
Ah, better had it beene still to be lost  
Then thus to haue beene found ; yet better found  
Though thus, then so lost as was thought before.  
For howsoeuer, now I haue thee yet  
Though in the saddest fashion that may be.  
Yet *Siluia* now I haue thee, and will I  
No more for euer part with thee againe :  
And we this benefit shall haue thereby, 1710  
Though fate would not permit vs both to haue  
One bed, yet *Siluia* we shall haue one graue,

And that is something, and much more then I  
Expected euer could haue come to passe.

And sure the gods but onely sent thee thus  
To fetch me ; and to take me hence with thee ;  
And *Silvia* so thou shalt. I ready am  
T'accompany thy soule, and that with speed.  
The strings I feele, are all dissolu'd, that hold  
This woefull heart, referu'd it seemes for this, 1720  
And well referu'd, for this so deare an end.

## SCEN. V.

*Chorus. Palæmon.*

SO, we haue tooke the villaine, and him bound  
Fast to an Oake, as rugged as himselfe.  
And there he stares and gapes in th'ayre, and raues  
Like a wilde beast that's taken in the toyle :  
And so he shall remaine, till time we see  
What will become of this his sauage act.

Cheere *Thirsis*, *Lamia* will come presently 1730  
And bring the best preferuaties she hath.  
What now ? Who lyes discouered heere ? Ay me,  
A woman dead ? Is this that boy transform'd ?  
Why, this is *Silvia*. O good *Thirsis* how  
Comes this to passe ? Friend *Thirsis*, *Thirsis* speake.  
Good *Thirsis* tell me. Out alas he fownes,  
As well as she, and both seeme gone alike.

Come gentle heardsmen, come and carry them  
To yonder sheepe-cote quickly, that we may  
(If possible) recouer them againe. 1740  
If not, performe those rites that appertaine  
Vnto so rare a couple. Come my friends, make hast.

## The fourth Song of the Chorus.

Qu. *Were euer chafte and honeft hearts  
Expos'd vnto fo great diftreffes?*

Anf. *Yes: they that act the worthieft parts,  
Moft commonly haue worft fuccesses.  
Great fortunes follow not the beft,  
It's vertue that is moft diftreft.*

*Then fortune why doe we admire* 1750  
*The glory of thy great excesses?*  
*Since by thee what men acquire,*  
*Thy worke and not their worths exprefses.*  
*Nor doft thou raife them for their good:*  
*But t'haue their illes more vnderftood.*

## ACT. V. SCEN. I.

*Chorus. Palæmon.*

**D**Id euer yet *Arcadia* heare before  
Of two fo worthy louers, as we find  
*Thirfis* and *Silvia* were? or euer had 1760  
Cleare truth, and fimple conftant honefty,  
So lamentable an euent as this?  
But heere comes foorth *Palæmon*, we fhall now  
Learne all of him, what hath beene done within.  
*Pal.* Goe *Pollio*, fummon all th'*Arcadia* youth  
Heere, round about, and will them to prepare  
To celebrate with all delights they can  
This ioyfull houre, that hath reftor'd to vs  
The worthieft paire of hearts that euer were.

Will them to fhew the height of mufiques art, 1770

And all the straines of cunning they can shew :  
That we may make these rockes and hilles about,  
Ring with the Eccho of redoubled notes.

And will *Charinus* and *Medorus* too,  
The aged parents of this worthy paire,  
To come with speed, whose ioy, good soules, wil be  
More then their speed ; and yet their speed I know,  
Will be beyond th'allowance of their yeares,  
When they shall vnderstand this happy newes.

And summon likewise all the traine of nymphes 1780  
That glorifie our plaines, and all that can  
Giue honour to this day.

Goe *Pollio* hast away, and as you go  
Vnbind *Montanus* that rude sauage swaine :  
And though he be vnworthy to be here,  
Yet let him come. He hath beene in his dayes  
Held a good fellow, howsoever now  
His rage and loue transported him in this.

*Cho.* *Palæmon*, we are glad to see you thus  
Delightfull, now we hope there is good newes. 1790

*Pal.* Good newes my friends, and I will tell it you.  
*Silvia* and *Thirsis* being to my cottage brought,  
The skilfull *Lamia* comes and searcht the wound  
Which *Silvia* had receiu'd of this rude swaine,  
And finding it not deadly, she applide  
Those remedies she knew of best effect.  
And binds it vp, and powres into her mouth  
Such cordiall waters as reuiue the spirits :  
And so much wrought, as she at length perceiu'd  
Life was not quite gone out, but lay opprest. 1800

With like endeauours we on *Thirsis* worke,  
And ministred like Cordials vnto him :

At length we might heare *Silvia* fetch a groane,  
 And therewithall *Thirsis* perceiu'd to moue,  
 Then *Thirsis* fet a groane, and *Silvia* mou'd  
 As if their liues were made both of one peece.  
 Whereat we ioyd, and then remou'd and set  
 Each before other and held vp their heads, [cheekes :  
 And chaf'd their temples, rub'd and stroak'd their  
 Wherewith first *Silvia* cast vp her dimme eyes, 1810  
 And presently did *Thirsis* lift vp his.  
 And then againe they both together sigh'd,  
 And each on other fixt an vnseeing eye :  
 For yet t'was scarfe the twyilight of their new  
 Returning day, out of the night of death.  
 And though they faw, they did not yet perceiue  
 Each other, and yet both turn'd to one point  
 As toucht alike, and held their lookes direct.  
 At length we might perceiue, as life began  
 T'apppeare ; and make the morning in their eyes, 1820  
 Their beames were cleerer, and their opener lookes  
 Did shew as if they tooke some little note  
 Of each the other : yet not so as they  
 Could thorowly discerne who themfelues were.

And then we tooke and ioyn'd their hands in one  
 And held them so a while, vntill we fealt  
 How euen each others touch, the motion gaue  
 Vnto their feeling, and they trembling wrung  
 Their hands together, and so held them lockt :  
 Lookt still vpon each other, but no words at all. 1830

Then we call'd out to *Thirsis*, *Thirsis* looke,  
 It is thy *Silvia* thou here holdst, she is  
 Return'd, reuiu'd and safe. *Silvia*, behold thou hast  
 Thy *Thirsis*, and shalt euer haue him thine.



Then did we fet them both vpon their feete  
 And there they stood in act, euen as before  
 Looking vpon each other, hand in hand :  
 At last we saw a blushing red appeare  
 In both their cheekes, which sense sent as a lampe  
 To light their vnderstanding. And forthwith 1840  
 The teares gusht forth their eyes, which hindred them  
 A while from seeing each other, till they had  
 Cleared them againe. And then as if new wak'd  
 From out a fearefull dreame, they stand and doubt  
 Whether they were awake indeed, or else  
 Still in a dreame, distrusting their owne eyes.  
 Their long indured miseries, would not  
 Let them beleue their sudden happinesse,  
 Although they saw it : till with much adoe  
 They had confirm'd their credit, and had kist 1850  
 Each other and imbrac'd, and kist againe,  
 And yet still dumbe : their ioy now seem'd to be  
 Too busie with their thoughts, t'allow them words.

And then they walkt a little, then stood still,  
 Then walkt againe, and still held other fast  
 As if they fear'd, they should be lost againe.

And when at last they spake, it was but thus,  
 O *Silvia*, and O *Thirsis*, and there stopt.

We, left our sight and presence (being there  
 So many) hinder might the passage of 1860  
 Their modest, simple, and vnpractis'd loue,  
 Came all our way, and onely *Lamia* left ;  
 Whose spirit, and that sufficient skill she hath  
 Will serue no doubt, to see they shall doe well.

*Cho.* Well may they do deere couple, who haue thus  
 Grac'd our *Arcadia* with their faithfulnessse.

## SCEN. II.

*Phillis. Lidia. Cloris.*

**V**V Hat fhall we now do *Lidia* ? now am I  
 Vtterly fhām'd : this youth turn'd woman is.  
*Clarindo, Siluia* is become ; how now ? 1871

Can I for euer looke on her againe ?

Or come in any company for fhame ?

Now muſt I needs be made a common ieaf

And laughing ſtocke to euery one that fhall

But heare how groſſely I behau'd my ſelfe.

*Lid.* Faith *Phillis* as it is falne out, your caſe  
 Is very crazy, and to make it whole

There is no way but euen to laugh it out,

And ſet as good a face, as you can doe

1880

Vpon the matter, and ſay thus : How you

Knew well enough it was no man whom you

Affected ſo, who neuer could loue man

Nor euer would, and that by meere inſtinct

And ſimpathy of Sexe, you fancied him :

So put it off, and turne it to a ieaf.

*Phi.* That fhall I neuer do, but euer bluſh

Either, to thinke what ſhe will thinke of me,

Who did bewray my ſelfe ſo fooliſhly.

*Lid.* Are you here *Cloris* ? you are bleſt to day 1890

For being miſtres vnto ſuch a boy :

You may reioyce that euer this fell out.

*Clo.* Reioyce ? ah *Lidia*, neuer was there nymph

Had more occaſion to be ſad then I,

For I am quite vndone and fhām'd hereby.

For I imploy'd this my ſuppoſed boy

In meſſage vnto *Thirſis*, whom I lou'd

I muſt confeſſe, more dearely then my life :  
 And told him all the ſecrets of my heart.  
 And therefore with what face can euer I 1900  
 Looke vpon them that know thus much by me ?  
 No *Lidia*, I will now take *Thirſis* courſe :  
 Hide me for euer in theſe deſert woods,  
 And neuer come in company againe ;  
 They ſhall not laugh at me in their great ioyes.

*Lid.* But *Cloris*, I would laugh with them, were I as  
 you.

And howſoeuer felt my ſelfe within,  
 Yet would I ſeeme be otherwiſe without.  
 Cannot you ſay, that you knew well enough  
 How it was *Silvia* that you intertain'd, 1910  
 Although you would not ſeeme to take ſuch note ;  
 And thereupon imploy'd her in that fort  
 To *Thirſis*, knowing who it was would giue  
 To him the greateſt comfort vpon earth,

And thus faire Nymphes you fitly may excuſe  
 Theſe ſimple ſlips, and know that they ſhall ſtill  
 Haue croſſes with their piles, who thus do play  
 Their fortunes with their loues, as you two did ;  
 But you muſt frame your countenance thereto  
 And looke with other faces then your owne. 1920  
 As many elſe do here, who in their parts  
 Set ſhining lookes vpon their cloudy hearts.  
 And let vs mixe vs with this company  
 That here appeares with mirth and iollity.

The Song of the fifth Chorus.

*Who euer ſaw ſo faire a ſight,  
 Loue and vertue met aright :*

*And that wonder Constancy,  
 Like a Comet to the eye  
 Seldome euer seene so bright? 1930  
 Sound out aloud so rare a thing,  
 That all the Hilles and Vales may ring.*

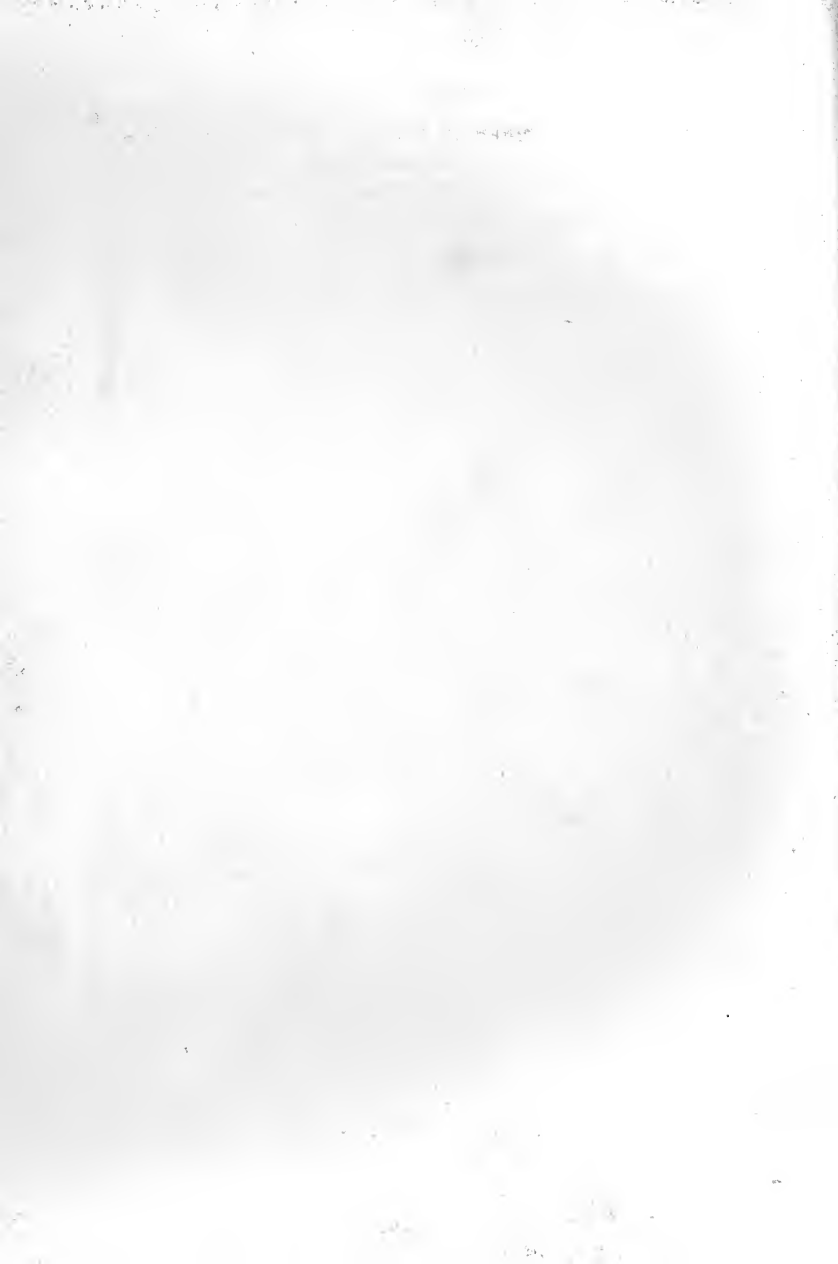
*Looke Louers looke, with passion see,  
 If that any such there bee :  
 As there cannot but be such  
 Who doe feele that noble touch  
 In this glorious company,  
 Sound out aloud, &c.*

*FINIS. 1939*

END OF VOL. III.

## ERRATUM-NOTE

The line-marking in 'Philotas' (p. 155) inadvertently loses ten lines by repetition of 1450 ; and (p. 169) leaps from line 1900 [1890] to 2000—thus gaining ninety lines thenceforward. The student will please 'take a note' of this.













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